PREFACE.

THE Essays comprised in this volume are chiefly a reprint of my *Biographical Essays* which were published in 1884, and have been out of print for several years It may be quite true that most of the men whose life, or rather whose work in life, I have tried to describe, are unknown to fame, but that is the very reason why I thought they deserved a biographical record Several of my friends have asked me, Who was Râmmohun Roy, or Keshub Chunder Sen? Who was Colebrooke, or Julius Mohl? What are they to us? What lessons can we learn from their lives? They might as well ask, Who was Reuchlin, and who was Erasmus, and what can we learn from their lives? Râmmohun Roy, who gave the first impulse to a reform of the ancient religion of India, may hereafter hold a place as the greatest benefactor of millions of human beings inhabiting that marvellous country I am quite aware that the movement

which he initiated, and which was carried on by Keshub Chunder Sen and Protap Chunder Mozumdar, is languishing at present, but it possesses the vitality of truth, and if there is ever to be a honest reform of the national religion of India, and a real approach to Christianity, it can only be on the lines laid down by these now half-forgotten reformers

Colebrooke was, I believe, the greatest Oriental scholar that England has ever produced, and though his energies were chiefly devoted to a literature cultivated by few and treated with indifference by many, the study of Sanskrit has inaugurated a new period in what has been called the proper study of mankind—the study of man The comparative spirit which has re-animated the study of languages, mythologies, and religions, and may be said to pervade now nearly every branch not only of historical, but even of natural science, took its rise with the rise of Sanskrit scholarship If there is ever to be a reform of philosophy, based on a true perception of the nature of language as the connate embodiment of thought, if there is ever to be a revival of that eternal and universal religion which underlies all the individual religions of the world, Colebrooke's name will not be forgotten as having been the first to bring together solid and trustworthy materials with which the

new Comparative Sciences of Language, Mythology, and Religion had to be built up

Julius Mohl again, though less distinguished by original work, has been a tower of strength through the beneficial influence which he exercised on the progress of Oriental research during his long residence in Paris As the persistent advocate of sound and critical scholarship, and the dreaded enemy of all pretenders, nay, as the adviser and helper of many students, whether young or old, who had the high objects of Oriental scholarship at heart, his influence was felt, not only in France, but in England and Germany also, and his name as a trusty steersman ought not to be forgotten either by the small crew whom he has steered through many breakers and safely guided through many a storm, or by the public at large that has benefitted by their labours

I have added a number of smaller memorial notices, mostly again of men little known beyond the circle of their own fellow-labourers It is a very sad duty to have to speak at the graves of our friends, but it is a duty which a man who lives beyond threescore years and ten can hardly escape I have not been able to collect all the obituary notices which I have had to contribute to the *Times*, the *Athenaeum*, and the *Academy* during nearly half a century, but

I believe that every one here reprinted was devoted to a friend whose name well deserves to be remembered in the midst of the hurry and forgetfulness of our busy life Much of the best work in the world is done by those whose names remain unknown, who work because life's greatest bliss is work, and who require no reward beyond the consciousness that they have enlarged the knowledge of mankind, and contributed their share to the final triumph of honesty and truth

F M M

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SHORT MEMORIAL NOTICES —

BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAYS



RÂJAH RÂMMOHUN ROY.

(1774–1833)

Address delivered in the Bristol Museum, September 27, 1883 *the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Râjah's death*

IT is only fifty years ago that Râjah Râmmohun Roy, who had come to Bristol to pay a visit to Dr Carpenter and other friends, died here on the 27th of September, 1833 He drew his last breath at twenty-five minutes past two o'clock in the morning

On the 18th of October his body was committed to the earth, under the shadow of some fine old elm-trees in the garden of Stapleton Grove, where the Râjah had been staying, since the beginning of September, as the guest of Miss Castle, a ward of Dr Carpenter's

Lastly, in 1843, on the 29th of May, the remains of the Râjah were transferred from Stapleton Grove to the beautiful cemetery of Arno's Vale There, as you enter, on the right hand side, many of those whom I have the honour to address here to-night, have no doubt gazed and wondered at a strange Oriental monument, which was erected over the tomb of the Râjah by my old friend, Dvârkânâth[1] Tagore,

[1] Dvârakanatha, like Dv*a*rake*sa*, is a name of K*ri*sh*na*.

who was himself a follower of the great religious reformer, and soon after shared his sad fate of dying an exile in a foreign country Let me read you the lines inscribed on the monument —

BENEATH THIS STONE
REST THE REMAINS OF RÂJA RÂMMOHUN ROY BAHADOOR,
A CONSCIENTIOUS AND STEADFAST BELIEVER IN THE
UNITY OF THE GODHEAD,
HE CONSECRATED HIS LIFE WITH ENTIRE DEVOTION
TO THE WORSHIP OF THE DIVINE SPIRIT ALONE

TO GREAT NATURAL TALENTS HE UNITED A THOROUGH MASTERY OF MANY LANGUAGES AND EARLY DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF AS ONE OF THE GREATEST SCHOLARS OF HIS DAY

HIS UNWEARIED LABOURS TO PROMOTE THE SOCIAL, MORAL, AND PHYSICAL CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE OF INDIA HIS EARNEST ENDEAVOURS TO SUPPRESS IDOLATRY AND THE RITE OF SUTTEE AND HIS CONSTANT ZEALOUS ADVOCACY OF WHATEVER TENDED TO ADVANCE THE GLORY OF GOD AND THE WELFARE OF MAN LIVE IN THE GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF HIS COUNTRYMEN

THIS TABLET RECORDS THE SORROW AND PRIDE WITH WHICH HIS MEMORY IS CHERISHED BY HIS DESCENDANTS

HE WAS BORN IN RÂDHÂNÂGORE, IN BENGAL, IN 1774, AND DIED AT BRISTOL, SEPTEMBER 27TH, 1833

These are the bare facts which connect this ancient city of Bristol with the memory of Râjah Râmmohun Roy, the great religious reformer of India You wished for an interpretation of these facts, and I only wish you could have found a more competent and more eloquent interpreter But as an old admirer, and I feel proud to say, as a sincere follower of Râmmohun Roy, so far as he went in his religious reforms, I felt it almost impossible to decline the kind invitation which was addressed to me by my friend, our Chairman, in the name of your Society,

to be present here on the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Râjah Râmmohun Roy, and to say a few words on his life, and, what is more important, on the work of his life,—on that which has outlived his life, and has secured to him that best of all immortalities,—the gratitude of mankind

If I tell you that Râmmohun's life-work was the restoration of the old religion of India, as contained in the Veda, and that a great part of my own life has been spent in making the Veda accessible to the students of Europe, by collecting the ancient MSS of the Sacred Writings of the Brâhmans, and publishing for the first time the text and commentary of the Rig-Veda, the oldest book of the whole Aryan race, you will easily understand the strong sympathy I feel for the Indian Reformer, whose ashes rest among the ashes of your own forefathers, but I am afraid I shall hardly convey to you by these few words a very clear idea either of what the Râjah tried to achieve as a reformer, or what I myself hoped to accomplish as a scholar It will be necessary therefore, before proceeding further, to turn our eyes together to the past, in order to gain a kind of historical background from which the religious reformer of India, to whose memory we wish to do honour to-night, may step forward as you see his stately figure advancing towards you in that excellent picture which has to-night been placed in this hall, and which, I hope, may always retain a place of honour in your Museum[1]

[1] The life size portrait by Biggs was bought by Miss Castle and presented to the Bristol Museum The Rajah himself did not like it, possibly because he thought the complexion too dark There is also a miniature by Newton, and a bust by Clarke

Great men, depend upon it do not come down from the sky like shooting stars They come in the fulness of time, and if we want to understand their true character, we must try to understand that fulness of time, that is, the time that lay behind and the time that lay before them We must know the work that others had done before them, in order to understand the work that they themselves were meant to do

Râmmohun Roy, the originator of the Indian Reformation, a reformation that is still going on slowly, silently, but, for all that, irresistibly, died fifty years ago Now fifty years may not seem to some of us a very long time It is quite possible that a few who are present here to-night may remember the Râjah's visit to Bristol Yet fifty years are half a century, and remember that, according to the received chronology not more than sixty such centuries are supposed to form the canvass for the whole history of the world, or at least, for as much of it as we shall ever know Remember that we have accustomed ourselves to believe that only one hundred and twenty such short periods as have passed since the death of Rammohun Roy, that is to say, no more than 6000 years—a stretch of time that might almost be spanned by the memory of sixty men—separate us from what will always remain the most miraculous of all miracles, and, at the same time, the most certain of all facts—the appearance on this earth of a being, capable of language, that is, of reason, a being which, when it came to be conscious of its dignity, called itself *Man*, or, in Sanskrit, *Manu*, which means the measurer, the thinker, the discoverer and the giver of laws

I do not mean to imply that I myself believe that

the age of man is six thousand years and no more I only wish to measure the time that has elapsed since the death of Rammohun Roy with the time that is commonly believed to have elapsed since the birth of man

I doubt whether Astronomy will ever be able to measure the age of the solar system in which our planet moves as a very small star among larger stars, all held together by the same central force

I doubt whether Geology will ever be able to fix the time when, after the long interval that must have followed on the glacial period, the highest plateaus of the earth became fit for human occupation

But I feel perfectly certain that no one who has carefully studied the origin, growth, and decay of all that we call human, our thoughts, our words, our religions, our arts, our sciences, our laws and literature, can really believe, or can make it even intelligible to himself, that no more than sixty centuries, no more than one hundred and eighty generations, should have passed since the first fire was lighted, the first flint chipped, the first word uttered

Let us think of our language only It is said that the New English Dictionary, which has been prepared during the last twenty-five years by the members of the Philological Society, and the first part of which, edited by Dr Murray, will soon issue from the University Press at Oxford, is to contain one quarter of a million of words Every one of these words is a work of art, it is the workmanship of human genius And every one of these words had not only to be fashioned, but it had to be accepted, it had to be recognised as the current coin of the

realm by millions and millions of speakers The history of that primeval coinage, its dispersion over the whole inhabited world, the losses which it suffered by wear and tear, the alloys which it had to admit, the ever-increasing rapidity with which the ever-increasing wants of the intellectual Exchange of the whole world were supplied—all this forms a study with which, to my mind, no other study can vie, call it astronomy, geology, or even philosophy That study certainly leaves the impression on every unprejudiced scholar that, to account for it all we want rather the fabulous periods of Hindu chronology than the narrow limits of the dates which have been deduced by mediæval scholars from the Sacred Books of the Jews

Well, let us consider now what a lesson of history is conveyed by the fact that Rammohun Roy, when he came to England from the far East, spoke a language, the Bengâli, which in one sense and in a truly scientific sense, may be called the same language as English Not only the material elements, but the original formal elements too, are the same in English and Bengâli, and turn it as you like, you cannot escape from the conclusion that Rammohun Roy, however strange his language may have sounded to his friends at Bristol, was not a mere stranger when he arrived in Europe, but was returning, in reality, to his own intellectual kith and kin I say *intellectual* kith and kin, because that kinship is far more important than the mere kinship of blood Blood may be thicker than water, but language is thicker than blood, at least to beings who, though for a time identifying themselves with their flesh and blood, are

themselves something very different from mere flesh and blood.

We have now reached a point from which the journey of Râmmohun Roy from India to Europe and his stay in England, will appear to us in an entirely new light. The Science of Language, and, in fact, every true science, is like a hardy Alpine guide that leads us from the narrow, though it may be the more peaceful and charming valleys of our preconceived opinions, to higher points, apparently less attractive, nay often disappointing for a time, till, after hours of patient and silent climbing, we look round, and see a new world around us. A new horizon has opened, our eyes see far and wide, and as the world beneath us grows wider and larger, our own hearts seem to grow wider and larger, and we learn to embrace the far and distant, and all that before seemed strange and indifferent, with a warmer recognition and a deeper human sympathy. We form wider concepts, we perceive higher truths. From that point of view, the Indian and the European grow into one, the Indo-European, speaking the same speech, thinking the same thoughts, and Râmmohun Roy, the dark-skinned stranger, when landing on the shores of these distant isles, is recognised at once, and greeted as one of ourselves, estranged from us by no greater changes than what some thousand years may have wrought in that language which his ancestors and ours once spoke together under the same sky, it may be, under the same roof, and which still lives on, however disguised, in his speech and in our own, in Bengâli and in English.

And now let us ask another question, in order to

understand and properly to appreciate the hidden springs and the real purport of Râmmohun Roy's visit to England Why did he come to England?

We shall see that ostensibly he came on business He was sent by the Emperor of Delhi, the Great Mogul, to plead his cause in one of the crowded streets of the city of London, in Leadenhall-street, in the gloomy East-India House, before the Court of Directors of the now extinct East-India Company But his real business was very different The supreme and all-absorbing interest of Râmmohun Roy's life was religion Remember the first lines on his tombstone, 'He was a conscientious and steadfast believer in the Unity of the Godhead, and consecrated his life with entire devotion to the worship of the Divine Spirit alone' He was a Brâhman by birth, and though his mind had been opened by contact with English society in India, and had been widened, purified, and liberalised by a conscientious study of the Sacred Books of the great religions of the world, yet he remained a Brâhman to the end No doubt he admired Christianity more than any other religion, I think we may truly say he admired it more than his own, yet, for all that, he remained a Brâhman, and was therefore in the eyes of most of the people who received him in England, a non-Christian, or a heathen

And yet we have only to ascend again to a higher elevation, as we did before under the guidance of the Science of Language, and we shall meet with a new guide, the Science of Religion, which will lead us to a still higher standpoint, and will open before our eyes a wide panorama, where the past history

of the religions of the world seems almost present again, and where we can see the ancestors of that so-called heathen, worshipping the same gods and the same God whom some of our own ancestors once worshipped in their sacred groves not more than ten centuries ago There was a time when the fathers of the Aryan race, that noble race to which we ourselves belong, which has since been divided into Greeks and Romans, Celts and Slaves on one side, and Indians and Persians on the other, invoked with the same names the gods of the sky, and the air, and the earth, the gods whose real presence was felt in the thunder and the storm and the rain, whose abode was looked for in the clouds or on the inaccessible crests of the mountains,—but chiefly the God, who was seen and yet not seen in the sun, who was revealed every morning in the brightness of the dawn, and who himself revealed, far away in the golden East, that infinite Beyond, for which human language has no name, human thought no form, but which the eye of faith perceives, and after fashioning it into endless ideal shapes, and endowing it with all that is most beautiful in poetry, most choice in art, most sublime in philosophy, calls—God

The names of some of these Aryan gods, such as the poor vocabulary of man could supply, were the same among the Saxons whom Charlemagne converted, and among the poets of India, whose sacred songs have been preserved to us, as by a miracle, in the hymns of the Veda

In this panorama, which a comparative study of the ancient religions of mankind has enabled us to construct, we can still see the Aryan worshippers,

breaking up from their common centre, and dividing into two branches, the North-Western and the South-Eastern

The former marched towards the home of the setting sun, till they had reached that small peninsula which we now call Europe, and which became the stage of what we are apt to call the history of the whole world

The latter, the South-Eastern branch, set out to discover the home of the rising sun, till they reached their earthly paradise in the valleys of the land of the Five Rivers, and, further still, along the shores of the Ganges and the Jumnah Though these South-Eastern Aryans are seldom mentioned in our Histories of the world, we should bear in mind that India alone has more inhabitants at the present moment than the whole of Europe

When these two streams parted, each of them preserved some of the names of their ancient common gods, but each arrived in time at the belief in a Father of all gods, in an All-father, in a God of gods That faith, however, in the All-father, that mystery of the One God above all gods, was preserved by the few only The North-Western Aryans at large, call them Greeks, or Romans, or Celts, or Slaves, or Germans, forgot the true meaning of the ancient names, debased the character of their ancient gods, and forgetful alike of the All-father and of the infinite Beyond in the golden East, they became more and more absorbed in the cares and pleasures of what was called political and practical life From this there was but one escape, and we see accordingly that all the North-Western Aryas had sooner or later

to surrender the ancient and corrupt religion of their Aryan forefathers, and to embrace a new religion, not of Aryan, but of Semitic descent, a religion in which the unity of the Godhead had never been forgotten, a religion founded, not only on the worship, but on the love of the All-father, a religion lastly which, in spite of the most fearful corruptions which it has suffered, has always preserved to those who have eyes to see, something of that original simplicity, purity, and true divinity which it possessed in the minds of Christ and His disciples

Râmmohun Roy, the Ârya, the Indian, the Brâhman, came to England for the sake of that new religion He had studied Christianity before, he had seen its working among the English residents in India, but he wished to see a whole Christian country, and he was longing for free intercourse with some of the freest and most fearless thinkers in the Christian Church And why was that ?

I told you before that Râmmohun Roy was an Ârya, belonging to the South-Eastern branch of the Aryan race, and that he spoke an Aryan language, the Bengâli He had been brought up to worship the old Aryan gods, and he lived among a people most of whom had forgotten the original intention of their ancient gods, and had sunk into idolatry of the darkest hue He himself, like many of his countrymen, possessed the old mystery of the All-father, the father of gods and men, the Pra*g*âpati, the lord of creatures, as he would call him Nay, he knew more He was a true Brâhman, so called because he knew the Brahman, the Supreme Spirit, or, more correctly, the Highest Self, the One without a second, the One

in all, the Self behind us and the Self within us He knew all this, at least dimly, and yet he wanted to know more, and he came to England, the first Brahman who ever crossed the sea, to see whether Europe, whether Christian Europe, would teach him something which he had looked for in vain in the Vedas and in the Upanishads, in the Bhagavadgita and in the Vedânta-sûtras He came to England, and after spending some time in London, seeing the best men he could find, and watching the outward manifestations of Christianity, wherever they showed themselves, whether in drawing-rooms or prisons, in Church or Parliament, in schools or hospitals, he at last came to Bristol to finish his search after truth, a search which only ended with his last breath

I have thus tried to lay before you a map of the world,—a mere sketch, it is true, yet sufficiently clear, I hope, to make you see that Rammohun Roy's visit to England was not merely a fortuitous adventure, but that it had historical antecedents, that it had an historical character, in the true sense of the word If History is to teach us anything, it must teach us that there is a continuity which binds together the present and the past, the East and the West And no branch of history teaches that lesson more powerfully than the history of language and the history of religion It is under their guidance that we recognise in Râmmohun Roy's visit to England the meeting again of the two great branches of the Aryan race, after they had been separated so long that they had lost all recollection of their common origin, of their common language, of their common faith In Râmmohun Roy you may recognise the

best representative of the South-Eastern Aryas, turning deliberately North, to shake hands once more with the most advanced outposts of the other branch of the Aryan family, established in these islands. It is true that, long before his visit to England, England had visited India, first for the sake of commerce, then for the sake of self-defence and conquest. But for the sake of intellectual intercourse, for the sake of comparing notes, so to say, with his Aryan brothers, Râmmohun Roy was the first who came from East to West, the first to join hands and to complete that world-wide circle through which henceforth, like an electric current, Oriental thought could run to the West, and Western thought return to the East, making us feel once more that original brotherhood which unites the whole Aryan race, inspiring us with new hopes for a common faith, purer and simpler than any of the ecclesiastical religions of the world, and invigorating us for acts of nobler daring in the conquest of truth than any that are inscribed in the chronicles of our divided past. If England is to be the great Indo-European Empire of the future, Râmmohun Roy's name will hold a prominent place among the prophets and martyrs that saw her true mission, and her true greatness and glory in the distant future.

This must suffice as the historical background. Let us now look at the man who steps forward from it to do his own work in life, and to fight his own battle, trying with all his might to leave the world, and more particularly his own country, a little better than he found it.

There is little to be said about the mere life of Râmmohun Roy, and even the little we know from

himself and from his friends is far from trustworthy There is no taste for history in India, still less for biography Home life and family life are shrouded by a veil which no one ventures to lift, while public life, in which a man's character shows itself in England, has as yet no existence in the East On the other hand, loose statements, gossip, rumour, legend, fable, myth—call them what you like—are marvellously busy in the East, and though Rammohun Roy has been dead for fifty years only, several stories are told by his biographers which have clearly a mythological character

What interests us so much in the biographies of great men, their home-life, their early friendships their married life, all this is wanting in Râmmohun Roy's biography We shall hear something about his feelings for his mother, but of his married life we know no more than that he had three wives His first wife died when he was very young, and his father married him to a third wife while the second was living His second wife was the mother of his two sons, Râdhâprasâd and Râmprasâd, and all we know of her is that she died soon after his mother's death His eldest son died without leaving male issue, while the younger attained eminence at the bar, and was elected the first native Judge of the High Court of Fort William, though he died before taking his seat

The real biography of Râmmohun Roy must be read in the work which he did, and in order to understand that work it will be sufficient for us to remember only a few prominent events of his life[1]

[1] Miss Collet, who is collecting materials for a complete life of the

Râmmohun Roy was born in Bengal in 1774, so that at the time of his death he was not more than fifty-nine years of age His ancestors on both sides belonged to the Brâhman caste His paternal ancestors, however, had been engaged in secular pursuits, while his maternal ancestors adhered to a life of religious observances and devotion Râmmohun Roy himself was educated for practical life, and, as a boy, devoted much time to the study of Persian and Arabic, though the influence of his mother's relations seems to have induced him not to neglect altogether the study of Sanskrit, in which the main body of Hindu literature, law, and religion is composed His doubts and misgivings as to his ancestral religion seem to have been roused at a very early age, but the statement that, at the age of sixteen, he composed in Persian a treatise against the idolatry of all religions [1] —a bold subject for a man of sixty, much more for a boy of sixteen—rests on authority that may be doubted [2]

What seems certain is that, owing to some misunderstandings with his father on religious subjects, he left his paternal home when he was about sixteen, and travelled over a considerable part of India, proceeding even beyond the frontiers of his country, if report speaks true, and spending some time in Tibet

That he studied the language and literature of

Râjah, remarks that even the date of his birth is doubtful The Rajah's younger brother placed it in 1772

[1] The book here referred to is probably the one mentioned on p 34 as 'Present to Monotheists,' of which, as Miss Collet informs me, one printed copy exists in the Adi Samaj Library It was written after his father s death

[2] See Appendix, p 46

Tibet, and became really acquainted with the Sacred Canon of the Buddhists in Tibet, I doubt for various reasons, still the impressions he received on these wanderings may have told on his future career by opening his eyes to the similarity of all religious belief, hidden under a great diversity of outward form and ceremonial.

After his father's death in 1803 Râmmohun Roy first returned to Murshadâbad, the capital of the Soubah of Bengal, at whose Court his ancestors had found employment. He then served for a number of years as Dîwân (Sheristâdar) in the East-India Company's service. This was the highest post to which at that time a native could aspire, and a special clause had to be inserted in his Agreement that he should not be kept standing in the presence of his employer. At that time Dîwân meant often *de facto* magistrate, *de facto* collector, *de facto* judge. While holding that office at Rungpore under Mr John Digby his knowledge of English was much improved, and he succeeded at last in writing and speaking it with considerable accuracy.

After having secured an independent fortune[1]—ac-

[1] Remarks have been made on the sudden wealth which Rammohun Roy was supposed to have accumulated during his Diwânship. It is stated that he inherited next to nothing from his father, but that does not prove that other ancestral property did not come to him. Mr Sandford Arnot states that 'the death of relatives enabled him to retire from active life.' Dr Carpenter states that his father divided his property amongst his sons two years before his death, while Mr Arnot declares that Rammohun Roy was disinherited by his father. Certain it is that in an action instituted against Rammohun Roy in the Calcutta Provincial Court in 1823, by the Rajah of Burdwan, Tej Chand, for a balance due from his father on a Kistbundy bond, Rammohun Roy stated that, so far from inheriting the property of his deceased father,

cording to some amounting to 10,000 rupees a year—he went in 1814 to settle in Calcutta. He bought a house, built in the European style, and a garden, and in 1818 we first hear of meetings held there by his friends. We catch a glimpse of his life at that time through Mr. Arnot, who visited him at his garden-house near Calcutta, and found him one evening, about seven o'clock, closing a dispute with one of the followers of Buddha who denied the existence of a Deity. The Râjah had spent the whole day in the controversy, without stopping for food, rest, or refreshment, rejoicing more in confuting one atheist than in triumphing over a hundred idolaters. The credulity of the one he despised, the scepticism of the other he thought pernicious, being 'deeply impressed with the importance of religion to the virtue and happiness of mankind.'

Râmmohun Roy, however, was equally outspoken against his co-religionists as against Buddhists and unbelievers. At first it seems to have been his contact with Mohammedans which made him a believer in One God. Afterwards, however, when his early hatred of everything English had been changed into a feeling of sincere respect[1], and when his knowledge of the English language enabled him to become

he had, during his life time, separated himself from him and the rest of his family in consequence of his altered habits of life and change of opinions, and that, inheriting no part of his father's property, he was not legally responsible for his father's debts (Biogr. Acc. p. 197). His brother, Jugmohun Roy, died in 1811.

[1] 'He saw the selfish, cruel and almost insane errors of the English in governing India, but he also saw that their system of government and policy had redeeming qualities, not to be found in the native government.' Adam, Lecture, p. 26.

intimately acquainted, not only with some members of the Civil Service, but also with the master-works of English literature, his mind became more and more impregnated and invigorated by European thought and by Christian sentiment

The social intercourse between English and Indian gentlemen was at that time much more cordial than it is at present, and religious, social, and literary questions were freely discussed on both sides Religion has always been the principal subject of thought, and a favourite subject for discussion with the people of India, and Râmmohun Roy, in answering the questions or repelling the taunts of his English friends, seems to have felt no hesitation in expressing openly his contempt for that idolatrous worship which by others was taken to be the true and only religion of the country

He appealed to the Sacred Books, written in Sanskrit, as bearing witness against the idolatry of the priest-ridden masses

At that time, however, thanks to the labours of such men as Sir William Jones Wilkins and Colebrooke, Sanskrit MSS were no longer sealed books, and it was easy to retort on Rammohun Roy that his own Purâ*n*as, and even the Mahâbhârata and Râmâya*n*a, sanctioned idolatry, polytheism, caste, burning of widows, and many other abominations

It was then that Râmmohun Roy took his stand on *the Veda*, as the true Bible of India The Veda, he declared, sanctioned no idolatry, taught monotheism, ignored caste, prohibited the burning of widows, contained in fact a religion as true, as pure, and as perfect as Christianity itself, nay, free from some of

the blemishes which offended him and many of his countrymen in the teaching of the missionaries

This was a bold assertion, half true, half false, as we know now, but an assertion which at that time no one could venture to criticise or contradict

Although there existed MSS of the Veda, these MSS were religiously guarded No Englishman was allowed to see or to touch them Even at a much later time, when Professor Wilson by accident put his hand on some Vedic MSS in a native library, he told me that people rushed at him with threatening and ominous gestures Of course, the Veda had never been printed or published, and it existed in fact, as it had existed for three thousand years, chiefly in the memory of the priests We can hardly form an idea of the power wielded by the priests, when they were the only depositaries of Vedas or Bibles, and when there was no possible appeal from what they laid down as the catholic faith In India their position was stronger even than in Italy, because the priest did not read the Veda from MSS, but had to learn it entirely from oral tradition, and teach it again to his pupils in the same way No one therefore could contradict him except those who did not wish to contradict him

Now it may sound strange, but I feel convinced that Râmmohun Roy himself, when, in his controversies with his English friends, he fortified himself behind the rampart of the Veda, had no idea of what the Veda really was Vedic learning was then at a low ebb in Bengal, and Râmmohun Roy had never passed through a regular training in Sanskrit

In the West and South of India the comparatively

pure form of Hinduism which Rammohun Roy endeavoured to introduce into Bengal had never become extinct, and one of his native opponents Sânkara Sâstri, while fully admitting the facts contended for by Râmmohun Roy, insisted strongly on this that the latter had no claim to be considered the discoverer of a doctrine well known to all students of Sanskrit and particularly of the Veda[1]

Veda is the name for the oldest sacred literature of the Brâhmans There are really four Vedas but the most ancient and most important is the Rig-Veda A Veda consists of two portions, a poetical and a prose portion The poetical portion comprises hymns addressed to numerous deities, deities of the sky the air, the sun, the earth, fire and water, mountains and rivers The prose portions, the so-called Brâhmanas, contain treatises on the various sacrifices, mixed up with a great deal of relevant and irrelevant interesting and uninteresting matter

The prose portions presuppose the hymns, and to judge from the utter inability of the authors of the Brâhma*n*as to understand the antiquated language of the hymns, these Brahma*n*as must be ascribed to a much later period than that which gave birth to the hymns

At the end of some of the Brâhma*n*as we find philosophical treatises, best known by the name of Upanishads[2] or Vedânta, literally, 'End of the Veda' These contain the elements of that Vedânta philosophy which was reduced to a system in the Vedânta-

[1] W Adam, Lecture on Râmmohun Roy, p 7

[2] Translations of the principal Upanishads are contained in vols i and xv of the 'Sacred Books of the East'

Sûtras, and may still be called the national philosophy of India

When Râmmohun Roy speaks of the Vedas and of the monotheism taught by them, he almost invariably means the Upanishads, not the Brâhma*n*as, not the Mantras or hymns of the Veda Both the Brâhma*n*as and the hymns teach a polytheistic, or, more accurately, a henotheistic, but not a monotheistic religion, yet they form the great bulk of what is called Veda, while the Upanishads form only a kind of appendix

Râmmohun Roy had been brought up in the belief that the Veda was the word of God, that it contained a primeval revelation, that it was free from all the defects of human authorship When therefore his friends or the missionaries pressed on him the claims of the Bible, as likewise an infallible book, he found himself between two infallible authorities, and naturally preferred his own

And here he had a great advantage While his English friends had simply to accept whatever he told them about the Veda, without being able to check his statements, he himself set to work to study the Bible in the original It is extremely creditable to him that he did so, that he actually learnt Greek and a little Hebrew in order to form an independent opinion of the Old and New Testaments—very different from many who carry on heated controversies about the Bible, who shrink from no terms of condemnation against all who differ from them, and yet shrink from the simple task of learning Greek and Hebrew

After having studied the Old Testament with a

Jewish Rabbi, the New Testament with an English clergyman, Râmmohun Roy in 1820 published his celebrated work, 'The Precepts of Jesus the guide to peace and happiness' This book consists chiefly of extracts from the Gospels, and in the Preface the author says —

'This simple code of religion and morality is so admirably calculated to elevate man's ideas to high and liberal notions of One God, who has equally subjected all living creatures, without distinction of caste rank, or wealth, to change, disappointment pain and death, and has equally admitted all to be partakers of the bountiful mercies which He has lavished over nature, and is also so well fitted to regulate the conduct of the human race in the discharge of their various duties to God, to themselves and society, that I cannot but hope the best effects from its promulgation in the present form'

This publication brought upon him a fierce attack and a long controversy, not with the champions of the national religion of India, who might have suspected him of undermining their faith, but with the Christian missionaries of Serampore Instead of welcoming him, on the principle that 'he that is not against us is for us,' they blamed him for the exercise of his private judgment, in selecting from the New Testament whatever *he* thought most likely to be beneficial to his own countrymen He left out, for instance, most of the so-called miracles, because he felt that his countrymen, who were able without any effort to believe that a mere saint could swallow the whole ocean, and many of whom were convinced that they had seen a man throwing a rope into the air and

scending by it into the sky, were not likely to be much impressed by a change of water into wine, or by he miracle of the ascension

And as the whole battle of his life had been to onvince the people of India that there was, and that here could be, one God only, not two, not three, not many, we can well understand his anxiety that those whom he wished to bring nearer unto Christ, should n no account be led to believe that Trinitarianism was part of Christ's own teaching As then taught by many of the missionaries in India, the doctrine of the hree Persons, that is the three aspects or manifesta-ons of the Godhead, had been hardened into mere itheism, the very doctrine against which Râmmohun oy had been protesting from his earliest youth with ll his might and main It is well known that in ndia one of the most damaging charges brought gainst modern Christianity is that it admits three ods, and it was against Mohammedan scoffers quite s much as against Christian missionaries that Râm-ohun Roy argued in maintaining that Christ Himself, we know Him from the Gospels, believed in one od only, that He was in fact a Unitarian, in the ighest sense of that word What Râmmohun Roy anted for India was a Christianity, purified of all ere miracles, and relieved of all theological rust and ist, whether it dated from the first council or from e last

That Christianity he was willing to preach, but no her, and in preaching that Christianity he might ill, he thought, remain a Brâhman, and a follower of e religion of the Veda He was engaged with two issionaries, William Yates and William Adam, in a

Bengâli translation of the four Gospels, but this undertaking seems to have failed[1]

There is an interesting story told by Mr William Adam in his lecture on Râmmohun Roy which he gave many years ago in America, and which has lately been published at Calcutta[2] Dr Middleton the first Bishop of Calcutta, thought it his duty to endeavour to convert Râmmohun Roy to Christianity, and in doing so, he dwelt not only on the truth and excellence of his own religion, but spoke of the honour and repute, the influence and usefulness he would acquire by becoming the Apostle of India Râmmohun Roy expressed his bitter indignation that he should have been deemed capable of being influenced by any consideration but the love of truth and goodness, and he never afterwards visited the Bishop again The same Mr W Adam, who had gone to India as a Protestant missionary, became a Unitarian, chiefly through the influence of Râmmohun Roy He lived to a considerable age I had some letters from him, but was unfortunately prevented from seeing him at Beaconsfield, where he died last year (1883)

Râmmohun Roy's influence grew rapidly Some of the best, the most cultivated, and most enlightened among his countrymen, now joined him openly Meetings were held on Saturdays[3] at his house, and these, as they became more largely attended, and acquired greater regularity, formed the foundation of that movement which is known to you all as the Brâhma-

[1] Lecture on Rammohun Roy, by W Adam, p 9

[2] Calcutta, 1879, p 24

[3] They were held on Saturdays, as Miss Collet informs me, from Nov 1828 to Jan 1830 After the opening of the new Hall on Jan 1830, the day was changed to Wednesday

Samâj, at first called also Brâhma Sabhâ[1] I call it a movement, because it seems to me that, even at present, more that fifty years after its first beginning, the Brâhma-Samâj is still a movement only, an emotion, an aspiration, or a religious ideal, but not a settlement, a sect, or a church At the weekly meetings of the Brâhma-Samâj extracts were read from the Vedas, discourses were delivered, chiefly in Bengâli hymns were sung, mostly composed by Râmmohun Roy himself Great care, however, was taken not to wound national feeling more than could be helped The Vedas, for instance, were chanted by Brâhmans only, from an adjoining room, where people of the lower castes were not allowed to enter

Brâhma-Samâj means 'Society of the believers in Brahman, the Supreme Spirit[2]'

In opposition to it, the orthodox and conservative party started the Dharma-sabhâ, the society or church of Dharma, the law What was meant by law may be gathered from the fact that one of the first acts of the Dharma-sabhâ was to petition Government against the abolition of Suttee, that is, in favour of the continuance of the burning of widows Râmmohun Roy had published, as early as 1818, a treatise entitled 'A Conference between an advocate for and an opponent of the practice of burning widows alive' He lived to witness the triumph of his cause, but not till his arrival in England, when the last appeal of

[1] See W Adam, Lecture, p 8

[2] I write throughout Brahma Samâj The various spellings Brahmo Somaj, Brahmo Sumaj &c represent the various pronunciations of the word Brahmo has almost become a new Anglo Indian word, and, when used by others, it has sometimes been allowed to stand Brahma is meant as an adjective, derived from Brahman

the members of the Dharma-sabhâ against the abolition of the burning of widows was heard in the Privy Council, and rejected

This was in 1831—not so very long ago after all It was the year of the Reform Bill, and a shudder comes over one, if one realises the fact that up to that time, in a country governed by some of the greatest English statesmen, women were burnt wholesale, even in the immediate neighbourhood of Calcutta The official returns of the Bengal Government for the year 1823 show that the number of widows burnt during *one* year, in the Bengal Presidency only, amounted to 575, 310 widows perished within the limits of the Calcutta Court of Circuit Their ages give a still more ghastly reality to that holocaust We read that 109 were old women above sixty, 226 were from forty to sixty, 208 were from twenty to forty, and 32 were actually young girls under twenty years of age! We always say, 'Such things would be impossible now!' Let us hope that the future may not say the same of us I cannot help thinking, nay I cannot help hoping, that some pages in 'The Bitter Cry of London' will sound as ghastly to future generations as widow-burnings did to us

Râmmohun Roy, however, by no means restricted his activity to controversial publications He built schoolhouses, and established schools in which useful knowledge was gratuitously taught through the medium both of the English and native languages He gave ardent and most zealous support to the missionaries of the Scotch Presbyterian Church in establishing in Calcutta a seminary in which Christian as well as general knowledge was daily and

gratuitously taught to five or six hundred native youths by missionary instructors, and, following his example, one of his wealthiest friends and adherents gave still more liberal pecuniary encouragement to a similar school established by the same missionaries in the interior of the Jessore District in Bengal[1]

In 1830 a Prayer Hall was opened in Calcutta by Râmmohun Roy, in which meetings were held every Wednesday The foundation of the Brâhma-Samâj is dated from that year[2]

[1] Adam, Lecture, p 18

[2] The following extracts are taken from the Trust Deed of that Institution —'The Hall is to be used as a place of public meeting of all sorts and descriptions of people, without distinction, as shall behave and conduct themselves in an orderly, sober, religious, and devout manner, for the worship and adoration of the eternal, unsearchable, and immutable Being who is the Author and Preserver of the Universe, but not under or by any other name, designation, or title peculiarly used for and applied to any particular being or beings by any man or set of men whatsoever, and that no graven image, statue, or sculpture, carving, painting, picture, portrait, or the likeness of anything shall be admitted within the said messuage, building, land, tenements hereditaments and premises, and that no sacrifice, offering or oblation of any kind or thing shall ever be permitted therein, and that no animal or living creature shall, within or on the said messuage, building, land, tenements, hereditaments and premises, be deprived of life either for religious purposes or food, and that no eating or drinking (except such as shall be necessary by any accident for the preservation of life), feasting or rioting be permitted therein or thereon, and that in conducting the said worship and adoration, no object, animate or inanimate, that has been, or is or shall hereafter become, or be recognised as an object of worship by any man or set of men, shall be reviled or slightingly or contemptuously spoken of or alluded to either in preaching or in the hymns or other mode of worship that may be delivered or used in the said messuage or building, and that no sermon, preaching, discourse, prayer, or hymns be delivered, made, or used in such worship but such as have a tendency to the promotion of the contemplation of the Author and Preserver of the Universe, to the promotion of charity, morality piety, benevolence, virtue, and the strengthening of the bonds of union between men of all religious persuasions and creeds,' etc

This was almost the last public act of Rammohun Roy before his departure for England. He sailed for England on the 15th of November, 1830, as envoy of the Emperor of Delhi, the Great Mogul, who had bestowed on him the title of Rajah. He arrived at Liverpool on the 8th of April, 1831, and, after a short stay, proceeded by Manchester to London. You may read, in most of the biographical accounts of the Râjah, how he was received, how he was the lion of the season, how he was presented to the King, called on by dukes and duchesses, feasted by aldermen and the directors of the East India Company, how he went to Paris, and dined twice with the king, Louis Philippe, and elsewhere, how in the end his health gave way, and he returned to England weary in body and mind. We have no time to dwell on these items of fashionable intelligence. We have hardly time to do more than to point out the few really important events during his stay in England,—how, when at Liverpool, he was invited by William Roscoe to shake hands with him on his death-bed, how William Bentham, the utilitarian philosopher, who had secluded himself from all the world, was the first to call on the Râjah, of whom he used to say, 'He has cast off three hundred and thirty millions of gods, and has learnt from us to embrace reason in the all-important field of religion,' how he knew Henry Brougham, not yet banished to the House of Lords, how he gave important evidence before several Parliamentary Committees at the time of the renewal of the Charter of the East India Company, how, lastly, as soon as he could free himself, he carried out his long-cherished wish of going to Bristol, a city

famous at that time as the home of Dr Carpenter, John Foster, Dr Jerrard, Dr Symonds, Mr Estlin, Dr Prichard, and others—men known, not only for their learning, but for their liberal spirit, their wide sympathies, and their true charity towards men of the most opposite convictions in religion and theology Here, in the house of Miss Castle, at Stapleton Grove, he thought he would find rest and repose Here he hoped for help in solving those honest doubts which never forsake the heart of an honest man But it was too late He was attacked by fever, and in a few days his weakened brain succumbed Dreaming of distant lands, of distant hopes, and distant friends, the Eastern philosopher, the believer in the religion of the Veda, the sincere admirer of the religion of Christ, expired

Such was Râmmohun Roy, to my mind a truly great man, a man who did a truly great work, and whose name, if it is right to prophesy, will be remembered for ever, with some of his fellow-labourers and followers, as one of the great benefactors of mankind

I know that this opinion is not shared by those who think that nothing great and nothing good can ever come out of India What difference, they say, is there between Râmmohun Roy and many of those highly-educated, polished liberal-minded gentlemen from Bengal whom we often see now in England, who laugh at idols, are horrified at the idea of burning widows, and speak patronisingly of the religion of Christ?

Surely the difference is very great We know even in England how easy it *now* is to express opinions

and support reforms for which men were executed 300 years ago, excommunicated 200 years ago, execrated 100 years ago, and called ugly names within the recollection of some of the older members of this assembly.

The German name for prince is *Fürst*, in English *first*, he who is always to the fore, he who courts the place of danger, the first place in fight, the last in flight. Such a Fürst was Râmmohun Roy, a true prince, a real Râjah, if *Râjah* also, like *Rex*, meant originally the steersman, the man at the helm.[1]

If however I was wrong in calling Râmmohun Roy a really great man, I wish that those who seem so jealous of greatness would at least explain on what grounds *they* would bestow that ancient title.

An attempt was lately made in America to find out the Hundred Greatest Men of the world. The process was a very simple one. Greatness was settled by a majority of votes. Lists of names were printed and sent round to men of eminence in America and Europe, and whoever received the largest number of votes was admitted as one of the Hundred Greatest Men. The result was afterwards published in a splendid series of portraits, each portrait followed by a biography. It is astonishing to see what names were put forward, and what names were forgotten. Of course you see Napoleon the Great, and who could doubt that in one sense, as a clever soldier, as a bold diplomatist, he was great; but read the memoirs of his Court, and you will call him the smallest, the meanest, the most wretched of men. Or take another case. Perhaps the greatest revolution in Europe was

[1] See E. C. Clark, Practical Jurisprudence, p. 82.

produced by the invention of printing Would you call the inventor of printing a great man? He did no more than what any carpenter might do—cutting an engraved block into smaller blocks, each containing one letter You may call that clever, you may even take a patent for it, but surely there is nothing great in it In fact, that title of Great Man has been used so recklessly that to most people it conveys no longer any meaning at all

And yet I like to call Râmmohun Roy a great man, using that word, not as a cheap, unmeaning title, but as conveying three essential elements of manly greatness, namely, *unselfishness*, *honesty*, and *boldness* Let us see whether Râmmohun Roy possessed in a high degree these three essentials

You know he gave up idolatry This may seem to us a very easy performance, but in India, as well as in Europe, nothing is more sacred to a child than the objects which he sees his father worship, nothing dearer than the prayers which he has been taught by his mother to repeat with uplifted hands, long before he could repeat anything else There is nothing so happy as the creed of childhood, nothing so difficult to part with And do not suppose that idol-worship is more easily surrendered Idol is an ugly name, but it meant originally no more than an image At first the image of a deity, like the image of a distant or departed friend, is only gazed at with a mixture of sadness and joy, afterwards something like a real presence is felt, and good resolutions are sometimes formed from merely looking at the familiar features of a beloved face And if at any time those who value such an image as their dearest treasure, pour

out their sorrows before it, or implore it to fulfil some anxious prayer, and if such a prayer is fulfilled once, or twice, or, it may be, a hundred times out of two hundred, need we wonder that the very image is believed to be endowed with miraculous power, nay that such faith remains unshaken, even if it be decreed that it is better for us that certain prayers should not be fulfilled? We must remember what sacred images are to millions of human beings even in Christian countries, and we shall then be better able to appreciate the unselfishness, the honesty, and the boldness of a boy of sixteen who could bring himself to say, 'I will not worship what my father worships, I will not pray as my mother prays, I will look out for a new God and for new prayers, if haply I may find them'

There was everything to induce Râmmohun Roy to retain the religion of his fathers It was an ancient religion, a national religion, and allowed an independent thinker greater freedom than almost any other religion But openly to condemn and reject that religion, or at least its present form, involved more serious consequences in India than almost anywhere else It entailed not only censure and punishment, and the loss of the love of his parents, it entailed loss of caste, expulsion from society, loss of property All this Râmmohun Roy was prepared to face, and he had to face it He was banished from his father's house once or twice, he was insulted by his friends, his life was threatened, and even in the streets of Calcutta he had to walk about armed Later in life his relations (his own mother) tried to deprive him of his caste, and indirectly of his

property, and it was a mere accident that the law decided in his favour

And remember that during all these struggles, and when he was left almost alone, he did not join any other community where, as a convert, he might have been received with open arms and warm hearts He never became a Mohammedan, he never became a Christian, but he remained to the end a Brâhman, a believer in the Veda, and in the One God who, as he maintained, had been revealed in the Veda, and especially in the Vedânta, long before he revealed himself in the Bible or in the Korân

He wished to reform his religion, not to reject it His mother, we are told, was for a time broken-hearted about her son It was she who, after the death of her eldest son (Ramtanu Roy), brought an action against Râmmohun Roy to disinherit him as an apostate and infidel[1] But her son had the satisfaction, later in life, to hear from her own loving lips words which must have consoled him for many sorrows 'Son,' she said to him, a year before her death, 'you are right But I am a weak woman, and am grown too old to give up those observances which are a comfort to me' This was said by her, before she set out on her last pilgrimage to Juggernaut, where she died

With such self-denying devotion did she conform to the rites of the Hindu religion, that she would not allow a female servant to accompany her to Juggernaut, or any other provision to be made for her comfort or support during the journey When at Puri, she occupied herself in sweeping the temple of

[1] Lecture on Râmmohun Roy, by W Adam, Calcutta 1879, p 6

the uncouth idol! Her son knew all this, and he bore with her, as she had borne with him. Perhaps he knew that the hideous idol which she worshipped in the fetid air of his temple, Juggernaut, as we call it, was originally called Jagannâtha, which means 'Lord of the World,' and that He, the Lord of the World, the true Jagannâtha, would hear her prayers, even though addressed to Juggernaut, the uncouth image.

In all these trials Râmmohun Roy had nothing to support him but his belief in the Veda, and that very still, that very small voice within, which is better than the Veda, better than any sacred book. And I say again, a man who is ready to sacrifice everything for the voice of truth, who submits to be called a sceptic, a heretic, an atheist, even by his dearest friends, is an unselfish, an honest, a bold man,—is a great man, in the best sense of the word.

There is a quiet courage, a simple straightforwardness in all Râmmohun Roy's acts. Some of his friends have misunderstood him, and claimed him for a Mohammedan, or a Christian. He said himself, just before he set out for Europe, that on his death each sect, the Christian, the Hindu, and the Mohammedan, would claim him as their own, but that he belonged to none of them. His real religious sentiments are embodied in a pampnlet, written and printed in his life-time, but, according to his injunction, not published till after his death. This work discloses his belief in the unity of the Deity, his infinite power, his infinite goodness, and in the immortality of the soul.[1]

[1] Calcutta Review, Dec 1845, pp 387–389. The title of the work as there given is, Tuhfatu'l Muwahhidin, or 'Present to Monotheists.'

With such a faith nothing would have been easier for him than to do what so many of his countrymen, even the most enlightened, are still content to do,—to remain silent on doctrines which do not concern them, to shrug their shoulders at miracles and legends, and to submit to observances which, though distasteful to themselves, may be looked upon as possibly useful to others

With such an attitude towards religion, he might have led a happy, quiet, respectable, useful life, and his conscience need not have smitten him more than it seems to have smitten many others But he would not He might part with his old mother in silent love and pity, but towards the rest of the world he wished to appear as what he was He would not say that he believed in three gods, when he believed in One God only, he would not call idols symbols of the Godhead, he would not have ritual, because it helped the weak, he would not allow Suttee because it was a time-hallowed custom, springing from the true love of a wife for a dead husband He would have no compromising, no economising, no playing with words, no shifting of responsibility from his own shoulders to others And therefore, whatever narrow-minded critics may say, I say once more that Râmmohun Roy was an unselfish, an honest, a bold man—a great man in the highest sense of the word

And mind, I do not say that the world is poor in men as great as Râmmohun Roy, and I know full well that many of them pass away unheeded, and leave behind them no name, no fame, no monument But what is that? It only shows that the world is richer in good and great men than we thought it was

But why should we grudge their greatness and their fame to those whom the world likes to honour? Go into a great library if you wish to know the meaning of the immortality of a name Go into Westminster Abbey if you wish to know the value of a crumbling monument True immortality is the immortality of the work done by man, which nothing can make undone, which lives, works on, grows on for ever

It does good to *our selves* to remember and to honour the names of our ancestors and benefactors, but to them, depend upon it, the highest reward was not the hope of fame, but their faith in themselves, their faith in their work, their faith that nothing really good can ever perish, and that Right and Reason must in the end prevail

I have no doubt that when Râmmohun Roy muttered his last prayer and drew his last breath at Stapleton Grove, he knew that, happen what may, his work would live, and idolatry would die That was the chief object of his life, and small as the results which he achieved might seem to others, he knew full well that all living seeds are small

I am more doubtful about his belief in the divine origin of the Veda It seems to me as if he chiefly used his arguments in support of the revealed character of the Veda as an answer to his opponents, fighting them, so to say, with their own weapons But however that may be, it is quite clear that this very dogma, this little want of honesty or thoroughness of thought, retarded more than anything else the natural growth of his work

After the Râjah's death the Church which he had

founded, the so-called Brâhma-Samâj, languished for want of new interests and for want of a real head. During the next seven or eight years, its chief representative was Pandit Râm Chandra Vidyâbagîsh, one of Râmmohun Roy's earliest disciples, while its material wants were supplied by the generosity of Dvârkânâth Tagore, the same who erected the monument to the memory of Râmmohun Roy in the Arno's Vale Cemetery at Bristol, and who himself lies buried in Kensal Green. I knew him well while he was staying at Paris, and living there in good royal style. He was an enlightened, liberal-minded man, but a man of this world rather than of the next.

Dvârkânâth Tagore, however, became a still greater benefactor of the Brâhma-Sâmaj, though indirectly, through his son, Debendranâth Tagore, who is still alive, though he has for many years left the world, preferring to live by himself in perfect solitude, and devoted to meditation, and to the contemplation of the Divine Spirit, within and without. He, being a young man of considerable wealth, suddenly, at the age of twenty, saw the vanity of all earthly pleasures, and determined to devote the rest of his life to a search after truth, to a constant meditation on the things which are not seen, and chiefly to the discovery and recovery of his own true self in the Divine Self. He started a Society called the Truth-teaching Society, the Tattva-bodhinî Sabhâ, which lasted from 1839 to 1859, while its journal, the Tattva-bodhinî Pâtrikâ, still continues to appear.

He was soon attracted towards the Brâhma-Samâj[1],

[1] According to Sivanâth Sâstri 'New Dispensation,' p. 4. Debendranath joined the Brahma Samaj in 1838; according to a statement

and his accession gave fresh life to it In 1843 a new covenant was introduced, by which each member of the Brahma-Samâj bound himself to give up idolatry altogether, and to cultivate daily prayer, addressed to the One God whose attributes were now more clearly defined [1]

But a still more important step was soon to follow Debendranâth Tagore s fervent soul was not satisfied with the Veda, or with any book that was to tell him once for all what to believe, and what not to believe Doubts also seem to have arisen in his mind as to the grounds on which human beings could ever take upon themselves the right to ascribe a divine origin, in the miraculous sense of that word, to any book whatsoever Nor have I the least doubt that here, for the first time, the learning of the West began to tell on

made by Debendranath himself he did not really join the society till 1841 The foundation of the Tattva bodhinî Sabhâ is dated by some in 1842 instead of 1839

[1] Extracts from the Brahmaic Covenant of the year 1843 (see 'A Brief History of the Calcutta Brahma Samâj' from January 1830 to December 1867 Calcutta, 1868, pp 8 seq , and Pandit Sivanâth Sâstri, 'New Dispensation,' p 12 —

'First Vow By loving God and by performing the works which He loves I will worship God the Creator the Preserver, and the Destroyer the Giver of salvation, the Omniscient, the Omnipresent, the Blissful, the Good, the Formless, the One only without a second

'Second Vow I will worship no created object as the Creator

'Third Vow Except the day of sickness or tribulation, every day the mind being undisturbed, I will engage it in love and veneration of God

'Fourth Vow I will exert myself to perform righteous deeds

'Fifth Vow I will be careful to keep myself from vicious deeds

'Sixth Vow If, through the influence of passion, I have committed any vice, I will, wishing redemption from it, be careful not to do it again

'Seventh Vow Every year, and on the occasion of every happy domestic event I will bestow gifts upon the Brâhma Samâj

'Grant me, O God, power to observe the duties of this great faith '

the religion of the East The Vedas, as I remarked before, were little studied in Bengal, yet in all controversies with Europeans these unknown Vedas were always quoted as the highest authority in all matters of faith Thus, when the burning of widows was to be abolished, the Brâhmans simply quoted a verse from the Rig-Veda in support of it This, they thought, was enough, and so it was indeed in the eyes of the law, which had promised protection to all established religious practices of the Hindus We know now that the lines quoted from the Rig-Veda were garbled, and that, so far from enjoining the burning of widows, the Veda presupposes the opposite custom

I tried to explain to you why it was so difficult for European scholars to gain a knowledge of the Veda All other Sanskrit MSS were freely communicated to Englishmen resident in India, but not the MSS of the Veda And even in cases where such MSS had fallen into the hands of barbarians, the Pandits declined to translate them for them Colebrooke alone seems to have overcome all these difficulties, and his Essays 'On the Vedas, or the Sacred Writings of the Hindus,' though published in 1805, are still extremely valuable

When Râmmohun Roy was in London, he saw at the British Museum a young German scholar, Friedrich Rosen, busily engaged in copying MSS of the Rig-Veda The Râjah was surprised, but he told Rosen that he ought not to waste his time on the Hymns, but that he should study the text of the Upanishads

Rosen, however, knew better He published a specimen of the Hymns of the Rig-Veda in 1830,

which gave European scholars the first idea of what these ancient hymns really were Unfortunately he died soon after, and only the first book of the Rig-Veda was finished by him, and published after his death in 1838

When Dvârkânâth Tagore came to Paris, he found me there in 1845 copying the text and commentary of the Rig-Veda, and there can be little doubt that his son Debendranâth heard from his father that European scholars had begun in good earnest the study of the Veda, and that its halo of unapproachable sanctity would soon disappear Debendranâth Tagore, not knowing much of Vedic literature, in order to satisfy his own mind, sent four young Brâhmans to Benares about 1845 or 1846, to study the Vedas under some of the most learned theologians of that Indian seat of learning

Interesting as the Vedas are to us, as historical documents, for they date from at least 1500 B C, and give us an insight into the origin and growth of religion unsurpassed by any other literature, no one in his senses would for one moment claim for them a superhuman origin After the report made by the four students after their return from Benares to Calcutta, Debendranâth Tagore did not hesitate, and in 1850 the Brâhma-Samâj solemnly pronounced the dethronement of the Veda

There is nothing analogous to this in the whole history of religion, but this bold step, far from endangering the Brâhma-Samâj, really put new life into its members The Brâhma-Samâj was now a Church without a Bible, and Debendranâth Tagore, its leader, felt inspired with new hopes and higher aspirations

There was nothing now between him and his God, and in this state of mind, not of despair, but of fervent faith, he revised the Brâhmaic Covenant, and wrote and published his *Brâhma-dharma*[1], or the religion of the one true God After finishing this work, the young Saint retired for a time to the solitude of the mountains, to be alone with himself and with his God

You see here how among all the books which are supposed to be held sacred by the people of India, it was the *Veda* alone, not the Bhâgavata Purâ*n*a or any other Purâ*n*a, that troubled the mind of these religious reformers For them the Purâ*n*as had no such

[1] In the Brahmadharma, published in 1850 (third ed, Calcutta 1869), we find the Brâhmadharmavî*g*a Confession of Faith, as follows —

(1) Om Brahma vâ ekam idam agra asît, nânyat kim*k*anâsit tad idam sarvam as*ri*gat

(2) Tad eva nitya*m* *gñâ*nam ananta*m* siva*m* svatantra*m* niravayavam ekam evadvitîya*m* sarvavyâpi sarvaniyantri sarvasraya*m* sarvavit sarvasaktimad dharu*n*am pûr*n*am apratimam iti

(3) Ekasya tasyaivopâsanayâ pâratrikam aihika*m* *k*a subham bhavati

(4) Tasmin prîtis tasya priyakâryasâdhana*m* *k*a tadupâsanam eva

After that follows the Brâhmadharmagraha*n*a, i e the covenant to be signed by new members —

Asmin Brâhmadharmavî*g*e visvasya Brâhmadharmavî*g*a*m* gri*h*nâmi

(1) God alone existed in the beginning and He created this universe

(2) He is intelligent, infinite, benevolent, eternal governor of the universe all knowing, omnipotent, refuge of all, devoid of limbs, immutable, alone without a second all powerful, self existent, and beyond comparison

(3) By worshipping Him and Him alone we can attain the highest good in this life and in the next

(4) To love Him and to do the works He loves constitutes this worship

By declaring my belief in the above combined four fundamental principles of Brahmaism I accept it as my faith See Pandit Sivanâth Sastri, 'New Dispensation,' p 12

interest They knew what stuff they were made of They might be useful for women and children, they might contain grains of truth which every Brâhma would value[1], but their childish legends could never stand in the way of men like Debendranâth Tagore Does that show that the Veda was dead and forgotten, and that the true religion of modern India must be studied in the Purâ*n*as or Tantras ?

Even after the fall of the Veda, do not suppose that the religious reformers of India discarded it altogether They deprived it of its Divine Right, but they seemed to value it all the more, and they preserved all that they thought worth preserving in it, particularly the Upanishads

When challenged by the Rev J Mullens, a missionary of the London Missionary Society, as to the new principles of the belief of the Brâhmas, Debendranâth replied 'The doctrines of the Brâhmas, or spiritual worshippers of God, whom I suppose you mean by modern Vedântists, are founded upon a broader and more unexceptionable basis than the scriptures of a single religious denomination on earth The volume of Nature is open to all, and that volume contains a revelation clearly teaching, in strong and legible characters, the great truths of religion and morality, and giving us as much knowledge of our state after death as is necessary for the attainment of future blessedness, yet adapted to the present state of our mental faculties Now, as the Hindu religion contains notions of God and human duty which coincide with that

[1] 'The Purans and the Tantras are Shastras because they also proclaim the unity of God Râmmohun Roy, Bengali translation of the Ishopanishad

revelation, we have availed ourselves of works which are the great depositaries of the national faith, and which have the advantage of national association on their side, for disseminating the principles of pure religion among our countrymen[1]'

The time will come, I hope, when scholars in India will study the Veda, as we study it in Europe, namely as an historical record of the highest value in the history of religion, but even then I trust that in India the Veda will always retain its peculiar position as the oldest book which, for the first time, told the inhabitants of that country of a world beyond this world, of a law beyond human laws, and of a Divine Being in whom we live, and move, and have our being

If we may judge of Sacred Books by their fruits, then the life of such a man as Râmmohun Roy, who professed to be entirely guided by the Veda would bear high testimony indeed to the intrinsic value of that oldest among all Sacred Books of the Aryan race, however crude, childish, unscientific it may seem to us

Still more interesting, however, will it be to study and examine the lives of his disciples and followers, who no longer looked upon the Veda or any other book as divinely or miraculously revealed, and to whom the Veda had become simply a venerable book by the side of other venerable books, in order to find out whether a kind of heavenly halo is really indispensable in order to secure to Eternal Truth an entrance into the heart and an influence on the acts of man, or whether, as some believe, Truth, Eternal

[1] 'Brief History of the Calcutta Brâhma Samâj,' 1868 p 13

Truth, requires no credentials, but is to rule the world in her own right, nay, is to be welcomed all the more warmly when she appeals to the human heart, unadorned by priestly hands, and clad only in her own simplicity, beauty, and majesty

To Râmmohun Roy the Veda was true, because it was divine, to his followers it was divine, because it was true And which of the two showed the greater faith?

I have thus tried, and I hope not quite in vain, to enlist your sympathy, your real respect and love, for that great religious reformer of India, Râmmohun Roy In India his name has been enrolled in the book of the prophets, and I hope that in future some at least of those who have kindly listened to me tonight will allow to this true Aryan nobleman a place among those who deserve to be called great and good

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APPENDIX

THERE is a letter, supposed to have been written by Râmmohun Roy shortly before he left England for France, and addressed to Mr Gordon of Calcutta It was first published after the Râjah's death in the *Athenaeum*, Oct 5, 1833, by Mr Sandford Arnot, who had acted as the Râjah's secretary during his stay in England It was republished by Miss Mary Carpenter in 'The Last Days of the Râjah Râmmohun Roy,' London, 1866, p 249 Although the relations between the Râjah and his secretary were not very friendly towards the end of the Râjah's visit to England, there is nothing in that letter to betray any unfriendly feeling Whether the Râjah wrote or dictated the whole of it may be doubted, but to reject the whole as a fabrication would be going much too far See letters from John Hare in *Times*, Oct 28, 1833, from S Arnot, Nov 23, 1833, from J Hare, Dec 11, 1833 Mr Arnot states that after the Râjah's return from Paris, both his mind and body seemed to be losing their tone and vigour, that his manners were changed, and his language became violent and coarse His friends at Bristol, however, perceived nothing of this

'MY DEAR FRIEND,

'In conformity with the wish you have frequently expressed, that I should give you an outline of my life, I have now the pleasure to give you the following very brief sketch

'My ancestors were Brahmins of a high order, and,

from time immemorial, were devoted to the religious duties of their race, down to my fifth progenitor, who about one hundred and forty years ago gave up spiritual exercises for worldly pursuits and aggrandisement. His descendants ever since have followed his example, and, according to the usual fate of courtiers, with various success, sometimes rising to honour and sometimes falling; sometimes rich and sometimes poor; sometimes excelling in success, sometimes miserable through disappointment.[1]

'But my maternal ancestors, being of the sacerdotal order by profession as well as by birth, and of a family than which none holds a higher rank in that profession, have up to the present day uniformly adhered to a life of religious observances and devotion, preferring peace and tranquillity of mind to the excitements of ambition and all the allurements of worldly grandeur.

'In conformity with the usage of my paternal race, and the wish of my father[2], I studied the Persian and Arabic languages—these being indispensable to those who attached themselves to the courts of the Mohammedan princes; and agreeably to the usage of my maternal relations, I devoted myself to the study of the Sanskrit and the theological works written in it, which contain the body of Hindoo literature, law, and religion.

When about the age of sixteen[3], I composed a manu-

[1] Râmmohun's grandfather filled posts of importance at the Court of Murshadabad, the capital of the Soubah of Bengal. His father Râm kant Roy left Murshadabad and lived at Râdhânagore, in the district of Burdwan where he had landed property, the patrimony of the family.

[2] Ramkant Roy.

[3] A. D. 1790.

script calling in question the validity of the idolatrous system of the Hindoos This, together with my known sentiments on that subject, having produced a coolness between me and my immediate kindred, I proceeded on my travels, and passed through different countries, chiefly within, but some beyond, the bounds of Hindostan, with a feeling of great aversion to the establishment of the British power When I had reached the age of twenty, my father recalled me, and restored me to his favour, after which I first saw and began to associate with Europeans, and soon after made myself tolerably acquainted with their laws and form of government Finding them generally more intelligent, more steady, and moderate in their conduct, I gave up my prejudice against them, and became inclined in their favour, feeling persuaded that their rule, though a foreign yoke, would lead more speedily and surely to the amelioration of the native inhabitants, and I enjoyed the confidence of several of them even in their public capacity My continued controversies with the Brahmins on the subject of their idolatry and superstition, and my interference with their custom of burning widows and other pernicious practices, revived and increased their animosity against me, and through their influence with my family, my father was again obliged to withdraw his countenance openly, though his limited pecuniary support was still continued to me

'After my father's death, I opposed the advocates of idolatry with still greater boldness Availing myself of the art of printing, I published various works and pamphlets against their errors, in the native and foreign languages This raised such a feeling against

me, that I was at last deserted by every person except two or three Scotch friends, to whom, and the nation to which they belong, I always feel grateful

'The ground which I took in all my controversies was, not that of opposition to Brahminism, but to the perversion of it, and I endeavoured to show that the idolatry of the Brahmins was contrary to the practice of their ancestors, and the principles of the ancient books and authorities which they profess to revere and obey Notwithstanding the violence of the opposition and the resistance to my opinions, several highly respectable persons, both among my own relations and others, began to adopt the same sentiments

'I now felt a strong wish to visit Europe, and obtain, by personal observation, a more thorough insight into its manners, customs, religion, and political institutions I refrained, however, from carrying this intention into effect until the friends who coincided in my sentiments should be increased in number and strength My expectations having been at length realised, in November, 1830, I embarked for England, as the discussion of the East-India Company's Charter was expected to come on, by which the treatment of the natives of India, and its future government, would be determined for many years to come, and an appeal to the King in Council, against the abolition of the practice of burning widows, was to be heard before the Privy Council, and His Majesty the Emperor of Delhi had likewise commissioned me to bring before the authorities in England certain encroachments on his rights by the East-India Company I accordingly arrived in England in April, 1831'

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

(1838-1884)

I HAD just said what I wished to say about Râjah Râmmohun Roy, when I received the news of the death of Keshub Chunder Sen, his devoted follower and successor Whereas I knew Râmmohun Roy in the spirit only, I knew Keshub Chunder Sen both in the spirit and in the flesh We were true friends through good and evil days, and I little expected that he would leave this busy world before me The time to give a full account of Keshub Chunder Sen's life and life-work has hardly come as yet Many little things must be forgotten before his true greatness can be realised But there are certain impressions which he has left on our memories which, if not recorded at once, may fade away and be lost Of his life, in the ordinary sense of the word, I know little, and the little I know, I know from his Indian friends only, with whom all responsibility for dates and facts must rest But there are some hidden phases of his inner life which I know better perhaps than even his best friends in India In his very last letter, which he wrote at Simla on the 20th June, 1883, he said 'Our affinity is not only ethnic, but in the highest degree spiritual, which often draws you into my heart and makes me enjoy the pleasures of friendly intercourse

I forget the distance, and feel we are very near each other These Himâlayas ablaze with India's ancient glory constantly remind me of you, and as I read your Lectures on '*India, what can it teach us?*' in the veranda of my little house in the morning, I feel so intensely the presence of your spirit in me that it seems I am not reading your book, but talking to you and you are talking to me in deep spirit-intercourse'

However, before I can give a few records of our spirit-intercourse, I must try to give a slight sketch of the outward life of my friend, at least so far as it bears on his spiritual growth I have no doubt we shall soon have a long biography, telling us of his ancestors, of his childhood, his youth, his manhood, full of dates, full of facts, full of anecdotes I do not wish to anticipate these chroniclers, who so often tell us the very things that ought to be forgotten, and not always the things which it is right to remember All I feel inclined to do is to give some slight frame to hold the portrait of the man

Keshub Chunder Sen, in Sanskrit Ke*s*ava *K*andra Sena, died on the 8th of January, 1884, at the age of 46, having been born on the 19th of November, 1838 Though sprung from one of the orthodox Vaidya families in Bengal, European influences had reached and permeated his home for at least two generations before his birth His grandfather, Râm Comul Sen, is known to Sanskrit scholars as the friend of Horace Hayman Wilson, and as the author of a useful Bengâli Dictionary Râm Comul Sen had four sons, the second being Peary Mohun Sen, for some time Dîwân of the Calcutta Mint This Peary Mohun Sen had three sons and the second of them was Keshub Chunder Sen

The grandfather, Râm Comul Sen, was evidently on really intimate terms with Professor H H Wilson, and the latter often spoke of his old friend in terms of affection such as one seldom hears now from the mouths of old Indian Civil Servants when speaking of their native subordinates But Râm Comul Sen remained through life a thorough Hindu, strictly orthodox and minutely conscientious in the discharge of his religious duties, nor was Wilson the man to force his own theological opinions on his friend, so long as he knew that he could trust him as an honest man He, being Director of the Mint, appointed Râm Comul Sen to the responsible office of Bullion Keeper He afterwards became Dîwân of the Mint, Cashier of the Bank, and Native Secretary of the Asiatic Society In his office of Dîwân he was succeeded by his son, Peary Mohun Sen The office became almost hereditary in the family, devolving, after the father's death, on a younger brother, and after his death on Babu Jadunâth Sen, a cousin of Keshub Chunder Sen When his cousin had to resign, Keshub Chunder Sen was prevailed upon to officiate for a time as Dîwân of the Mint until the Dîwânship was transferred to the family of the Dutts of Rambagun

We thus see how in Keshub Chunder Sen's family European enlightenment and English principles of morality were united with strong Hindu patriotism and orthodoxy He was brought up as a Bhakta, that is as a boy who would bathe every morning, put on a silk dhoti, and have his body anointed with sandalwood powder When he was ten, his father died, and Keshub was brought up by his uncle, though he had also the benefit of retaining through life the loving

care of a mother who still survives him She stood at his death-bed, lamenting that she, poor sinner, should be left behind while the dearest jewel of her heart was being plucked away from her 'Don't say so, dear mother,' he replied 'Where can there be another mother like you? All that is good in me I have inherited from you, all that I call my own is yours' So saying he took the dust of her feet and put it upon his head

As a boy Keshub Chunder Sen was admitted into the Bengâli Patshala (pâ*th*asâla), an elementary school, from which he proceeded to the Hindu College, and afterwards to the Hindu Metropolitan College under Captain Richardson His success at school seems to have been varying, his weak point being throughout mathematics When he joined the Presidency College he does not seem to have distinguished himself, though he remained in the College as an ex-student, devoting his attention to history, logic, psychology, and zoology His favourite books were Shakespeare, Milton, and Bacon, and so ardent had been his devotion to his studies that those who knew him, after he had left the College and when he went to Bombay in 1864, described him as a pale, tall, and slender youth

He developed at an early time a strong taste for acting We are told that he acted Hamlet in his native village (Garifa, now Gouripore), the part of Laertes being taken by his young friend, now his probable successor, Protap Chunder Mozumdar He also was a clever juggler, and occasionally performed in that capacity, passing himself off as an Englishman But he soon began his career of public usefulness In 1855 he established an Evening School for the children

of working men, and this was continued with great success till 1858

In 1856 he was married to a very young girl, the marriage being celebrated with the usual pomp He himself disapproved of all extravagance, and he tells us how his thoughts began at that time to turn into a new direction 'I entered the world,' he says, 'with ascetic ideas, and my honeymoon was spent amid austerities in the house of the Lord' This continued for three or four years, during which time he became an ardent student of the Bible, helped by the Rev T H Burne, Domestic Chaplain to Bishop Cotton If any one could have persuaded Keshub Chunder Sen to become a Christian, it would have been the large-hearted Bishop Cotton But this was not to be, and we may well believe that Keshub Chunder Sen, struggling all his life after truth, was a more impressive lesson to his countrymen than he would have been if he had been received and kept within the fold of the English Church

Keshub Chunder Sen soon became attracted by the Brâhma-Samaj, the Society founded by Râmmohun Roy, the early history of which I have tried to describe before The exact date of his joining that Society has been much discussed It was supposed to be 1859[1], but in a letter to Miss Collet, dated Nov 23, 1872, he wrote, 'I became a Brâhma in 1857, when Debendranâth Tagore was in the Hills' This was from Saka 1778 to Saka 1780, A D 1856–1859, during the time of the mutiny Debendranâth retired to the Himâ-

[1] 'The New Dispensation and the Sâdhâran Brâhma Samâj by Pandit Sivanâth Sâstri M A, Madras 1881, pp 6, 15, Liberal, March 16, 23, 1884

layas in 1855, and after three years of solitary contemplation returned to Calcutta[1]

The fact was not, however, much known to the public till after Debendranâth s return Unfortunately the original document, written in Bengâli by his own hand, in which he declared that Brâhmaism was the only true religion in the world, and avowed his faith in the holy Brâhma Dharma, is lost But the date is of less consequence than the cause of his joining the Brâhma-Samâj

The time had come for him to be formally initiated in the mysteries of his ancestral religion, but Keshub Chunder Sen declined to submit to any idolatrous rites, and it was the persecution of his own family which at that time drove him to seek refuge and ad vice with Debendranâth Tagore Their first meeting was the beginning of a long friendship between the man of fifty and the young disciple of twenty, a friendship which, though outwardly severed for a time, lasted in their hearts till it was severed at last by Keshub Chunder Sen's death Debendranâth Tagore was a rich man, and he enabled Keshub Chunder Sen to maintain himself at Calcutta, and to work for the cause they both had at heart We soon hear of the young convert at the head of a Brâhma school, which was finally established on the second floor of the Brâhma-Samâj Here two lectures were given every week, one in Bengâli by Debendranâth Tagore, the other in English by Keshub Chunder Sen

About the same time we find Keshub Chunder Sen superintending the performance of a Bengâli play,

[1] See 'Faith and Progress of the Brahma Samaj' by P C Mozumdar, Calcutta, 1882, p 192

written by Umesh Chundra Mitra, and called Bidhaba Bibaha Natak, 'The Marriage of the Widow' This play had a great success at the time, being intended to influence public opinion in favour of widow-marriages

In the same year, Nov 1, 1859, Keshub Chunder Sen was appointed to a clerkship in the Bank of Bengal, at a salary of £36 a year, which was soon raised to £60 His appointment left him sufficient leisure to pursue his favourite studies, to write, and even to lecture in public His first tract, which appeared in 1860, was called, 'Young Bengal, this is for you' In 1860 we hear of his meeting Mr Dyson at Krishnaghur, in a public disputation on the merits of Christianity and the Brâhma religion In the same year he accompanied Debendranâth Tagore and his son Satyendranâth to Ceylon

In 1861 Keshub Chunder Sen gave up his post in the Bank of Bengal, having now determined to devote his life to the religious regeneration of his country Speaking of that period of his life, he says[1] 'I do not believe in an absentee Lord God is unto us all an ever-present Deity As I saw my God, I naturally asked him where I should go to find means of subsistence and satisfy my hunger and thirst To the Bank? To a mercantile office? No The Lord told me, in plain and unmistakable language, to give up secular work altogether But I said, "Lord, will not my family starve, if all means of subsistence are thus deliberately cut off?" "Talk not as an infidel," was the reply I was ashamed of my scepticism I was assured that "all things shall be added unto you"' He and Debendranâth Tagore were at that time like two souls

[1] 'Lectures in India,' p 268

and one thought Debendranâth Tagore wished his young friend to assume the ministership of the Brâhma-Samâj, and Keshub Chunder Sen, who had till then been tolerated as a member of a thoroughly orthodox family, resolved to enter with his wife the house of Debendranâth Tagore, and to dine with a man looked upon as a heretic and as excommunicated Upon this he himself was expelled from his family, and had to live under the protection of his old friend, till in December, 1862, he obtained re-admission to his ancestral house In the same month his eldest son was born On the death of his father Keshub Chunder Sen received his share of the ancestral property

Being now less hampered in his public career, Keshub Chunder Sen became more and more recognised as the champion of the Brâhma-Samâj In his lecture, delivered 8th of April, 1863, 'The Brâhma-Samâj vindicated, he clearly defined his position, both as against native opponents and Christian missionaries An association, called the Sangat, or Sangata-Sabhâ, served as a centre for religious and moral discussions between him and his followers Rules were agreed upon, pledges were taken, and the society became more strictly organised Idolatrous rites were entirely put down

The first Brâhma marriage, which of course was considered by native opinion as no marriage at all, was celebrated as early as 1861, Debendranâth Tagore himself setting the bold example of allowing his daughter to be married without the customary rites Other reforms followed The birth-festivals the naming-festivals initiations, and funerals were all conducted according to Brâhmic rites Even the sacred thread

was thrown off, and Debendranâth again set the first example We have no idea how hard this surrender of cherished national customs appeared to many of the Brâhmas, and how deeply it afflicted those who had wished not to break openly with their Brâhma friends Still nothing could restrain the ardour of Keshub Chunder Sen In 1864, on the 9th of February, he started for Madras It was his first great missionary enterprise, and he succeeded in planting a Brâhma-Samâj in the Madras Presidency From thence he proceeded to Bombay, where he won many hearts, both English and native, and then returned to Calcutta with greater determination than ever to carry out his great social and religious reform Opposition only roused his enthusiasm, friction only called out brighter sparks of eloquence His old friend, Debendranâth Tagore, continued for a long time the friend and fellow-worker of Keshub Chunder Sen We know that he gave up the Sacred Thread, that ancient and harmless religious symbol which even Râmmohun Roy would never part with, and which was found on his breast after his death

But at last even Debendranâth became frightened, or allowed himself to be frightened by his more conservative friends He and his friends were prepared to give up all that was idolatrous and pernicious, but they would not part with all their ancient national customs, they would not have their religion denationalised They found all they wanted in their own ancient literature, and in the book of nature, open before their eyes, while Keshub Chunder Sen was looking more and more beyond the narrow frontiers of India, and seeking for spiritual food in the Christian

Bible, and also, though in a less degree, in the Korân and other sacred books

The celebration of a marriage between persons of different castes in August 1864 produced a strong commotion It must not be forgotten that Keshub Chunder Sen himself was not of Brâhmanic descent His appointment as Minister had hurt the feelings of other Brâhmas who, however much they might strive to be free from prejudice, could not altogether forget that all religious functions belonged by right to Brâhmans and to Brâhmans only When therefore Keshub Chunder Sen insisted on making the removal of the Sacred Thread a *sine quâ non* of Brâhma fellowship, they rebelled Debendranâth Tagore, who was by age and position the recognised head of the Brâhmas and who had lifted Keshub Chunder Sen to the high office which he held as Minister, suddenly dismissed his young friend and his most active companions from all posts of trust and influence in the Samâj [1]

Keshub Chunder Sen felt this deeply, but he was not to be discouraged The separation took place in February, 1865, and as early as the 11th of November, 1866, he and his friends had founded a new society, still called the Brâhma-Samâj, but the Brâhma-Samâj of India, while the conservative Samâj now went by the name of the Âdi Brâhma-Samâj, i e the First or Original Brâhma-Samâj

There was naturally more activity in the new than in the old Church Debendranâth Tagore was tired of the world, and often spent many years in succession in the recesses of the Himalayan mountains in undisturbed communion with God, while the affairs of the

[1] See the correspondence in the Tattvabodhinî Patrikâ,' No 264

Samâj were managed by Râjanarâyan Bose and a Committee

Keshub Chunder Sen, on the contrary, after he had once come to the front, never left his place He and many of his followers gave up all secular employment, and became preachers, teachers, and missionaries 'From comfortable and easy circumstances several came down to want and poverty, and had, on many occasions, to go without even the bare necessaries of life' They published books of theistic texts from all the Sacred Books of the world, they built a new Prayer Hall in 1869, and Keshub Chunder Sen, by his marvellous eloquence not only in Bengâli but in English, won thousands of hearts for his cause New journals were started, new schools opened, and great efforts were made to raise the women of India, so as to make them fit fellow-labourers in the cause of religious and social reform

In doctrine there was little that divided Debendranâth from Keshub 'The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men' formed the common ground of their faith and their work Their opinions also on the true character of the Veda were the same Both had surrendered their faith in the revealed character of the Veda, both looked to other scriptures as well as the Veda for light and guidance

The following is an authoritative summary of the doctrines of the old Brâhma-Samâj as accepted by Debendranâth Tagore The same doctrines were embraced from the first by Keshub Chunder Sen, and with slight modifications held by him to the last[1]

[1] 'Brief History of the Calcutta Brahma Samaj from 1830 to 1867, Calcutta, 1868, p 17

I The Book of Nature and Intuition form the basis of the Brâhmaic faith

II Although the Brâhmas do not consider any book, written by man, as the basis of their religion, yet they do accept, with respect and pleasure, any truth contained in any book

III The Brâhmas believe that the religious condition of man is progressive, like the other parts of his condition in this world

IV They believe that the fundamental doctrines of their religion are at the basis of every religion followed by man

V They believe in the existence of One Supreme God, a God endowed with a distinct personality, moral attributes equal to His nature, and intelligence befitting the Governor of the Universe, and worship Him —Him alone They do not believe in His incarnation

VI They believe in the immortality and progressive state of the soul, and declare that there is a state of conscious existence succeeding life in this world, and supplementary to it, as respects the action of the universal moral government

VII They believe that repentance is the only way to atonement and salvation They do not recognise any other mode of reconcilement to the offended but loving Father

VIII They pray for spiritual welfare, and believe in the efficacy of such prayers

IX They believe in the Providential care of the Divine Father

X They avow that love towards Him, and performing the works He loves, constitutes His worship

XI They recognise the necessity of public worship, but do not believe that they cannot hold communion with the Great Father without resorting to any fixed place at any fixed time They maintain that we can adore Him at any time and at any place provided that time and that place are calculated to compose and direct the mind towards Him

XII They do not believe in pilgrimages, but declare that holiness can only be attained by elevating and purifying the mind

XIII They do not perform any rites or ceremonies, or believe in penances as instrumental in obtaining the grace of God They declare that moral righteousness, the gaining of wisdom, Divine contemplation, charity, and the cultivation of devotional feelings are their rites and ceremonies They further say,—Govern and regulate your feelings, discharge your duties to God and to man, and you will gain everlasting blessedness Purify your heart, cultivate devotional feelings, and you will see Him who is unseen

XIV Theoretically there is no distinction of caste among the Brâhmas They declare that we are the children of God, and therefore must consider ourselves as brothers and sisters

If we compare this Confession of Faith with the declaration of principles delivered by Keshub Chunder Sen at the opening of his own Church (Mandira), on August 22, 1869, we shall find little difference between the two, though in the practical carrying out of their doctrines their roads were diverging more and more

Keshub Chunder Sen on that occasion read the following statement[1] —

'To-day, by Divine Grace, the public worship of God is instituted in these premises for the use of the Brâhma community Every day, at least every week, the One only God without a second, the Perfect and Infinite, the Creator of all, Omnipresent, Almighty, All-knowing, All-merciful, and All-holy, shall be worshipped in these premises No created object shall be worshipped here No man or inferior being or material object shall be worshipped here, as identical with God or like unto God, or as an incarnation of God, and no prayer or hymn shall be offered or chanted unto or in the name of any except God No carved or painted image, no outward symbol which has been or may hereafter be used by any sect for the purpose of worship, or the remembrance of a particular event, shall be preserved here No creature shall be sacrificed here Neither eating, nor drinking, nor any manner of mirth or amusement shall be allowed here No created being or object that has been or may hereafter be worshipped by any sect shall be ridiculed or contemned in the course of the Divine service to be conducted here No book shall be acknowledged or revered as the infallible word of God, yet no book which has been or may hereafter be acknowledged by any sect to be infallible, shall be ridiculed or contemned No sect shall be vilified, ridiculed, or hated No prayer, hymn, sermon, or discourse to be delivered or used here shall countenance or encourage any manner of idolatry, sectarianism, or sin Divine service shall be conducted here in such spirit and manner as may

[1] 'Brâhma Year Book' 1876, p 11

enable all men and women, irrespective of distinctions of caste, colour, and condition, to unite in one family, eschew all manner of error and sin, and advance in wisdom, faith, and righteousness The congregation of "The Brâhma Mandira of India" shall worship God in these premises according to the rules and principles hereinbefore set forth'

What were the exact causes of the breach between Debendranâth Tagore and Keshub Chunder Sen it is difficult to say They were hardly doctrinal, as any one may see who compares these two confessions They were not personal, for the two friends, though outwardly separated, remained united by mutual feelings of love and veneration They were, so far as we can judge, such as arise when practical measures have to be discussed and decisions have to be taken Then interests seem to clash, misunderstandings become inevitable, misrepresentations are resorted to, and newspaper gossip makes retreat from untenable positions very difficult So far as I can judge, Debendranâth and his friends were averse to unnecessary innovations, and afraid of anything likely to wound the national feelings of the great mass of the people They wanted before all to retain the national character of their religion 'A so-called universal form,' they said, 'would make our religion appear grotesque and ridiculous to the nation' They pleaded for toleration for Hindu usages and customs which appeared to them innocent 'If a progressive Brâhma,' they argued, 'requires a conservative one to reject those portions which the former considers to be idolatrous, but the latter does not, he denies liberty of conscience to a fellow-Brâhma'

It may be that Keshub Chunder Sen's devotion to Christ also, which became more pronounced from year to year, disquieted the minds of the Brâhmas. After his lecture on 'Jesus Christ, Europe and Asia,' delivered in May, 1866, many people, I am told, both native and European, felt convinced that Keshub Chunder Sen would openly embrace Christianity.

Keshub Chunder Sen, however, was at that time absorbed far less in doctrinal questions than in practical measures of progress and reform. To quote the words of his friend Protap Chunder Mozumdar[1], 'The great spiritual exercises and emotional excitement began, and the first devotional festival was celebrated in November, 1867. Side by side with the spiritual excitement the most radical social reforms were commenced, the Native Marriage Act was passed, the Indian Reform Association with its five sections was established in 1870, and the Bharat Asram (or the Indian Hermitage) was opened in 1872. A Female Normal School was founded for training lady-teachers, and a temperance movement was supported by a special journal.

Brâhma-Samâjas began to spring up in different parts of the country as a result of this new agency. A most active missionary organisation was constituted, and the preachers were sent to travel from one part of the country to the other. All this culminated in the missionary expedition of 1879. The whole movement under the influence of such manifold activities began to take a new shape. New doctrines were conceived and preached. Yoga (spiritual exercises), Bhakti (devotion and love), and Asceticism were

[1] 'Faith and Progress,' p. 39.

explained from a new point of view Great reverence was felt for Christ and other Masters, pilgrimages to saints and prophets were encouraged, sacraments and ceremonials were instituted, and at last the New Dispensation, as the highest development of the Brâhma-Samâj, was proclaimed in 1880

Much as I sympathise with Keshub Chunder Sen, I am not prepared to say that his movement was in every respect an advance beyond the point reached by Debendranâth Tagore In one sense it might even be called a retrogression To those who are acquainted with Hindu philosophy I could explain the difference between the two teachers very briefly, namely as a change from pure Vedânta to Yoga Debendranâth Tagore had fully realised the philosophic poetry of the Upanishads and the more systematic teaching of the Vedânta-Sûtras He had found rest there, and he wanted little more Keshub Chunder Sen saw that lofty height of thought at certain moments of his life, but he never reached it And this, though to Debendranâth it must have seemed weakness, constituted in many respects Keshub Chunder Sen's real strength While Debendranâth was absorbed in himself, Keshub laboured all his life, not for himself only, but for others He wanted a pure but popular religion and philosophy for those who were still in the lowest stage of mythological faith, and this Debendranâth could not give them

P C Mozumdar seems to have felt the same, when he said[1] 'The present generation of Brâhmas were intensely impressed through their Chief Teacher, Debendranath Tagore, with the supreme fact that God

[1] 'Theistic Review and Interpreter, July, 1881, p 16

was an indwelling Spirit, and an All-pervading Soul But it must be confessed that for purposes of personal piety, for tender devotions such as may call sinners to repentance and give salvation to the sorrow-stricken, the exalted teaching of Debendranâth Tagore, great as it was, was not sufficient Our conceptions required more fulness and definiteness Though from the lips of the revered saint the strange beatitudes of his own faith fell like honey, and we drank it, and were filled with gladness and enthusiasm, yet God was to us an unknown God Keshub Chunder Sen is and always has been a man of prayer He began his religious life by appealing to God to show him the light of His face He always insisted upon realising the presence of God before him, as the idolator, who unmistakeably saw his idol present near his own body Thus one of his characteristic teachings is that of seeing God He means of course spiritual perception, vivid realisation in faith of the presence of the Supreme Spirit But this process he describes to be exceedingly simple and natural He says, in one of his sermons, that 'as it is easy for the body to see and hear, so it ought to be easy for the soul to see and hear Hard struggles are not necessary for the soul to see God Bring the soul to its natural condition, and you will succeed'

It is difficult to understand why all this good work should have roused so much opposition, not only among those who were opposed to all reforms, but among Keshub Chunder Sen's own friends No doubt in some of his utterances and in some of his public acts he might have seemed extravagant But religious reformers cannot be judged according to the ordinary

rules of taste. It is sad indeed to have to confess that there is something in human nature that resents success for its own sake. Keshub Chunder's Sen's success as a preacher and as a leader was, no doubt, very great. Drunkards were reclaimed, men of abandoned character were made to feel the influence of the Divine Name. Lord Lawrence invited the young reformer to Simla, and the house reserved for the reception of distinguished native visitors was placed at his disposal. We need not ascribe the violent abuse which began to be poured forth at the same time in the newspapers to the worst of all motives, mere envy. We may admit that even envy arises sometimes from a sense of justice, from a feeling that success ought to be in a certain proportion to merit. But what surprises the unprejudiced student of that painful and instructive chapter of history is the unreasonableness of the charges brought against Keshub Chunder Sen. It was his lecture on 'Great Men,' delivered about five months after his lecture on Christ, which supplied the chief indictment against him. While in the eyes of his orthodox countrymen he was a heretic and atheist, he was accused by some of his own followers of aspiring to the honour due to the Godhead only, and his most intimate friends were found guilty of man-worship.

Keshub Chunder Sen, though feeling perfectly guiltless, had to defend himself, but in doing so, he only incurred new blame from his adversaries, namely that of mock-humility. There is no crime which a partisan cannot defend, there is no purity which a rival cannot besmirch. It is a pity that men should not know this and should bemean themselves by defending themselves against charges of which the grand-jury of

their own heart finds them innocent. These charges were continued from year to year, and it may be well to give here at least one specimen of his defence, though it dates from a later time, from a lecture delivered at the Forty-fifth Anniversary of the Brâhma-Samâj (1875). 'To dwell in love,' he said (p. 30), 'is to dwell in heaven. Accept then the gospel of love as the gospel of universal redemption. I have borne witness to the truth, and if you, friends and countrymen, accept what I have said, it will undoubtedly conduce to your spiritual welfare. But I fear I may run some risk in quite another direction. I apprehend I may be accepted as a teacher by unthinking thousands among my countrymen. They may turn round to me, and pointing to the scheme of salvation I have set forth, say,—We shall accept you as our teacher, for you profess to have received from Heaven the light of our salvation. This may mean a compliment, and many are its temptations. But to me it is repulsive, and the Lord directs me to repel the offer as a snare and a danger. You know how in India religion has degenerated into hero-worship. Looking upon this painful spectacle, my heart naturally shudders and recoils from the thought of setting up as a teacher. I shrink back from the awful responsibilities which attach to the position of a religious guide. Nay, without any hesitation or equivocation I can emphatically assure you I am *not* a teacher, and I will never be a teacher unto my countrymen.

If you believe in God, believe that He has not commissioned me to be an infallible guide unto you. The very creed my mouth has preached to-day disowns me, and points to God alone as the source

of all truth. If you exalt me as a teacher, and then falling down before me accept every utterance of mine as a divine message, you do so at the risk of debasing yourselves and jeopardising your highest interests. You will perhaps say, this is nothing but humility and modesty, so common among professed preachers. I say candidly, I claim neither humility nor honour before my countrymen. I am not in the least anxious that you should credit me with extraordinary self-abasement or self-esteem. I simply state a fact.

All that I contend for is this, that whatever truth there may be in my teachings should be accepted and followed, not for my sake, but for the sake of the truth itself. Let not my name carry the weight of authority. . . . In the economy of Providence, opposition, far from extinguishing, sets ablaze the torch of truth by shaking it. Am I afraid of those who have conspired to resist the progress of the true gospel? Depend upon me, the Lord shall confound and discomfit them, and His truth shall prevail at last. . . . Have I not been slandered and abused, for some years past, in the cruelest manner, and has not the vilest calumny been heaped upon the men and women who have taken shelter under the present dispensation? Most scandalous charges have from time to time been brought against us, which, if true, would render us odious and detestable in the estimation of all mankind. I repudiate these unfounded and false imputations with a clear conscience. Far be it from me to attempt a personal vindication. The righteousness of the cause I advocate and the purity and sincerity of my motives will vindicate themselves in the course of time.'

This language shows how deeply Keshub Chunder Sen felt the charges which envy and ignorance engendered in the hearts of his countrymen. Of course, he claimed inspiration, and no artificial, exceptional, or miraculous, but the real, natural, and only true inspiration which every one knows who knows what truth is, and who has felt his heart vibrate, if only once, in perfect unison with the voice of God. What he meant by inspiration he tries to explain again and again. Thus in his lecture at the Forty-third Anniversary of the Brâhma-Samâj (1873), he first of all explains his conception of Prayer. 'Men,' he says (p. 8), 'had always to pray for salvation before they received it. None received it who did not ask for it. Ever since man was created, the whole spiritual world has been governed by the immutable law of prayer. The law is, Ask, and it shall be given you; Seek, and ye shall find; Knock, and it shall be opened unto you. We must assume the attitude of prayer before God reveals His light unto us. It is absurd to think that God breaks or suspends His laws or keeps them in abeyance every time He responds to our prayers. To grant a prayer is to act in accordance with fixed laws, not in opposition to them. Assuredly God does speak to us in reply to every word we say unto Him. He either rebukes our hypocrisy and wickedness or He grants our requests. He either sends us away from His presence with a warning and a reprimand, or heaven rings with a loud Amen to our humble prayers. Only those who pray in the right spirit hear a favourable response. Those who truly ask receive; those who truly seek find. The law of prayer is immutable.'

After having thus explained prayer as a conforming to the will of God, he proceeds to explain what he means by Inspiration. 'Let us see now what Inspiration is. It is the thrilling and, I may add, the electrifying response which God gives to our prayers. I have already told you that prayer and inspiration are two sides of the same fact of spiritual life. Man asks and God gives. The spirit of man kneels, and is quickened by the spirit of God. The cause and the effect seem hardly distinguishable, and in the reciprocal action of the human and the divine spirits there is a mysterious unity. Hardly has man opened his heart in prayer, when the tide of inspiration sets in. The moment you put your finger in contact with fire you instantly feel a burning sensation. So with prayer and the consequent inspiration. The effect is immediate, necessary, and inevitable. We must not regard inspiration as God speaking by fits and starts, but as a perpetual breathing of His spirit. Whether we hear Him or not He speaks always, whether we catch the rays of His inspiration or not, He shines eternally, and sends forth His light in all directions.

With the profoundest reverence be it said that it is possible for man to put on God. For then self is completely lost in conscious godliness, and you feel that you do nothing of yourself, and that all your holy thoughts, words, and actions are only the breathings of the Holy Spirit. So the great prophets of earlier times thought and felt. In the highest stage man's aspiration and God's inspiration are continually exchanged with all the ease and force of natural breath. They become in fact the soul's vital breath without which it cannot breathe.'

But we must not anticipate While all this spiritual fermentation was going on, while some members of the Brâhma-Samâj were frightened by the fearless progress of their young leader, and others began to clamour that even he did not advance fast enough, Keshub Chunder Sen himself suddenly announced his intention of leaving the battle-field for a time and paying a visit to England That resolution was carried out almost as soon as it was conceived, and in the year 1870 Keshub Chunder Sen landed in England

His stay in England was a constant triumph 'He had many personal characteristics,' as the Indian *Daily News* truly said, 'which fitted him for religious work A fine countenance, a majestic presence, and that rapt look which of itself exerts an almost irresistible fascination over impressible minds, lent wonderful force to a swift, kindling, and poetical oratory which married itself to his highly spiritual teaching as perfect music unto noble words'

I need not dwell here on the successive events of his sojourn in London and his journeys to the principal towns All this has been well described by Miss Collet, and many of my readers must remember his eloquent addresses and the deep impression which they produced in the widest spheres His name has become almost a household word in England, and I have been struck, when lecturing in different places, to find that the mere mention of Keshub Chunder Sen's name elicited applause for which I was hardly prepared I made his personal acquaintance in London at the house of my friend, Dean Stanley He afterwards paid a visit to me at Oxford, and our friendship, which then began, has lasted to the end

While at Oxford, I took him to see Dr Pusey, and I regret that I did not write down at the time the deeply interesting conversation that passed between the two. I saw a short account of that meeting in the 'Liberal' of June 1, 1884. 'Mr Sen paid flying visits to Oxford and Cambridge. At the latter place he saw his old friend, Mr Cowell, and had also a friendly interview with Mr F. Maurice, whose broad and tolerant views so well agreed with those of his Eastern friend. To Oxford he went accompanied by Professor Max Muller. The most remarkable incident of this visit was his interview with Dr Pusey. Mr Sen and Professor Max Muller were shown into a small room upon the tables and floors of which were scattered heaps of books and papers in delightful confusion, in the midst of them all being seated the venerable figure that had stood many storms, led many controversies, and gained many trophies. A serious talk ensued, in the course of which Professor Max Muller asked if a man in the position of Mr Sen should receive salvation. Dr Pusey answered with a smile, "Yes, I think he will." This was no small compliment and concession from the man who had no word to say in favour of Dr Colenso.'

I need hardly say that the question was not asked quite so abruptly. Dr Pusey was at first reserved till the conversation turned on prayer. Keshub Chunder Sen, while defending his own position towards Christianity, burst out into an eloquent panegyric on prayer, which ended with the words, 'I am always praying.' This touched Pusey's heart, and he said, 'Then you cannot be far wrong.' I hesitate now to write down from memory what followed afterwards. I only know

that I never heard Pusey speak with so much of truly poetical eloquence. There was an image of an evening in a village churchyard which he drew with a few graphic words, and which has remained in my memory ever since, though I should not venture to copy it here. It was meant to illustrate the affection of the people for their Church, around which they buried what was dearest to them in this life. My rather abrupt-sounding question was addressed to Dr. Pusey, after he had been expatiating on what seemed to him necessary for salvation, in answer to Keshub Chunder Sen, who had maintained that on all that was essential in Christ's teaching he was at one with the best of English divines. Dr. Pusey's remarks seemed to me to describe a form of Christianity which neither Keshub Chunder Sen nor India at large could ever accept, nay, which I thought St. Paul himself would not have accepted, and I therefore ventured to interpose the question whether, at the time of Christ, a man who believed what Keshub Chunder Sen believed would or would not have been received as a disciple.

Keshub Chunder Sen came to England to see and to learn. He saw the most distinguished statesmen, scholars, and divines, and made a real study of all the institutions intended for the improvement of the young, the succour of the sick, and the punishment of criminals. 'I have come to England,' he said, 'to study the spirit of Christian philanthropy, of Christian charity, and honourable Christian self-denial.' The Queen, knowing how great a power for good he wielded in India, granted him a private audience, which left an indelible impression on his heart.

But though Keshub Chunder Sen came to learn, he

had also to teach and to preach. People of all shades of opinion wished to know what a man like him, who was believed to be thoroughly honest, really thought of the religion of Christ. Some wished to know why he believed so much, others why he did not believe all. The answers which he gave to these enquiries are extremely interesting, but it is difficult to summarise them by means of extracts. The following article from the 'Indian Mirror,' reprinted in 'Essays, Theological and Ethical,' Calcutta, 1874, p. 35, will give, I believe, a sufficiently clear and complete idea of his conception of Christ and Christianity and their importance for India. 'There is an infinite diversity of opinions among Indian Theists respecting Jesus of Nazareth, ranging from intense hatred on the one hand to profound reverence and personal attachment on the other. Not a few there are who look upon him with almost the same spirit of sectarian antipathy and abhorrence as Hindus, and even go to the length of calling him an impostor. Such ideas are happily dying out. The vast majority of our brethren of the liberal school cherish respect and gratitude towards Christ, and some even accept him as a guide and master. We have no desire to enter into a theological controversy on this subject, but we think it necessary to say a few words to point out the manner in which we accept Christ, so as to make him unto us not a source of wranglings and disputes, but of life, strength, and righteousness. We Theists must take it to be foreign to our purpose to canvass the thousand theories which have been propounded about him and his creed; but surely it is our interest and duty to receive from him that healthy moral influence

which he is appointed in God's economy to exercise on the world, to love him and revere him and follow his teachings and example We must remember that there is a bodily Christ and a spiritual Christ, a local Christ and a universal Christ, a dead Christ and a living Christ Orthodox Christians may deal with the former and seek revelation and salvation in the visible and tangible incidents of the Christ that was But our business is with the spiritual, universal, and living Christ What shall we do with the *body*? We want the *spirit* Not the son of man, but the son of God in Christ is needful for our salvation In the purely human Christ we can hardly feel any interest, but the divine elements of his character come home to every man's bosom and business, and are of the highest importance to our redemption as involving the eternal and universal principles of ethics By Christ we mean not the person bearing that name, not his form and flesh, but the spirit he embodied,—the spirit of faith, love, righteousness and sacrifice of which he was unquestionably a noble impersonation We always attach to him this significance, we look upon him in this light, we try to imitate and follow him as such He does not come to us as God, the Father, Ruler, and Saviour, in human form, he is not an advocate or intercessor striving to appease an angry deity, he does not present himself to us as an external fact to be believed on historical testimony, nor is he to us a mere good man who lived a pious life and died a noble death Christ stands before us always as an incarnation of faith and loyalty to God, an example of self-sacrificing devotion to truth, he is to be accepted in spirit and converted into an internal fact of our

life, he is to live in us perpetually as the spirit of godliness. We do not care to believe in the outward and dead Nazarene, or make a declaration of such belief in an orthodox style. But we do care to assimilate the spirit of Christ to our souls. We must eat the flesh and drink the blood of the spiritual Christ, and thus incorporate into our spiritual constitution the principles of faith and sacrifice, love and obedience which he embodied. Thus the spirit of Christ shall constantly abide in us as the living Christ, thus instead of adoring him or praying to him, we shall ever strive to enter into deeper communion with his spirit, and to advance nearer and nearer to the Infinite Father with the spirit of that holy brother's faith and love growing within us.'

After his return to India Keshub Chunder Sen set to work to apply some of the lessons which he had learnt in England. It was then that he and his followers established their Boarding House, called the Bhârata Âsrama, or the Indian Hermitage. He organised the Indian Reform Association, with its five branches for Female Improvement, Education, Cheap Literature, Temperance, and Charity. A Normal School for training lady-teachers began to do useful work, and a special journal was started to spread the principles of temperance. Industrial schools, night schools, and other charitable experiments followed, but in the attempt to do so much at once, failure and disappointment were inevitable. Others went even beyond Keshub Chunder Sen. Against his advice, women were admitted to public seats in church and at other meetings. On the 19th of March, 1872, the Brâhma Marriage Bill was passed, which legalised marriages

concluded according to the simple Brâhma ritual, prohibited polygamy among Brâhmas, and fixed the minimum age of fourteen for the bride, and of eighteen for the bridegroom.

Keshub Chunder Sen was during all that time the recognised leader of the Brâhma-Samâj of India, but the greater his influence grew, the stronger grew also the spirit of opposition among his followers. His government seemed too despotic even to Oriental minds, and his frequent appeal to what he called Âdes*a* or Divine Command did not tend to conciliate the feelings of his adversaries. While this discontent was growing stronger and stronger, Keshub Chunder Sen suddenly announced the betrothal of his daughter to the Râjah of Cutch Behar. This was the spark that made the mine explode. His daughter was nearly, but not quite fourteen, and the young Râjah not yet sixteen. Therefore Keshub Chunder Sen was accused of having broken the Brâhma Marriage Law, which he himself had been chiefly instrumental in getting carried, and was considered as no longer fit to be Minister of the Samâj. Keshub Chunder Sen would not listen to any remonstrances. He simply appealed to Âdes*a* or the voice of conscience within, and when some members of his congregation voted his deposition, he took forcible possession of the pulpit in his own Mandira, nay, he called on the police to help him. This finished the schism. Many of his former adherents left him, and founded on the 15th of May, 1878, a new Samâj, called the Sâdhâran Brâhma Samâj, or the Catholic Samâj.

Keshub Chunder Sen seems to me never to have recovered from this blow. An insidious disease was at

the same time undermining his health, making him not only irritable, but at times not quite master of his thoughts If his friends had been more forbearing, if they had remembered his past services, and given him credit for those excellent intentions which he had so often proved by sacrifices of every kind, my impression is that Keshub Chunder Sen might have recovered his health, his intellectual balance, and his power for doing good But we are all very exacting with men whom we love and honour, and our friend is only another instance of an idol, first worshipped and then broken

We need not dwell at great length on this painful chapter in Keshub Chunder Sen's life, as I intend at the end of this article to publish some of the letters which passed between us, and which will contain his views and my own on the most important points at issue

In the year 1880 Keshub Chunder Sen began to speak of what he called a New Dispensation by which he meant no doubt a special manifestation of God's will He says himself, 'When men are hopelessly gone in the way of misery and ruin, when a thick gloom of sin settles upon society, when human eyesight is unable to discern the right path, it is then that Providence sends to the world one of those men whose life has been sold to His almighty will'

This no doubt refers to himself, but it is no more than what he had expressed already in his lecture on 'Great Men' I can see no harm, nor any overweening conceit in it It is after all our human weakness only which makes us look on a special manifestation of God's will as something higher than a general manifestation, as if before a perfect Being there could be any distinction between what is special and what is

general. To Keshub Chunder Sen, the more he was deserted, the more he felt himself alone with God, and inclined to look upon himself as the recipient of a special revelation of God's goodness and wisdom. His few remaining friends used even stronger language, and spoke of him as the Heaven-appointed Missionary of the Brâhma-Samaj, and of his utterances as infallible. Keshub Chunder Sen himself might protest against this extravagance as strongly as he could, the outcry against him became only more violent, and an understanding between the two contending parties became more hopeless every day. My only hope for conciliation and peace between them lay in common practical work, and, more especially, in the organisation of a large system of charity. This I recommended as strongly as I could, as far superior to new ceremonies, new doctrines, new names. But it was in vain, at least during Keshub Chunder Sen's life.

Two points only seemed to me of real importance in the teaching of his last years, first, the striving after a universal religion and the recognition of a common substance in all religions; secondly, the more open recognition of the historical superiority of Christianity as compared with more ancient forms of faith. Keshub Chunder Sen rejoiced in the discovery that, from the first, all religions were but varying forms of one great truth. This was his pearl of great price. To him it changed the whole aspect of the world, and gave a new meaning to his life. That the principle of historical growth or natural evolution applied to religion also, as I had tried to prove in my books on the Science of Religion, was to him the solution of keenly felt difficulties, a real solace in his own

perplexities. Thus he writes in his Lecture, 'The Apostles of the New Dispensation[1]': 'Only science can deliver the world, and bring light and order out of the chaos and darkness of multiplied Churches. If there is science in all things, is there no science in the dispensations of God? Do these alone in God's creation stand beyond the reign of law and order? Are they the arbitrary and erratic movements of chance? Are they the madness and delirium of nature? Sure I am that amid their apparent anomalies and contradictions there is a logical unity of idea and method, and an unbroken continuity of sequence. All these Dispensations are connected with each other in the economy of Providence. They are linked together in one continuous chain, which may be traced to the earliest ages. They are a concatenated series of ideas, which show a systematic evolution of thought and development of religious life.'

And again (p. 380): 'Such is the New Dispensation. It is the harmony of all scriptures and prophets and dispensations. It is not an isolated creed, but the science which finds and explains and harmonises all religions. It gives to history a meaning, to the action of Providence a consistency, to quarrelling Churches a common bond, and to successive dispensations a continuity. It shows by a marvellous synthesis how the different rainbow colours are one in the light of heaven. The New Dispensation is the sweet music of divers instruments. It is the precious necklace in which are strung together the rubies and pearls of all ages and climes. It is the celestial Court where around enthroned Divinity shine

[1] 'Lectures in India,' p. 356.

the lights of all heavenly saints and prophets It is the wonderful solvent which fuses all dispensations into a new chemical compound It is the mighty absorbent which absorbs all that is true and good and beautiful in the objective world'

I could not entirely commend the fervour and the eloquent expression of these lines, but I agree entirely with the thought which Keshub Chunder Sen has tried to place before us and I hope that in India more than anywhere else, and in the Brâhma-Samâj sooner than in any other communion, the principle of the historical evolution of all religious thought will be recognised, and if not raised into an article of faith, accepted at least as an undoubted fact

If, as his opponents say, this is not a new theory, so much the better And if they quote from the Bhâgavata Purâ*n*a the verse, 'As the bee gathereth honey from flowers great and small, so does the really wise man gather substantial truth from the chaff of all scriptures, great and small,' I say again, so much the better Truth does not spoil by growing old

I have hitherto spoken chiefly in defence of Keshub Chunder Sen, but I am not so blinded by my friendship for him as to say that in his controversies with his friends he always was in the right All I say is that I have never seen reason to doubt his good intentions, though I have often regretted the attitude which he assumed of late years towards his critics

If I have sometimes tried to smoothe down his anger, this has been done, not because I thought that his opponents were always in the wrong, but because I have long been afraid that not only his physical, but his mental strength also, was in imminent danger How

seldom we think of that, and how often we wish we had done so, when it is too late!

I have not a word to say against the new Sadhâran-Samâj, and several of its leaders seem to me to act in an excellent spirit. I entirely agree with them that a Church should be constitutionally governed, and that tyranny of every kind should be resisted.

If we call the separation of the Brâhma-Samâj of India from the old Âdi Brâhma-Samâj, and again the separation of the Sâdhâran-Samâj from the Brâhma-Samâj of India, a schism, we seem to condemn them by the very word we use. But to my mind these three societies seem like three branches of one vigorous tree, the tree that was planted by Râmmohun Roy. In different ways they all serve the same purpose, they are all doing, I believe, unmixed good, in helping to realise the dream of a new religion for India, it may be for the whole world, a religion free from many corruptions of the past, call them idolatry, or caste, or verbal inspiration, or priestcraft, and firmly founded on a belief in the One God, the same in the Vedas, the same in the Old, the same in the New Testament, the same in the Korân, the same also in the hearts of those who have no longer any Vedas or Upanishads or any Sacred Books whatever between themselves and their God. The stream is small as yet, but it is a living stream. It may vanish for a time, it may change its name and follow new paths of which as yet we have no idea. But if there is ever to be a real religion in India, it will, I believe, owe its very life-blood to the large heart of Râmmohun Roy and his worthy disciples, Debendranâth Tagore and Keshub Chunder Sen.

I shall dwell no longer on the declining years of Keshub Chunder Sen. They were years of intense suffering, and full of many disappointments. His life had been an uninterrupted warfare, and some thrusts had wounded him to the very heart. Like an invalided soldier, he fought on as bravely as ever, but with an effort too great even for so stout a heart as his. His death came at last suddenly, though not unexpectedly. He died on January 8, 1884, surrounded by his nearest relations and friends. His most devoted fellow-worker, Protâp Chunder Mozumdar, was unfortunately absent. But his place was worthily filled by his old friend and guide, Debendranâth Tagore. His love for Keshub Chunder Sen had never ceased. They had been torn asunder by a torrent, but in their deepest foundation they had always remained one. After Keshub Chunder Sen had been taken from him by death, the old man addressed the following words to some friends who came to condole with him:[1] —

'When I had him near, I considered myself the master of all the wealth which the kings of the world could command. When I sat up with him, often till one or two in the morning, conversing with my departed friend, I never perceived how the time passed. The union between our souls is never to be destroyed. Like the Durbar of earthly kings, he said, the King of heaven has two Durbars. One is public, the other private. The sky and the heavens are the public Durbar of the heavenly King, and the spiritual world within our hearts is the private Durbar. God reigns supreme in both. In the spiritual world everything

[1] 'The Liberal,' March 30, 1884.

is spiritual, and God is revealed there in the innermost recesses of our spirit The public are not allowed to enter there They see their God in the outward Durbar, as seated upon the glorious throne of His creation, and they are content with worshipping Him from a distance Hence the ancient Rishis saw Him in the sun and other heavenly bodies, and bowed down before Him and paid homage It is very difficult, he said to acquire the privilege of entering God's private Durbar Very great patience and long watching are required before this can be hoped for'

Debendranâth Tagore was able to come to Calcutta and see his beloved disciple once more A few days before the last fatal symptoms of his malady appeared, Keshub said to Debendranâth that he had still a good deal to say and to do And so he had indeed He was engaged in a work which had grown every year, which had at last quite absorbed him, and which we know he would never have finished, even if he had reached the three score years and ten What he aspired to was not only the religious regeneration of India, but the religious regeneration of the whole world What he had experienced himself in his short life, a transition from the bondage of an effete traditional religion to the perfect freedom of the spirit, was not, he thought, an impossible task for others, if only he could reach them and help them He had often witnessed the irresistible power of his preaching, and as he had won hundreds and thousands, he did not see why he should not win millions

But man has to do his appointed task within a short span, trusting that others will finish what is worth finishing Hard as it is to say it, it is true

nevertheless that Keshub Chunder Sen's own special work was done What remained to be done, could better be done by others He has died young, but not too young for what he was meant to do A slowly darkening evening would have proved a disappointment to himself and to his friends He will live more really now that he is dead, than he would if his life had been spared for many years All the suspicion and obloquy that hampered him from the day he consented to his daughter's marriage with the Râjah of Cutch Behar have died with him What could not be forgotten while he lived was forgotten and forgiven by all who gathered round his death-bed There are good and brave soldiers ready to step into the gap which he has left They know whither he wished to lead them, and thither, I trust, they will march, as if he himself were still in their midst

Important Dates in the History of the Brahma-Samâj

Rammohun Roy born	1772 or 177
Brahma Samâj founded at Calcutta	January, 18 8 or 1830
Rammohun Roy arrived in England	8 April, 1831
Rammohun Roy died	27 Sept 1833
Debendranath Tagore (born 1817) joined the Brâhma Samâj	1838 or 1841
Keshub Chunder Sen born	19 Nov 1838
Tattvabodhinî Sabha	6 Oct 1839 (or 1842)-59
New Brahma covenant established	Dec 1843
Dvarkânath Tagore in Paris, meetings with M M	1845
Scholars sent to Benares to study the Vedas	1845
Veda discarded, Brahma dharma published	1850
Keshub Chunder Sen's School at Colootolah	1857-58
Keshub Chunder Sen married	1856
Keshub Chunder Sen joins Brahma Samaj	1857
Play of 'Widow Marriage' acted at Calcutta	1859
Brahma School under K Ch Sen and Debendranath	24 April, 1859
Journey to Ceylon	1860
First Brâhma marriage without idolatrous rites	26 July 1861
Keshub Chunder Sen appointed Minister	13 April, 1862
Exclusion from family, illness, returns to his house	Dec 1862
Birth of his son Karuna	19 Dec 1862
First Intermarriage of persons of different Castes	2 Aug 1864
Brâhma Mission Keshub goes to Madras and Bombay	1864
Secession of Progressive Brahmas	26 Feb 1865
Brahma Samaj of India established	11 Nov 1866
Lecture on 'Jesus Christ Europe and Asia'	5 May, 1866
Lecture on 'Great Men'	28 Sept 1866
Brahma Mandira of India opened at Calcutta	22 Aug 1869
Keshub Chunder Sen's visit to England	1870
Native Marriage Act passed	19 March, 1872
Protest against Cutch Behar Marriage	28 Feb 1878
Formal Marriage of Mahârajah of Cutch Behar and daughter of Keshub Chunder Sen	6 March, 1878
Establishment of Sadhâran Brahma Samaj	15 May, 1878
Meeting in honour of Rammohun Roy at Debendranath Tagore's house	19 Jan 1879
New Dispensation proclaimed	Jan 1880
Real Marriage of Maharajah of Cutch Behar	20 Oct 1880
Death of Keshub Chunder Sen	8 Jan 1884

LETTERS OF

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN, F MAX MULLER, AND PROTAP CHUNDER MOZUMDAR

The following are some of the letters that passed between Keshub Chunder Sen and myself at the time when not only his friends in India, but his friends in England also, were attacking him for sanctioning the marriage of his daughter with the Mahârâjah of Cutch Behar, and for some of the opinions put forward in his lectures Extracts from most of these letters have been published in India, but they are here published for the first time in their complete form, and with certain additions and corrections which seemed necessary

The beginning of our correspondence was the following article which I published in the *Times*, on the 24th of Nov 1880 —

Mr Charles Voysey's statement in the *Times* of November 20 that Keshub Chunder Sen is at present almost universally repudiated by Hindu Theists will, I know, surprise and pain many of his old friends and admirers in England who during the years that have elapsed since his memorable visit here have followed his work in India with an ever-increasing interest, though at times not without serious misgivings The new schism in his sect, the Brâhma-Samâj of India, which took place in 1878, has been widely regretted, not so much because every

schism is in itself to be regretted, but because this schism seemed almost entirely due to personal causes Though it cannot be denied that the case of the seceders, as stated with great knowledge and ability by Miss S D Collet, in the Brahmo Year Book for 1879, leaves several charges against Keshub Chunder Sen unanswered and unexplained, yet his friends ought to remember how extremely difficult it is for us, so far removed from the social and religious atmosphere of modern India, to form an impartial opinion of all the hidden motives that may have influenced those who seceded from and those who remained faithful to the great reformer The question of marriage has been a stumbling-block to many reformers, and if Keshub Chunder Sen has shown himself a weak father in allowing a betrothal of his daughter to the Râjah of Cutch Behar, let us not forget that a man may be a weak father and yet a great and honest man Many Brâhmas, though admitting Keshub Chunder Sen's weakness, have forgiven it, and he still commands a large number of devoted followers Mr Charles Voysey would probably say that these believers in Keshub Chunder Sen have forfeited the name of Theists, because this leader has more and more inclined to the doctrines of Christianity But surely Christianity and Theism are not terms that exclude each other, and every Christian, before being anything else, must be a Theist in the received sense of that word Keshub Chunder Sen has at no time made a secret of his feelings for Christ His great sermon on Christ and Christianity was preached so far back as 1870 (see 'Selected Essays,' vol ii p 82), and in the *Theistic Quarterly Review* for January, 1880,

p 58, his earliest profession of faith in Christ is referred to the year 1866, while the secession of the so-called Sâdhâran or Catholic Brâhma-Samâj took place only two years ago, its chief cause, so far as we can judge, being personal feelings aroused by Keshub Chunder Sen's ascendancy, and not any fundamental difference of doctrine

In a new society like the Bhâratavarsha Brâhma-Samâj, or as it is now commonly called, the Brâhma-Samaj of India, founded as it was on the universality of Theism, and supported by a book containing extracts from the Scriptures of all nations, it was but natural that new ideas should spring up from year to year and acquire more or less prominence The recognition of Christ as a great prophet was but one of these ideas, and it was never intended to exclude the duty of showing reverence to the founders and teachers of other religions In the outward life of the Brâhma-Samâj the introduction of Utsubs (utsavas or religious festivals) and of Sankirtan (the practice of enthusiastic religious singing) produced some change and commotion, but there never was any strong pressure used to induce those who did not approve of them to take part in these functions The idea of the communion of Saints, as preached by Keshub Chunder Sen, was hardly more than a belief in a spiritual intercourse between the departed and the living, and his doctrine of inspiration did not go beyond the admission of a Divine impulse imparted to the soul through a devout seeking after the will of God The most objectionable doctrine put forward by the liberal reformer of Hinduism was, no doubt, the Âdesa, the claim of being directed by an inward voice which admitted no gain-

saying. This, particularly when mixed up with questions of worldly wisdom, made his position incompatible with the freedom claimed by every member of his Samâj, and, more than anything else, led to the secession of some of his former friends and followers. It is the old story over again. Nothing is so difficult for a reformer, particularly a religious reformer, as not to allow the incense offered by his followers to darken his mental vision, and not to mistake the Divine accents of truth for a voice wafted from the clouds. In this respect, no doubt, Keshub Chunder Sen has shared in the weakness of older prophets; but let us not forget that he possesses also a large share of their strength and virtue. One of his followers writes of him (*Theistic Quarterly Review*, October 1879, p. 61):—

'Babu Keshub Chunder Sen is neither our mediator nor indispensable for our acceptance with God. Only he has done the Brâhma-Samâj incalculable good, and in common gratitude we acknowledge his services and our obligations to him. But there are men in the Brâhma-Samâj who, we are sorry to say, can bear the mention of every other name but his name, who cannot bear to see the least credit given to him for anything. And hence they are fiercely angry with the Brâhmas creed, and circulate all manner of falsehood in relation to it. Them we do not hope to convince, but to others, who want to judge correctly, we may say that we hold some of our leaders in genuine love and honour for what they have taught us, and we want that our gratitude should be shared in by every Theist, here as well as elsewhere. To Babu Keshub Chunder Sen's teaching the Brâhma-Samâj is deeply indebted;

but it is also indebted to others, and among the latter we may eminently mention Babu Debendranâth Tagore, and the founder of our Church, Râjah Râmmohun Roy.'

Nothing can be more instructive to the student of religion than to trace the origin and growth of the Brâhma-Samâj from Râmmohun Roy to Keshub Chunder Sen. Much may be learnt from the old conservative Âdi Brâhma-Samâj, much from the reformed branch, the Brâhma-Samâj of India, under Keshub Chunder Sen, aye, something even from the Ârya-Samâj under Dayânanda Sarasvatî, the most perverse interpreter of the Vedas. I tried in my lecture, delivered in Westminster Abbey, December 3, 1873, to give a sketch, though I am afraid a very imperfect one, of the religious movement inaugurated by Râmmohun Roy, and carried on by Debendranâth and Keshub Chunder Sen, and I see little or nothing to retract what I then said about Keshub Chunder Sen. The utterances of late have shown signs, I am sorry to say, of an over-wrought brain and an over-sensitive heart. He sometimes seems to me on the verge of the very madness of faith. But I fear for his health and his head far more than for his heart, and I should deeply regret if any harsh words from those who ought to know best how to make allowance for the difficulties and dangers of all religious reformers, should embitter a noble life already full of many bitternesses.

F. Max Muller.

Oxford.

I then received the following letter from Keshub Chunder Sen —

LILY COTTAGE,
72 UPPER CIRCULAR ROAD, CALCUTTA
22 *Dec* 1880

MY DEAR SIR,

Allow me to thank you most cordially for having said a good word for us in the 'Times' I have read your letter with very great interest, and thankfully appreciate your heartfelt sympathy with us in our trials and difficulties You can hardly imagine the troubles I have had during the last two or three years and the grossly false and libellous charges brought against me week after week Thank God, I have endured these undeserved and cruel attacks quietly and calmly, thinking it wrong to resent Even the Police was instigated by some of my antagonists to inquire and ascertain if I was not guilty of embezzlement! And even my good wife came in for a share of wanton abuse in a vernacular dramatic work! All this I say to you privately because you have been good enough to give us your sympathy as a friend, and because you have boldly come forward, as few have done, to assert publicly that personal feelings lie at the bottom of the opposition movement However, God's will be done! I sincerely trust an impartial public will in future give a patient hearing to the actual facts of the case and proclaim a truer verdict Surely I can afford to wait There is a Bengâli saying—'Heaven bears the burden of all trusting servants' I can assure you God has been very kind to us in our trials and tribulation, and all the antagonism and persecution we have suffered have greatly

of the New Dispensation our movement has excited far greater interest and sympathy, and achieved much greater success than in any previous year. Another evidence of even greater importance is to be found in the fact that all our missionaries and leading workers have remained faithful and loyal to our leader throughout the crisis. The members of the Missionary Conference desire me to say emphatically that though they have now and then differed from him in non-essential matters, their grateful reverence for him as their Heaven-appointed leader and friend continues unabated. They are his close companions, and they have had opportunities of examining closely the details of his daily life, some for ten, others for twenty years, and they have never had reasons to suspect their confidence in their trusted leader was misplaced. The only missionary who has deserted our Church since the schism is the person who charged him twelve years ago with encouraging 'man-worship,' but who subsequently recanted. Whatever our antagonists may say, the Brâhma-Samâj of India is, in spite of the rupture, a growing power, and it retains in itself the entire devotional and spiritual life of the community. It is still, as it was before a mighty instrument in the hands of Providence to teach the Hindu nation faith, love and purity, prayer, communion, and inspiration. The seceders are, we may say without being uncharitable, deficient in religious life, and are given more to outward social refinement, magnifying the things of the flesh over things of the spirit. Such men cannot stand against God's Church, unless they establish their superiority on the ground of faith and godliness. That their secession is due

almost entirely to personal causes cannot be disputed The rupture began some years before the marriage controversy took place, 'its chief cause being,' as you rightly observe, 'personal feelings aroused by Keshub Chunder Sen's ascendancy, not any fundamental differences of doctrine' The bitterness was greatly aggravated by the marriage of the Minister's daughter, chiefly because the offer of one of the leading seceders, the chief editor of their journal, to have his daughter married to the Mahârâjah of Cutch Behar was declined, the match not being approved by the State officers in Cutch Behar, who after having seen both girls, gave decided preference to the Minister's daughter The disappointment thus caused fomented the jealousies already existing, till they culminated in a schismatic rupture For nearly three years we and our leader have been reviled and maligned in the most reckless manner, the arguments used being almost invariably personal invectives against our character, and not doctrinal criticisms

With reference to the Cutch Behar marriage, I may be permitted to say that there is nothing in it which has been disapproved by the most fastidious critic which the Minister himself and his friends have not regretted, and this dissent was clearly set forth in the official statement published by the Brâhma-Samâj of India at the time The marriage itself, or rather the match, we most devoutly believe, was providential, although we freely admit there were errors and improprieties in the *modus operandi* The Lord directed the choice and initiated the nuptial rites But in this, as in other cases, human agency must be distinguished from the actions of Providence The charge

of child-marriage has long ago been exploded For the consummation of the marriage took place only the other day, October 20, in the Brâhma Mandira The proceedings of the ceremony you will find in the *Sunday Mirror* of the 24th of October

The doctrines of Âdeśa (Inspiration) and the Communion of Saints have provoked warm controversy both here and in England, and also our attitude towards Christ and other prophets It is a matter of regret and wonder that in these matters a Christian nation should misunderstand our position or misconstrue our views To rationalists we are, and must continue to be, a stumbling-block But surely to the spiritually-minded the above doctrines are intelligible It seems to us that it is not the doctrines themselves, but the oriental and metaphorical dress in which they are presented, to which exception has been taken Allegories and parables may not suit the Western mind, but they are the natural inheritance of all Eastern nations, and we instinctively indulge in the poetry of religion The mysticism attributed to us is nothing but teaching by allegory and parable, of which Christ Jesus Himself furnished a preeminent example In March last the plain meanings of most of the words we use, divested of metaphor, were published, a reference to which will convince you of the truth of what we say One of the main causes of irritation is, as you rightly apprehend, the Minister's allegiance to Christ, which has greatly annoyed the rationalists here and in England, and especially Mr Voysey This cannot be helped We believe that in the Spirit of Christ Asia and Europe shall be united in the fulness of time, and we rejoice to see that

through God's grace India is drawing near to 'Him crucified' If we are deserted and persecuted for this we need not complain

Yours respectfully,

WOOMA NATH GUPTA,

Brâhma Missionary Conference

OFFICIAL PAPER

Marriage of the Mahârâjah of Cutch Behar

The principal event of the year was the Râjah's marriage, which was celebrated on the 6th March, 1878, at the Raj Bari in Cutch Behar, in the presence of a large assemblage of spectators, both Native and European The difficulty of reconciling the Hindu and Brâhma ceremonial forms was, as may be imagined, an arduous one *It was necessary to the legality of the marriage that the rites should be Hindu in all essential features* After much deliberation and argument, *Babu Keshub Chunder Sen was brought to see that the Râjah, not being a Brâhma, and the Brâhma Marriage Act not being in force in Cutch Behar, it was absolutely essential that the marriage, if it took place at all, should be a Hindu marriage* Idolatrous mantras were, however, excluded, and the name of the Deity substituted wherever local custom had introduced that of any particular idol *The best proof of the perfect orthodoxy of the marriage is that the Brâhmans consented to perform it* They are not by any means under our thumb, and in one matter, the performance of the *Hom* ceremony, which is strictly speaking, the adoration of

fire, they refused altogether to give way or to dispense with the presence of the bride and bridegroom Babu Keshub Chunder Sen was equally determined that his daughter should not assist at an idolatrous ceremony The matter was ultimately arranged by the Brâhmans consenting to the removal of the bride on some pretext before they performed the mystic ceremony As this did not come off till 3 A M, and as the poor young lady had been sitting in an uncomfortable attitude for about five hours, the excuse for removing her could not be called a pretext The Râjah remained present during the ceremony, but took no part in it *The marriage has since been formally declared legal by the Commissioner, acting under Government as the law giving power, and his declaration to that effect has been filed among the permanent records in the archives of Cutch Behar* In connection with this event, I wish to record my sense of the valuable assistance rendered by Babu Kali Komul Lahiri, the Dwar Muktear, an old and faithful servant of the Râjah's family, not only in his position as principal officer of the household, but also as a Brâhman, in smoothing over difficulties which arose, and in reconciling the adverse factions of Pundits and Brâhmans The Cutch Behar Pandit sent to Calcutta to arrange the form of ceremony had not conducted the negotiation in a very straightforward manner, and the consequence was that I and the Dewan found ourselves in a very difficult position on the very eve of the marriage In arranging these difficulties the Dwar Muktear's influence was of the greatest assistance to us, and enabled us to discriminate between what orthodoxy really demanded and what bigotry

was unwilling to give up—*Administration Report of the Cutch Behar State, by G T Dalton, Esq, Deputy Commissioner*

To these letters I sent the following reply —

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your letter was a real pleasure to me Though I felt almost certain that you would take what I had written in the *Times* as words coming from a true friend, yet I was glad to hear from yourself that you had not forgotten me, and that you still counted me among your old and faithful friends You may have wondered that I should never have written to you since you left England to return to your own country and to your own work among your own people I have often thought of you, and whenever my memory went on a long pilgrimage to my friends who are doing good work in different parts of the world, I always lingered before your image, and wondered whether I could and ought to help you in your struggle, as it grew harder from year to year But as our span of life grows smaller and smaller, work seems to grow thicker and thicker If we want to do anything, to finish anything at least up to a certain point, we must learn to let many things take their own course We must learn to trust and I can assure you that ever since I saw you face to face, ever since I listened to you pleading your cause so powerfully before our great theologian, Dr Pusey, and afterwards heard you unfolding to me your brightest hopes for the future of India, I have always trusted you That does not mean that I have always approved of all that you

have written and done Far from it But with regard to most of the matters which have been discussed between you and your opponents, what right had I to condemn the steps which you thought it right to take, or, at all events, to put my judgment against yours? I do not call that trusting our friends, if we want them always to think and speak and act exactly as we ourselves would think and speak and act Trusting our friends means to give them credit for good and honest intentions, even when we differ from them and they from us It is easy to trust in a Divine Providence if all goes well with us, but to trust when all goes against us, that is real trust It is the same with our faith in men I know that your one object in life is to do good to your countrymen, to help them to amend certain defects in their social life and to purify their religious ideas, and I shall never believe that a man who has devoted his life to so noble a purpose can be guilty of the charges brought against you I never shall think you infallible in your judgments, but whatever may happen, I trust, aye I know, that you will always remain true to your own noble self

After your great success both in India and in England I was quite prepared that a reaction would set in Success is apt to produce a certain languor and conceit in ourselves, while in others it is sure to arouse envy, the worst poison that grows in the human heart The Buddhists say truly that a man has 'left the path of envy' when he begins to lead a new life, but it is marvellous to observe how few even among the best men are quite above that wretched feeling Besides, many of those who applauded you

and patronised you before you had achieved your best successes did so because it was the fashion They had no idea of the real nature of the work you had taken in hand, but they liked to pat you on the back and give you advice and warn you against dangers and all that You see you were only a native—and is not every European far wiser than a Hindu? How I hate that conceit I do not mean to say that it is general, but it exists, and what is the worst, it exists in influential quarters Men who have been in India, men who write on India, men who profess to have studied the language and literature of India speak even of the most learned, the best and wisest of your countrymen, of men in knowledge, manners, and character infinitely their superiors, as of so many ignorant and naughty children Have we not conquered India, they seem to say, do we not govern India, and should we not know much better than Râmmohun Roy, or Debendranâth Tagore, or Keshub Chunder Sen what is the right course which Indian social and religious reformers ought to follow? I know of men who could not construe a line of Sanskrit, and who speak and write of your ancient literature, religion, and philosophy as if they knew a great deal more than any of your best *S*rotriyas How often you must have smiled on reading such books! The idea that anything could come from the East equal to European thought, or even superior, never enters the mind of these writers, and hence their utter inability to understand and appreciate what is really valuable in Oriental literature There is no problem of philosophy and religion that has not been a subject of deep and anxious thought among your ancient and modern

thinkers We in the West have done some good work too, and I do not write to depreciate the achievements of the Hellenic and Teutonic mind But I know that on some of the highest problems of human thought the East has shed more light than the West, and by and by, depend on it, the West will have to acknowledge it There is a very able article in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review* (Jan 1881), on Dr Caird's 'Philosophy of Religion' Dr Caird is a representative man in England, and more familiar than most Englishmen with the solid work of modern German philosophers And what is the last result at which Dr Caird arrives, and of which even the *Edinburgh Review* approves? Almost literally the same as the doctrine of the Upanishads! Dr Caird writes 'It is just in this renunciation of self that I truly gain myself, for whilst in one sense we give up self to live the universal and absolute life of reason, yet that to which we thus surrender ourselves is in reality our truer self' And again 'The knowledge and love of God is the giving up of all thoughts and feelings that belong to me as a mere individual self, and the identification of my thoughts and being with that which is above me, yet in me—the universal or absolute self, which is not mine or yours, but in which all intelligent beings alike find the realisation and perfection of their nature' (p 257) I need not tell you or any one who knows the Upanishads how powerfully the same doctrine, the doctrine of the Âtmâ and Paramâtmâ, was put forth by your old Rishis more than two thousand years ago

Many years ago I ventured to show that the five-membered syllogism of the Indian Nyâya philosophy is

the best form that can be given to the syllogism of inductive logic But European logicians cannot get over the idea that there is no logic like that of our schoolmen, and that every deviation from it is a mistake

The same conceit runs through almost all that is written on India India may be patronised, some works of Indian poets and philosophers may be called clever and curious, but to recognise in anything the superiority of Indian thought, or the wisdom of Indian native opinion, that is out of the question

I do not write this in order to flatter you, but in order to warn you against being disheartened by foreign criticism Few people in Europe, very few, understand the object of your work, or have any idea of the dangers and difficulties which you have to encounter You should look upon praise and blame as we do upon sunshine and rain It comes and goes, we know not why But there is one thing that serves as a parasol against conceit, and as an umbrella against despair, and that is a clear conception of the true purpose of our life Let me quote once more from Buddha (Dhammapada, 227–228) 'This is an old saying, this is not only of to-day they blame him who sits silent, they blame him who speaks much, they also blame him who says little, there is no one on earth who is not blamed There never was, there never will be, nor is there now, a man who is always blamed, or a man who is always praised'

I can quite feel with you and understand that you should be disheartened by the defection of some of your friends, but you should not allow this to turn you away for one moment from the path that lies straight before you I am particularly sorry that so

true and intelligent a friend as Miss Collet should have turned against you, but I have little doubt she will in time forget the things that are behind, and look forward to the great work that is still before you She judges you, I think, unfairly, because she forgets that you are a Hindu and a Brâhma, and not at the same time an Englishman and a Christian, in her sense of the word She expects too much from you, and that shows after all how she respects and honours you

If the number of your followers in India has decreased, as she maintains, though you deny it, that would influence very little my feelings for you and my hopes for your cause I do not believe in numbers, and all through life I have but seldom found myself in a majority If such men as Mozumdar remain true to you, that is better than a legion but better than all is that you should remain true to yourself People may call the separation of the Âdi Samâj, the Brâhma Samâj of India, and the Sâdhâran Brâhma Samâj a schism to my mind they are three strong branches of one powerful stem They all have the same root, and they all, I trust, will yet bear rich fruit

I cannot write more to-day, but there are several points on which I hope to write, whenever I find a little leisure You have written to me as a friend, and I have answered you as a friend, with perfect frankness I shall always do that, and hope you will do the same

I have received the copy of a letter in which the Brâhma Missionary Conference points out a number of misstatements made by ——— in a lecture delivered before the Royal Asiatic Society, also a letter

addressed to me by the same Conference I did not feel at liberty to publish these letters Please to convey to the Conference my best thanks and the expression of my fullest sympathy

I remain, my dear Friend,
Yours very truly,
F MAX MULLER

P S—I was much interested in the publications you sent me As you kindly offer me your assistance, might I ask you to send me the first number of the *Theistic Quarterly Review* Any information on Râmmohun Roy would be very welcome, but I must tell you that I find it difficult now to read Bengâli

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Some of the letters that passed between Keshub Chunder Sen and myself are lost, because at the time I did not consider them of importance I only kept rough copies of my own letters, and cannot now fix their exact dates The next letter which I wrote to him treated chiefly of the Cutch Behar marriage

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am truly sorry that the first subject on which I feel I must write to you should be the marriage of your daughter with the Mahârâjah of Cutch Behar It has, however, been made the battlefield between your friends and your enemies, and as I have often declared that, if placed in your position, I should probably have acted as you have done, I feel that I owe it to myself as well as to you to explain what I feel on the subject

I may say at once, I wish that this difficulty had

never arisen For a difficulty it was, and you must have felt it so You were placed in a conflict of duties, the duties of a father and the duties of a public man, and out of such a conflict it is almost impossible to emerge without a wound

Now let me tell you first where I differed from you I think when we find ourselves in such a difficulty, we ought to take our friends into our confidence, and place the reasons which make us incline towards the right or towards the left unreservedly before them You, so far as I remember, remained silent for a long time, and at last appealed to the inner voice, the Âde*s*a, which told you that you had acted rightly and for the best

I know myself full well how hard it is to have to defend oneself against suspicions that ought never to have arisen, and to repel charges that ought never to have been brought But the world likes to hear a man defend himself, if only for the pleasure of pronouncing a verdict of Not Guilty, and I think our friends have a certain right to hear what we say to ourselves To appeal simply to Âde*s*a is not respectful, and the voice of Âde*s*a, however pure it may be when it enters into our ears, is never quite so pure when it passes out of our mouth That still small voice is meant to be still it is meant for us, and for us only, not for the loud contests of the world I believe if you had asked your friends whether you should sacrifice the happiness of your daughter, or agree to a marriage which both you and they consider objectionable, but which till a few years ago was considered perfectly legitimate, and which even now hardly one in a million of your own countrymen would disapprove, they would probably, particularly

if they had known all the more private circumstances of the case, on which I need not enlarge, have given you a bill of indemnity

But after having said so much against you, I must say that many of your friends seem to me to have acted towards you in a most unfriendly, nay, unreasonable manner They seem to me to have entirely forgotten that you were born in India, and not in England, and that there is no subject on which different nations entertain such different ideas as on marriage

I have no reason to doubt that you still consider early marriages objectionable, and that you decidedly prefer your own Brâhma rite of celebrating marriage to any other ceremonial But when, on medical advice, you have fixed the minimum of the marriageable age of women in India at fourteen, then surely the case of your daughter, who was only a few months under fourteen when she was formally married, and sixteen when she was really married, might have been passed unnoticed I know the atmosphere in which you live I know how from the earliest days it was considered in India the duty of a father to find a proper husband for his daughter Manu says so, all your old lawyers and poets say so, and however good a reformer you may be, I can quite understand your feeling the disgrace which in India it is supposed to be if a father leaves a daughter unmarried, or at all events your hesitating to sacrifice the happiness of your daughter to your own convictions on social reform Manu, who allows hardly any freedom to a woman at any time of her life, allows her to choose a husband for herself, if, three years after she has attained a marriageable age, her parents have failed to

do so (Manu, ix. 90). Other law-givers (Vish*n*u, xxiv. 40) allow her still greater freedom. I do not suppose you would be frightened by your old Sm*ri*tikâras into doing something actually wrong, yet I can well understand that you should continue to feel their indirect pressure. And when it is considered how difficult it is to find a proper husband for a daughter, educated as yours had been, and how desirable, not only from a worldly point of view, her marriage with the young Râjah of Cutch Behar must have appeared to you, then to demand that you should have deprived your daughter of a freedom of choice that even Manu would have allowed her, seems to me going very far. Even in Europe great concessions are often made with regard to marriages objectionable from some, desirable from other points of view. I shall not press the point that this is particularly the case in royal and princely families, where often great interests are at stake, and where the choice of husbands and wives is limited. In England, for an uncle to marry his niece would be considered intolerable; in Roman Catholic countries dispensation is granted to such unions. In England, marriage with a deceased wife's sister is illegal, in the English colonies it is allowed. The lowest savages consider marriages between members of the same clan quite shocking, and that prejudice remains even after they have been converted to Christianity, while certain missionaries tolerate even polygamy in their converts rather than allow them to cast off their old wives. In all this, I do not plead for laxity, but only for a recognition of peculiar difficulties, and for that kind of forbearance which English society has of late shown in much more extreme cases.

To call the marriage of your daughter a Child-marriage is utterly unfair, and it is hardly less so to say that you gave your consent to idolatrious marriage rites being performed I have read nearly everything that has been written and published on that marriage, and I believe you did all that it was possible for you to do to avoid giving offence to your friends without endangering the legality of the marriage Protestants object to mixed marriages with Roman Catholics, but if they assent to a mixed marriage, they must submit to the performance of certain superstitious rites, without which the marriage would not be legal Besides, there are in every country old marriage customs which, no doubt, date from heathen times, but which no one calls idolatrous If we like to use hard words, it would be easy to show up plenty of idolatry in Europe If you had joined a Christian community, then I should fully admit that, so far as you yourself are concerned, you could have been married according to the Christian ceremonial only but even then you could not have forced your daughter, if according to native law she is of age and free to choose, to follow your example As you are and mean to be a Hindu, though a believer in Christ, I cannot see what right your Christian friends have to blame you for allowing your daughter to marry a countryman of hers with whom, in a native state, she could be legally married according to the ancient customs of his own country only

I am glad, of course, that you succeeded in carrying your bill for legalising Brâhma marriages, but I can quite understand that in the eyes of many of your friends such a marriage is much the same as what a

marriage before a Registrar is in the eyes of many Englishmen It therefore comes to this, you must either prohibit all mixed marriages between Brâhmas and Hindus, which would be acting more intolerantly than the Pope, or you must allow some of the ancient marriage customs when one of the contracting parties is not a Brâhma And here again to call every ancient custom, every desadharma or kuladharma, idolatry is utterly unfair At all events there are much more dangerous idols in Europe as well as in India than the old stone images in the palace of Behar

The difficulty which you had to solve has had to be solved again and again, whenever new religions or new sects have sprung up Zealots have always denounced marriage between members of different religions, nay even of different sects But what did St Paul say? 'The unbelieving husband,' he says, 'is sanctified by the wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband, else were your children unclean (illegitimate), but now are they holy' And again 'For what knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband? or how knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?' (1 Corinth vii 14, 16) Whoever knows the history of religion, knows what excellent missionaries wives have made, and I trust the time may come when those who now blame you will give you credit for pure motives, and praise you for your foresight and your trust

With sincere wishes for the welfare of your daughter and your son-in-law, I remain, my dear friend,

Yours very truly,

F MAX MULLER

LILY COTTAGE,
72 UPPER CIRCULAR ROAD, CALCUTTA
2 *May*, 1881

MY DEAR FRIEND,

For your most welcome epistles and the genuine assurances of kindness and sympathy they contain, I must give you my heartfelt thanks In writing to me you need not conceal your real feelings Discriminating criticism cannot pain me Even the reproaches of a true friend are acceptable, and must prove beneficial I have read your letters with the deepest interest, and I only wish I could sit with you under one of those shady trees in Oxford which I saw during my short visit, and talk over the many important subjects referred to therein, for hours together My heart is full What shall I write, what can I write on those various subjects within the short compass of a letter? Regarding the Cutch Behar marriage I have yet a great deal to say I thank you for the sympathetic view you have taken of it In certain minor matters only you have taken exception to the course I adopted, and I have no right to quarrel, for you argue as a friend, and your remonstrance is only friendly counsel and warning I confess I was silent when the battle was raging My patience was repulsive and disgusting My reticence was suspicious, and led to misrepresentation and reviling It has always been my habit secretly to refer to my God in all matters of importance in my life and to mature my plans under His guidance, and to make them known when I was almost certain of success There were a hundred doubts and uncertainties

in connection with this marriage proposal, and every moment it seemed likely to break down The whole thing seemed most improbable till it was a *fait accompli* Even two hours before the marriage was actually solemnised, no one could make himself certain about the affair on the contrary, there were new difficulties springing up which seemed insuperable Hence my disposition to maintain silence I was waiting to find firm ground upon which to stand and take counsel of friends in regard to details, but the time never came, the marriage question—'to be or not to be'—being itself an uncertainty till the last moment The Âdesa in the present case was far from exceptional I do not claim and never claimed supernatural inspiration My Âdesa is a command of conscience or a providential interposition In plain language I should say this marriage is providential, and in this respect it is like other important incidents in my life—my renunciation of secular work, my vow of asceticism, my vegetarian habits, my declaration of faith in the New Dispensation, &c A man who trusts God and prays daily must feel that all the events in his life, and even his daily meals, are ordered by Providence I saw the finger of God in all the arrangements, struggles, and trials in connection with the marriage It was very like a political marriage, such as you speak of A whole kingdom was to be reformed, and all my individual interests were absorbed in the vastness of God's saving economy, or in what people would call public good The Lord required my daughter for Cutch Behar, and I surrendered her The trials and difficulties I have gone through are also, I believe, providential They have

educated and disciplined and trained me, and I owe a great deal, and my Church owes a great deal, to my antagonists The great result of all this agitation is the New Dispensation I thank God for it It is a wonder, a marvel Pray read all about it, and judge for yourself whether the Holy Spirit is not moving India in the direction of true and universal Christianity I remember the very interesting conversation we had at the Westminster Deanery, in the course of which you, and also, I believe, the excellent Dean, suggested that the future Church of India should be altogether Oriental, only it should honour Christ You see how this is being practically carried out Do not think our Christ is denationalising us We are more popular now than in any previous period in the history of the Brâhma-Samâj Nor is our Hinduism setting us in an attitude of hostility towards Christ or Western science I beg you will read the 'New Dispensation' paper carefully and let me know what you think of the movement It is the religion of 'Comparative Theology' We are giving effect to the 'Science of Religion,' of which you are the most distinguished leader It is the great movement of the day in India Marvellous is this Light of Heaven!

With profound respect

Yours very sincerely,

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN

LILY COTTAGE,
72 UPPER CIRCULAR ROAD CALCUTTA,
16 *May* 1881

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your last letter reached me a few days after I had posted mine What a gratifying coincidence! In both letters there is an allusion to our common friend the Dean of Westminster It is indeed a great pleasure to be assured of the unabated kindness and continued friendship of one whom I so sincerely esteem and whose views and opinions I so greatly value I have not yet seen the answer of ——— The manner in which he has treated us from the very beginning of the controversy is so utterly unworthy of him, and is marked with such vacillation, wavering, and duplicity, that I can have no misgivings in accepting your verdict In the meantime allow me to thank you warmly for your kind permission to publish your letters, and the emphatic assurance you have given me of your unreserved and cordial sympathy in the cause we have at heart Your letters cannot but strengthen our cause greatly It seems rather strange that ———, who professes to be a devout Christian, should withhold his regard and sympathy from that section of the Brâhma community which is most allied to Jesus and makes the nearest approach to the religion founded by Him As for his arguments, they have been smashed times beyond number In his private letters to me he professes friendship, and I have simply warned him in the most kindly spirit to ascertain facts before rushing into print

I forgot to ask in my last hurried note whether

some attempt should not be made to promote the circulation of the 'New Dispensation' in England especially among the clergy and the leading laymen of the Broad Church party The British public ought to know how the most advanced type of Hinduism in India is trying to absorb and assimilate the Christianity of Christ, and how it is establishing and spreading under the name of the New Dispensation a new Hinduism which combines *Yoga and Bhakti*, and also a new Christianity which blends together Apostolical faith and modern civilisation and science The article on 'New Sacramental Ceremony' in the first number of the paper seems to have created great interest among the Christian community in India and has been variously commented upon I should also invite your attention to 'Christ in Socrates,' in No 8 Such articles cannot fail to interest the Broad and liberal school in England, and by an interchange of sentiments we may hasten the spiritual union of the East and the West in Christ There are also hundreds I believe, in Germany who have cast off orthodoxy and can look with favour upon Theism such as we inculcate and preach under the New Dispensation Could you tell me the name of any liberal Christian on the Continent who could help us in securing readers in Germany and other countries, and, if possible, review the paper and the movement it represents in some continental Magazine?

Trusting you will kindly remember me to the Dean of Westminster,

Yours very truly,

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The most difficult subject of all on which I feel that a perfect understanding between you and me is absolutely necessary is the true character of Christ It may seem strange that a son of India, one who calls himself a believer in Brahman, and who therefore, in strict theological phraseology, would be called a Non-Christian, should have given offence to men who call themselves Christians by what seems to them language of excessive veneration for Christ Yet so it is and I shall try to explain to you why it is so, and why, in the case of some of your critics at least, the objections to your deeply impassioned utterances about Christ arise from good and honest motives

You know that nothing is more difficult than to draw a sharp line between the Divine and the Human At first nothing seems easier, and in many of the old religions we should have been told that these two terms exclude each other, like right and left, that what is human is not divine, and what is divine is not human One of the most wide-spread names for the Gods was Immortals (amrita, ἄμβροτοι, immortales), while men were emphatically called Mortals (marta, βροτοί, mortales)

I cannot enter here into the origin and the growth of the words for Deity in the ancient languages and religions of mankind I have tried to show elsewhere, in my *Hibbert Lectures* which I sent you how such a word as *deva*, for instance, came into being among our common ancestors, how it expressed at first one only of the many attributes of deity, that of light, but how it grew and expanded its meaning from one stage to

another in the religious growth of our common ances-
tors, and how we Christians in Europe are still using the same word (deva, deus) which was applied to Agni and Indra in the earliest hymns of the Rig-Veda. To give a definition of such a word as *deva* God, and its various modifications in the different Aryan languages, that should be applicable to them by whomsoever they may be used is of course impossible. That word has signified everything that man has ever thought to be divine. Its meaning has changed, as we have changed; and as long as the human mind goes on growing, that word also will grow, whether for better or for worse.

What applies to the names for God in the Aryan languages, holds good also with regard to the divine names used by the Semitic races, and particularly by that Semitic race which interests us most, the Jewish. The conception of God, as you see in the Old Testament, varied very considerably at different times in the history of the Jews. It reached its highest spiritual elevation in the utterances of some of the prophets, and it sank down to mere idol-worship even with the wisest of their kings. The history of the Jewish religion has been so often and so fully written that here too I may refer you to other books, and simply call your attention to the fact that, at the time when Christianity arose, the Jewish conception of Jehovah was one of a God who had created the world, who ruled the world, but who, though he might be invoked as a friend and even as a father, was yet, in his essence, entirely different from man and the works of his hand. God was immortal: man was mortal; to claim immortality for man seemed almost incompatible

with the awe and reverence which the Jews felt for their immortal God In fact the distance between God and man was perhaps never conceived as greater than it was by the people among whom Christ appeared, and yet they were the very people whom Christ came to teach that 'I and my Father are one'

People who have carefully read the sacred books of other religions, and have found there almost every doctrine which they had considered as peculiarly Christian, have sometimes asked me, What then distinguishes Christianity from other religions? My answer is, that historically the distinguishing feature of Christianity lies in the new conception of the relation between God and man Here we see the pendulum of religious thought swinging back completely from left to right, from the Jewish to the Christian conception of God Though some of the Jewish prophets had preached Jehovah as a father, and had dared even to speak of men as gods, the stream of popular religion was running in a very different channel To a Jew, at the time of the advent of Christ, the very expression of Son of God was blasphemy It was different with Greeks and Romans Their idea of Deity had never been so supramundane as that of the Jews, and they had therefore less difficulty in accepting heroes and demigods, or even human beings, raised to a level with their gods But taking the Jewish idea of Jehovah as it was preached in the synagogues, we can perfectly well understand why the orthodox Jews should have shouted, 'We have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God' (John xix 7)

Here then is the vital difference between Judaism

and Paganism too on one side, and Christianity on the other, here is the thought which in the history of the world stamps Christianity as a new religion. Christ taught many things which other religious teachers had taught before, but Christ taught a new, his own conception, and more than conception, his new intuition and realisation of God. Closely connected with this was his new conception, and more than conception—the new birth of man. These two concepts of God and man are so inseparable that it is impossible to modify one without modifying the other. If, as I know many do who call themselves Christians, we leave the conception of Jehovah as we find it among the Jews, and then represent Christ as the son of God it is surely blasphemy even now. It carries us back into Greek paganism, and it has actually produced in Christian countries forms of thought, and forms of worship paid, not only to the Son of God, but to the Mother of God (θεοτοκος) which must appear to you pure idolatry.

Christianity is Christianity by this one fundamental truth, that as God is the father of man, so truly, and not poetically or metaphorically only, man is the son of God, participating in God's very essence and nature, though separated from God by self and sin. This oneness of nature (ομοουσια) between the Divine and the Human does not lower the concept of God by bringing it nearer to the level of humanity, on the contrary, it raises the old concept of man and brings it nearer to its true ideal. No doubt you would find even at the present day many theologians to whom what I have just written to you would sound very strange but that only shows how little true Christianity

has as yet leavened the thoughts of men—how many who call themselves Christians are really Jews, nay, how many have not yet worked themselves free from the pagan concepts of deity. You have no doubt observed among your English friends in India how easily those who call themselves Trinitarians fall into a worship of three gods, and how often those who call themselves Unitarians are no better than Jews in their conception of deity. The true relation between God and man had been dimly foreseen by many prophets and poets, but Christ was the first to proclaim that relation in clear and simple language. He called himself the son of God, and he was the first-born son of God in the fullest sense of that word. But he never made himself equal with the Father in whom he lived and moved and had his being. He was man in the new and true sense of the word, and in the new and true sense of the word he was God. If you ask me whether I am a Trinitarian, I say No; if you ask me whether I am a Unitarian, I say No. And why? Because I believe in Christ as the son of God. To my mind man is nothing if he does not participate in the Divine; and it seems to me that the Jews, with their conception of Jehovah, were perfectly consistent in not believing in a son of God, or even in the immortality of the soul. To you, brought up in the schools of Indian thought, the participation in the Divine must be quite familiar. Your sages have expressed it in philosophical phraseology by the *Pratyag-âtmâ*, the Self that lies behind us, or the *Paramâtmâ*, the Highest Self. But we want something else, something more human, more homely and yet more holy, to express the same thought in religious language, in language

that should be intelligible to the wise and the foolish, the old and the young, and that expression has been found by Christ by calling himself and all who believe in him the sons of God

After these remarks you will better be able to understand the danger of speaking of Christ in language which carries us back to the panegyrics addressed by pagan poets to their gods and idols If you speak of Christ as not perfectly human, in his own sense of the word, you make a new idol of him, and you utterly destroy the very soul of his religion Other prophets have tried to reveal to us what God is Christ has revealed to us what Man is, and that is the greatest of all revelations which all who call themselves Christians must try to preserve in its original purity You may say, We know so little of Christ and his original teaching, and what we know of him is what his disciples, all of them Jews, believed of him There is some truth in this, and to some it may seem a great loss But it had its advantages also Out of the scattered stones of the temple which we find in the Gospels, we have each of us to build up our own Christ, and you know how different the ideal and real Christs have been which different theologians have built up for themselves We must each of us discover our own Christ The Apostles had to do the same They had to discover Christ, and they often found it very hard to do so And while they saw in him that perfection which changes or rather restores human nature to its divine original, you know how others, who had the same opportunities of judging, believed that Christ was possessed of a devil It was then as it is now, and as it always will be The same person

whom some of us love and revere as almost perfect, whose motives we never doubt, whose words we never question, is represented by others as possessed by all the devils of selfishness, falseness, and cruelty I quite admit that there are statements in the Gospels that lend themselves to very different interpretations for how otherwise could we have such different *Lives of Christ*? But there is one point on which there can be no doubt, and that is the extreme humility of Christ Christ himself objected to any approach to exaggerated language on the part of his friends and disciples He knew both the small value of superlative language, and the dangers to which it might lead What would seem to us less liable to the charge of exaggeration than to call Christ *Good Master*? Yet we read in the Gospel of St Mark (x 18) that when a rich man came and kneeled to him, and asked him, 'Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?' Jesus said unto him, 'Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God' Try to realise to yourself one who could say that, who could turn away reproachfully and sorrowfully from praise that sounds to us so simple and moderate as 'Good Master' What would he have said to the outpourings of high-sounding, yet often unmeaning praise that is sung in our churches! You are perhaps more accustomed to ecstatic poetry, but much as I admire Oriental poetry, I think its profuse display of hyperbolic imagery is one of its weakest points If you once allow that extravagance of language, panegyric will soon outbid panegyric, and in the end you will have sounds, but no thoughts Do we not turn away with shame from the language used in Eastern, and

alas even in European Courts, and yet we dare to bring the same base coin into the sanctuary of God? Do we not know how every manly soul turns away with loathing from the garbage of adulation, hungry for one dry morsel of honest truth? A true friend does not tell his dearest friend one half of what he feels for him, and that very reticence is the true test of true love Let it be so also between us and Christ You know how easy it is to repeat the 'Thousand Names of Vishnu'—and you also know by whom they are repeated most frequently and most loudly Surely you will understand then why others should shrink from such high-flown and, for that very reason, so often empty or unrealised language, and stand almost silent before the face of Christ, feeling that in his presence words are hardly wanted, and that one kind word, or still better one kind deed for Christ's sake, is better than sacrifice, and praise, and long prayer

Forgive me for having thus pointed out to you what seems to me a real danger in all religions, and more particularly in those of the East, and believe me,

Ever yours very sincerely,

F M M

LILY COTTAGE,
72 UPPER CIRCULAR ROAD, CALCUTTA,
9 *July*, 1881

MY DEAR FRIEND,

There is hardly a syllable in your last epistle which I should hesitate to endorse You have said exactly what I should have said, only in a more learned and philosophical style, such as one would

expect from you So far as your intellectual estimate of Christ is concerned I do not think there is much difference between us I too regard him as the Son of God, and would never give him higher honour I see in him not merely an ethical teacher, nor a mere saint of unexampled devotion and unblemished character, but 'a greater than Socrates,' inasmuch as he was the Son of God I have often said, as my published lectures and sermons will show, that the distinctive feature of Christ's doctrine and life was his divine sonship I stand, as you do, between the orthodox Trinitarians on the one hand and the rationalistic Unitarians on the other My position is that of a Uni-trinitarian My explanation of the doctrine of the Trinity you will find in my lecture on 'Great Men' and in the later numbers of the 'New Dispensation' I am so glad and thankful that the Spirit of God has helped me to work my way through Hinduism to the point where an enlightened Christianity has brought you I have always disclaimed the Christian name, and will not identify myself with the Christian Church, for I set my face completely against the popular doctrine of Christ's divinity Yet I recognise divinity in some form in Christ, in the sense in which the Son partakes of the Father's divine nature We in India look upon the son as the father born again The wife is called *g*âyâ, for in her the father is born in the shape of the son Hence the Hindu, while regarding the father and the son as distinct and separate persons, connects them in thought by some kind of identity This identity does not merge the son in the father, does not by pure fiction exalt the son to the position of the father, but leaving

the absolute difference of relationship intact, maintains nevertheless a unity or likeness of nature. The son is made in the image of his father, and he partakes of the father's nature. Looking upon Christ's relation to God in this light we can readily comprehend the divinity of Jesus as contradistinguished from his 'Deity.' True sonship, such as it was in Christ, must be divine. The Father was in him and he was in the Father. If this be your position, as it is mine, I do not see any material difference between us concerning Christ's sonship or his divine nature as manifested in true manhood. If intellectually there is no divergence, is there any difference in emotion or devotion? You speak of prayer and praise. 'Long prayer' to Christ or any other prophet I thoroughly interdict. It is contrary to our doctrine. We pray only to God for our salvation. In regard to saints we can only hold 'communion.' We go on 'pilgrimage' to the saints in heaven, and hold loving and reverent communion in the recesses of the heart. If we do not worship or pray unto prophets, we certainly love them fervently and praise them with intense reverence. Perhaps it is to this that you take exception. And well you may. In spirit we agree; we disagree in forms. The forms of one nation are apt to be repulsive and even shocking to another. Our Oriental nature is our apology for the 'impassioned utterances,' the 'language of excessive veneration,' 'high-flown language,' &c. you speak of. How can I, my friend, destroy my Asiatic nature, how can I discard the language of poetry and emotion and inspiration which is my life and nature? To adopt any other language would cost me much effort, would be

artificial mechanical, unnatural, and, I may add, hypocritical I must speak exactly as I feel, and you know my devotion is, as a rule, always extemporaneous Our tears during prayer, our fervent and constant apostrophising our ascetic habits, our very forms of devotion in which we speak of God as One whom we *see* and *hear*, may be disagreeable to European eyes and ears, but so long as they are natural and national and not affected or borrowed we need not be afraid of serious consequences There is certainly great danger in unreal show and Pharisaic sanctimoniousness and superstitious mysticism, but when the doctrine is pure and the heart speaks naturally and spontaneously, from impulse and inspiration, the poetry of religion, for it is nothing more, can do no harm, but will only kindle enthusiasm and sweeten faith In these 'apostolical days in which we live you must make some allowance for warmth of feeling, which will perhaps die away with the present generation Accept, my dear friend, my solemn assurance that the danger before us is not superstition, but dryness and scepticism, and that they are moved by the Spirit of God who indulge in the sweet poetry of *living* and *real* faith It is such a pleasure to read your letters Please write to me again and again, and believe me,

Yours ever very sincerely,

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN

When Stanley, the Dean of Westminster, died (July, 1881), Keshub Chunder Sen was anxious to know more about him Stanley had been to the end a

staunch friend of Keshub Chunder Sen. As was usual with him, the attacks on the Indian Reformer had only served to strengthen Stanley's sympathy for him, and he had several times asked me whether and how he could help him. When I began to write down some of my recollections of the Dean, which I thought might be of interest and possibly of use to Keshub Chunder Sen, they soon grew beyond the limits of a letter, and I could only send him a few of my notes from time to time. Some were written soon after the Dean's death, others later. Some have been published already, others are not quite fit for publication yet.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You know by this time that we have lost Stanley—a true friend to me, a true friend to you, a true friend to many others. He had many friends who loved him, but the number of those whom he loved was greater still. Most men wait till they are loved and then love in return. His whole disposition towards the world was one of welcome. His heart was ever ready to believe the best of every one. His arms were always open to receive you. He was one of those who liked to shake hands with both hands. So it ought to be, so, one would think, it would be naturally. Why should man not welcome man? Alas, the heart that has been deceived, and deceived more than once, knows the answer. It is so bitter to trust and to find one's trust met by envy, cunning, ill-will. Stanley too must have had his bitter experiences, but his arms were open to the last. He did not sum up the experience of his life like a famous

statesman lately deceased,—'Friend is the synonym of traitor'!

There is no doubt that Stanley had many enemies No one was so thoroughly hated, and, I believe, is so still And how can it be otherwise?

He was a truth-loving, honest, and outspoken man, and the world would be very different from what it is, if such a man had not been hated He was not like other people, and that is what other people are least inclined to forgive

And how was he different from other people, you may ask I believe, first of all, because he always looked upon this world in its true light, not as a home, but as a journey Hence he was never entirely absorbed in the contests and controversies of the day He had his opinions and convictions, religious and political, but his horizon was too wide ever to lose himself altogether in our small lanes and valleys With other men every little question becomes what they call a question of life and death, the thought of the possibility of error, or of surrender, never enters their mind They fight without looking or listening They raise dust and smoke till they cannot see through the clouds which they themselves have raised Stanley was always willing to listen, and even, while holding determinately to his own opinions, he could at least imagine that he might be wrong, and part from his opponents with a few kind words, as if saying, 'Let us wait, the time will come when we shall both know better'

Stanley had one great advantage in starting in life, an advantage which is not sufficiently appreciated by those who possess it, because it is rightly considered

very honourable if those who do not possess it surmount the difficulties of life without ever forfeiting their self-respect Stanley belonged to a good family, and was always pecuniarily independent He never knew the temptations of a poor struggling man, who has often to choose between sacrificing the chances of obtaining a position of usefulness and influence in the world, to which he has a good right, and making certain concessions which, however small, colour his character through life A man who has once been silent when he ought to have spoken, or who has ever spoken when he ought to have been silent, will never be the same again, not perhaps in the eyes of the world which calls speech silver and silence gold, but in his own eyes, if he has eyes to see And these temptations are great, so great that we ought to be very lenient in judging a poor man who may see actual want, loss of influence, loss of usefulness on one side, while one small concession to the world would lead him to the bench of Judges or Bishops, or any other place for which he is the fittest man

Stanley had his ambition, he knew what he had a right to expect, aye to demand, but he could afford to wait He had not to push and to urge his claims himself or through others, and he thus remained a free man through life He was content to be a College Tutor, a Canon of Canterbury, a Professor at Oxford, and at last a Dean of Westminster He was content nay he was proud of his position Yet, if he had been a worldly and what is called a prudent man, he might have been a Bishop and an Archbishop long before others

When I first knew him as a young Tutor at Uni-

versity College, I was often struck by his boldness as compared with the prudence of other friends of mine. I did not know then that he was a man who could afford to walk straight forward, without looking right or left, and I honoured him all the more for what seemed to me the highest chivalry of truth. Not that I honour him less, now that I know how strong and impregnable his position was, for, after all, wealth does not always produce independence of thought and word and deed. Only I do not perhaps place him now quite so high above all his contemporaries as I did when I was first drawn into the peculiar life of Oxford, and began to watch the bold or timid steps in the careers of men who have since risen to eminence. There is one expression in English which I have always liked very much. 'He has an independence,' that is, he has sufficient to live without caring for frowns or favours.

There was another feature in Stanley's character which from the first attracted me strongly towards him. Not being a scheming or diplomatising man himself, he did not look upon others as if they were always driving at something. One could speak to him unreservedly, almost thoughtlessly. One knew he believed all one said. He would forgive even a stupid, silly, or selfish remark, and interpret every man according to the best meaning of which he would admit. There was in him a serene transparency, and one felt that in speaking with him there was no necessity for weighing every word, or calculating its effect, or guarding against every possible misinterpretation. It was a treat to speak with him and to find that he really took one for better than one was—it made one better. It is one of the greatest miseries of

our artificial life to have always to be on the guard against possible misunderstandings. You must have felt that when you had to clothe your Eastern thoughts in Western words. I have felt it myself very often when trying to translate my German thoughts into English idiom. There are little niceties of expression which it is difficult to learn later in life. Many times I know I have been misunderstood and have offended people simply from a certain carelessness of expression. If one has to look out for the right word and does not find it at once, one often blurts out the next best. One sees at once, even without the gift of thought-reading, that there is a peculiar taste about that word which is not quite palatable to one's friend. One might stop and explain, but that often makes matters worse, and so one leaves it and goes on, trusting to one's friend's good-nature. With Stanley I never had that feeling, even when I was a mere beginner and bungler in English. I knew always that he would understand what I really meant. After all, we are all stammerers. Even the most eloquent express but half of what they feel and mean. We must all trust to a *Lector Benevolus*, and that is what Stanley was at all times and with all men.

Another feature which was most strongly marked in Stanley's character was his indignation at any injustice or even unfairness committed against a man who, whether from weakness or other circumstances, was unable to defend himself. Again and again have I seen Stanley rushing into the fray when he suspected want of fair play. Again and again have I seen him assisting men for whom he had really no sympathy, nay defending others whom he naturally

shrank from, simply because they were ill-treated by the mob, whatever that mob might be This kind of chivalry may be carried too far, but nothing after all is so amiable and so attractive as this Quixotic character The world would be intolerable if it were not for a few such true knights He was opposed to the publication of 'Essays and Reviews,' but when they were published and attacked, as they were, with clubs and tomahawks, Stanley fought more valiantly than any of the Seven, and it was said at the time, perhaps truly, that he then forfeited his chance of a mitre Stanley never went so far as Colenso He did not even see the value of Colenso's criticism He knew what ancient history meant, and to his mind many of the contradictions, worked out so laboriously by the brave Bishop, were really confirmations of the historical genuineness of the Old Testament They were what a true historian, who knows the conditions under which the earliest literary documents are composed, collected, and preserved, would expect The absence of such contradictions would have seemed to him suspicious But whatever Stanley's own views and feelings might be, when the Bishops and their friends tried to crush argument by authority, he stood forth, undismayed by clamour and threats, and to the last remained true to Colenso, though equally true, as we know, to his Old Testament, as a real work of antiquity, possessing all those characteristics which an ancient history ought to possess, and none of those of a short-hand report in our modern newspapers You owe some of his sympathy to the violent attacks that were made on you, and I can trace the origin of his friendship for me to a similar cause

Stanley's character as a theologian, and as a politician too, in fact the whole tone of his mind, was what I must call historical Learn how things have become what they are, and you will understand them approve of them, or at all events bear with them for a while, till they can become or can be made to become something better This is the key-note in every one of Stanley's books from the first to the last, and he did not wait for Evolutionism to teach him that lesson[1]

It has sometimes been said that Stanley was not quite outspoken that he did not say all he knew, that he submitted to many things which he could not have approved in his heart Is there one man of whom the same might not be said? We all know a great deal more, or are working up to know a great deal more than we are prepared to say and publish to the world What a man like Stanley puts forward, he must be prepared to defend against the whole world, and if he feels that he is unable to do that, he would rightly shrink from a step that might defeat the very object he had in view On many points our knowledge may be sufficient to satisfy ourselves, but far from sufficient to satisfy others, and to silence all possible objections

Again, do we not all submit to many things which we do not approve? One man may be a republican, and yet submit to a monarchical government, and another may be an imperialist, and yet submit to a republican government Stanley certainly did not approve of the Thirty-nine Articles, but he signed them as an historical document, knowing their origin and

[1] Some of what I had written here on this side of Stanley's character has been published in an article, 'Forgotten Bibles,' in the 'Nineteenth Century,' June, 1884, pp 1017, seq

their historical purpose, and accepting them as a compromise between the different parties that have formed the Church of England

How could we have any religion, how could we have any Church, without a compromise? It is different in philosophy There every man may go his own way, and speak his own language But it is the very nature of religion to be a compromise, a compromise between the young and the old, the wise and the foolish, all of whom are to use the same language, though they must use it each in his own way Now Stanley was a man of such strong human sympathies, and so ready to enter into the thoughts and feelings of others, that he would have been the last man to disturb the religious peace of anybody Who would like to wake a child from its peaceful slumber? We stand by its cradle and watch the little rosebud, and hardly draw our breath for fear of breaking in upon its perfect bliss All we can do is to be near so that, when the child awakes, it should not be frightened at finding itself quite alone Stanley knew that, so far as mere happiness is concerned, nothing is happier than the faith of childhood, nothing more blessed than the continuance of that faith from the cradle to the grave

In meeting friends who had that faith, Stanley could enter into their feelings with all the truth and warmth of a man who liked nothing better than to be a child once more Is that dishonesty? As well you might call it dishonest to say that the sun rises, instead of saying that the earth sets

But with men who were no longer children, he was a man, and an honest man He knew that the time comes when, whether we like it or not, the child must

wake, when the man must face the world such as it is, not such as he would wish it to be.

A dear friend of Stanley's, a high dignitary in the Church, asked me soon after his death, 'Tell me, did Stanley believe in miracles?' I said, 'Certainly not,' and he seemed quite relieved, and repeated again and again, 'Certainly not, certainly not.' And yet this might give you a false idea of Stanley. He certainly did not believe in miracles as they are believed in by many, as irregularities committed on purpose. He was not troubled by miracles. He knew, as every historian knows, or by this time ought to know, that there is no religion without miracles, and yet that the founders of the three highest religions have unanimously condemned miracles. Your ancient native religion is full of miracles, and it would be quite as true to call them psychologically inevitable as to call them physically impossible. But Stanley knew that certain minds cannot believe anything unless they first believe in miracles. To these men of little faith miracles are everything, and if their faith in miracles were undermined, their faith in everything else would crumble to pieces. This may seem strange to you, for I am sure you did not believe in Christ because He could change water into wine, or cast out devils, or heal the sick, or feed the hungry, or calm the storm, or walk on the water. A man may be believed to have done all that and much more, as in the case of some of your ancient Rishis, and yet you would not believe his doctrines unless they could command a very different sanction. To you, all the facts, whether historical or legendary, in the life of Christ must seem entirely outside the temple of Christian truth; and the question

whether the miracles were accurately reported by contemporary witnesses would probably affect you as little as it affects millions of Christians, who either cannot read or have no time for reading. Let us only see clearly that facts can never be believed, unless we do violence to the true sense of that word. Facts may be either doubted or not, either accepted or not, either rejected or not, but they cannot be believed as we believe the existence of God, the sonship of Christ, the immortality of the soul, or the holiness of truth. If you read the words which Christ addressed to Thomas (St John xx. 29), 'Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed,' you will see that they have a much deeper meaning than is commonly supposed, and that Christ himself placed a faith without sight high above a faith with sight.

There is hardly a miracle in the New Testament which to a man who knows the language of other religions is startling. Buddha was called the great physician, and we have no reason to doubt that Christ too was a true physician, and could heal, not only spiritual, but also physical diseases. Which of the two gifts Christ himself placed highest, we may learn from his own words, when he sends his message to John the Baptist, saying 'that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised—and to the poor the gospel is preached.'

But you may say that, although most miracles performed by Christ offer no difficulties to an historical mind, such as Stanley's was, there are two miracles performed, not by but as it were for Christ, which must have been a stumbling-block to an honest mind, such as Stanley's was, namely the miraculous birth,

and what may be called the miraculous death of Christ. I cannot tell for certain what Stanley thought on these two subjects, though some of his remarks on a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey by our common friend Kingsley leave little doubt in my mind that he looked for true divinity elsewhere than in the cradle and in the grave. But to your mind these two miracles ought to be the least perplexing. You know that whenever the founder of a religion has been raised to a superhuman or divine rank, the human mind rebels against an ordinary birth and an ordinary death. It is extremely curious to observe how on this point human ingenuity tries to outbid divine wisdom. The highest wisdom, whether we call it God or Nature, conceived one kind of birth as the best for man. Man invented what he thought a more becoming birth for God. The intention was good, no doubt, but it was, to say the least, uncalled for. Is there anything more wonderful than the ordinary birth of a child? is there anything more holy? anything that can more truly be called a miracle? Or does a miracle cease to be a miracle because it happens every day? Does the marvellous become common because it happens every minute? Depend upon it, no miraculous birth will ever outbid the miraculousness of the plain birth of a child. 'What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common.'

And as to Christ's real resurrection, is it credible that, when we are told again and again that Christ came to bring life and immortality to light, the simple words that Christ rose from the dead should have been taken in a carnal, not in a spiritual sense? How would a carnal resurrection and ascension benefit

us? Does heaven still mean the clouds as it did in the Veda? Did St Paul really mean that unless Christ's body had been carried through the clouds, his faith in Christ would be in vain? It would be fearful to think so St Paul did not even say, 'If Christ is not raised, the dead rise not,' but 'If the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised' Of this I am perfectly certain, that if you had said to Stanley, 'Am I a Christian if I believe only in the spiritual resurrection of Christ?' he would have said 'Yes, and all the more, if you do not believe that his body was taken up to the clouds' I often regret that the Jews buried, and did not burn their dead, for in that case the Christian idea of the resurrection would have remained far more spiritual, and the conception of immortality would have become less material

One can hardly realise what Christianity would be if such men as Stanley ever became its true representatives We should not want Missionaries then Instead of a few converts here and there being pressed to come in millions would press to come in and many like yourself would say, We have long been Christians If you had lived in the first century, you would have been a disciple of Christ, whereas now you say truly, because I am a disciple of Christ, therefore I cannot be a Christian However, we must not despair I well remember your parting words in Oxford, 'And if fifty years hence people should find out that I have been doing the work of Christ, what harm is there?' There are many in Europe who must be content to say the same, and Christ's best disciples are found, I believe, among those whom so-called believers call unbelievers

If what I write to you can do any good in India, remember that I never have any secrets If my views are wrong, they can be corrected, if they are right, the more I am abused for them, the better

Yours very truly,

F MAX MULLER

OXFORD
7 May, 1882

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have long wished to write to you again, and to congratulate you on the cessation of the war I am so glad that you have left the battle-field for better fields of usefulness You have a far too important work to do, to waste your time in personal controversy Go on preaching, teaching, and doing as much good as you can, that is the best answer to all obloquy You know I do not flatter you I have openly told you when I differed from you, but I have far too high an idea of the work which you are meant to do on earth to ask any further explanations from you on matters where after all you may be right and I wrong No, no, we must learn to trust each other even when we do not always understand each other You are an Eastern, I am a Western There is One who knows who is right and who is wrong, and that is the Purusha within us

I have still many things to tell you about our friend Stanley I miss him very much He always remained true to you After he had once trusted a man, he seldom dropped him again His troubles often reminded me of your troubles He always complained that he had achieved so little—that he had lost all

influence in the Church He little knew how much he had achieved, how great his influence really was His death revealed his greatness I feel sure we ought not to think so much about visible success, we ought not to be disheartened at apparent failure even All we can do is to move on straight, and not to mind if our straight line seems crooked to the crooked Even if you were to do nothing more, you ought to feel that you have done a great and good work, which will never be undone again That ought to cheer you, and make you go on with your work cheerfully I am going to Cambridge next week, having been invited by the University to give some Lectures on India I have chosen for my subject, 'What can India teach *us*?' I hope you will approve

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

F MAX MULLER

LILY COTTAGE
72 UPPER CIRCULAR ROAD, CALCUTTA,
5 *August*, 1882

MY DEAR FRIEND

I had hoped to write to you from the Himâlayas, where I went for a brief sojourn for the benefit of my health, shortly after the receipt of your very kind and cheering message These stupendous and lofty heights are dear and sacred to us Indians, as reminders of the departed glory of our fatherland, and as a source of living inspiration amid the grovelling cares of the world Nor are they less dear and sacred to you, whose heart is so thoroughly Eastern and Indian Perhaps you honour our country and its ancient

literature more than we natives of the soil do And I am sure a letter from the Himâlayas you would have hailed with peculiar interest and joy Ill-health, however, prevented my writing to you from there, and though I have since my return often wished to write, I have as often failed The fact is I have been suffering from extreme nervous debility and other complaints since our last anniversary festival in January, and even now I am not equal to my work

You are quite right in denouncing fruitless controversies and personal wranglings In our Church especially these are altogether out of place Our work at present is not destruction, but reconstruction We have had enough of the former during the earlier periods of the Brâhma-Samâj history There was a time when an aggressive warfare had to be kept up, and we had to put down idolatry and caste with iconoclastic fury But the New Dispensation is a work of construction It fulfils, does not destroy, it builds, does not demolish Our entire literature bears testimony to this positive and pacific policy of our Church If you know the leading principles of my life and character, you will no doubt admit that I am pledged to reconciliation and harmony If I live for any purpose it is for this, that I will preach the union of Eastern and Western Theism, the reconciliation of Europe and Asia The idea may seem absurd to many in the present age It may provoke ridicule and angry reviling But posterity will prove a better judge My honoured friend, *you* need not be told that a man must stick to the high ideal of his life regardless of consequences, and remain true to the light within in spite of obloquy and persecution God has

given me too a work to do, and my tastes and ideas, impulses and aspirations have been moulded and shaped accordingly One half of my heart is in sympathy with Europe, and the other half with Asia I cannot therefore bear the thought of their separation If one branch of the Lord's family has taken one idea from Him, and another branch another idea, why should they quarrel? Are we not both the Lord's? To take only Asiatic thought or European faith is a half measure It is the adoption of a fraction of divine life That Asia and Europe, the East and the West, will always continue in a state of mutual separation, divorce, and disunion is against nature and nature's God Let us seek the perfection of the individual and the race in the union of Eastern and Western types of thought and character I trust and pray that all scholars and thinkers and philanthropists in different parts of the world will try to bring about this international reconciliation Let there be no more wrangling, no more sectarian antagonism Let the angel of peace and love reign What you say of that noble soul, Dean Stanley, is truly refreshing and encouraging Yes, he has done a great deal, and the influence he has left behind will do infinitely more to widen and deepen the Church in Europe, and vastly help to bring about the reconciliation of the Eastern and the Western Churches May his soul rest in peace in the bosom of God!

Believe me,

Yours most sincerely,

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN

TARA VIEW SIMLA,
20 *July* 1883.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The papers report the death of your good mother. Allow me to send you a line of condolence from the distant Himâlaya. As a Hindu I feel the deepest sympathy in your grief. For who on earth so good as the mother? We in India regard our parents, and especially the mother as 'sâkshât pratyakshadevatâ[1],' and we have no doubt you have the same Aryan feeling and instinct in you. A mother's love who can repay? A mother's memory no loyal son can forget. Alive or dead, we honour and revere her spirit, not merely on account of our earthly obligations, but because motherly tenderness represents so truly and so beautifully the lovingkindness of the Supreme Mother. May the soul of your dear mother rest in peace in the world above!

I am sorry I cannot write to you so often as I could wish. But of this I can assure you that you are often present in my thoughts. The affinity is not only ethnic, but in the highest degree spiritual, which often draws you into my heart and makes me enjoy the pleasures of friendly intercourse. I forget the distance, and feel we are very near each other. These Himalayas ablaze with India's ancient glory constantly remind me of you, and as I read your Lectures on 'India, what can it teach us?' in the veranda of my little house in the morning, I feel so intensely the presence of your spirit in me that it seems I am not reading your book, but talking to you and you are talking to me in deep spirit-intercourse. How ardently you love India that book has made clear

[1] 'A present visible deity.'

Surely you honour our 'fatherland' more than any of my own countrymen, and the glowing terms in which you speak of India, her people, her religion, and her ancient greatness put to shame the enthusiasm of even the most warm-hearted patriot among us. And what you write in your book I see with my own eyes and realise in my own heart on these Himâlayan heights. Every word you say of the Rishis, their faith and devotion is so true. Their transcendental spirituality, their unearthly asceticism, as distinguished from the busy life of the West, you justly appreciate and admire. Alas! these blessed Rishis are dead and gone. On the plains of Bengal, where I live, I miss them. I see an entirely different generation, by no means loyal to their venerable forefathers. But I do not miss them here. On these hills the ancient Rishis seem yet to live and move. I feel that they are with me and in me. Everything recalls these saintly spirits to my mind, and I see before me not the agnostic's godless earth and sky, but the ancient Aryan devotee's Sûrya, Vâyu, Varuna, and Indra. How I wish to see you in this my humble hermitage, and talk together about the deeper mysteries of Rishi life in the very abode of the ancient Rishis, the Himâlaya! You say I follow the Rita of the Vedic Rishis. I wish I could always do so; in fact this is the great ambition of my life. These twenty-five years the Holy Ghost has been to me not only my teacher and guide, but also my guardian and protector. He has given me the bread of inspiration, and to His directions too I owe my daily bread. I never knew any Guru or priest, but in all matters affecting the higher life I have always sought and found light in the direct

counsels of the Holy Spirit Nor could I ever count upon a definite income for my large family, and yet through darkness and uncertainty the Holy Ghost has led me on, feeding me, my wife and ten children and even giving us the comforts of life From how many perils, dangers, and temptations has He delivered me! How many times has He shown me the light of heaven! or I would have perished To so good a Spirit I look as to a personal Friend and a daily Companion and I have made up my mind never to turn away from Him to whom I owe all that I prize in my temporal and my spiritual life The applause of man pleases me not, if the Monitor within rebukes me And when the world stands against me, as it often does, my Comforter comforts me as no man can When everything fails, I find joy and strength in the cheering voice of the Holy Ghost May I always prove faithful to Him!

Not long ago the Editor of the *Contemporary Review* wrote to me a kind note asking me to contribute an article on some Indian subject I promised to accede to his request, but wanted time as I was unwell Since writing to him I got worse and worse, and I have not yet found time or energy sufficient for the task I hope to redeem my promise so soon as health permits It is a wasting disease from which I am suffering, and it brings on terrible weakness and exhaustion at times If convenient I beg you will do me the favour to write a line to the Editor requesting his indulgence and forbearance

Yours most sincerely,

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN

LETTERS FROM PROTAP CHUNDER MOZUMDAR

PEACE COTTAGE 73 UPPER CIRCULAR ROAD, CALCUTTA
14 *Feb* 1881

MY DEAR SIR,

Perhaps you do not remember me I had the great pleasure of spending an afternoon with you in autumn, 1874 Since my return home I have always thought of writing to you, but with the Hindu's indecision I have always hesitated Yet I always felt most gratefully that your interest in the Brâhma-Samâj, of which I have been a worker nearly for the last twenty years, was unabated When you put me into the train at the railway station you said, 'Send me every information, every paper, every scrap, you will not find me speaking always, but when the time comes—here I am!' The time *has* come, and you have spoken But, alas! we have not kept you well furnished with facts about our movement You have watched the agitation on the Cutch Behar marriage That agitation began from deeper causes, and ended in deeper opposition than a mere protest against the marriage Keshub Chunder Sen's genius is too Western for his own countrymen, and too Eastern for yours His mind is so independent and original, so far above conventional proprieties of every sort, that long before the marriage he had begun to make enemies both inside and outside the Brâhma Samâj They were seeking for an opportunity to crush him, they found it in the marriage, they used it to an extent of unmercifulness of which you can form no idea But Keshub is one of those men who cannot be crushed His spiritual vitality, his moral vigour

are simply immortal Among his opponents those perhaps have done him most harm who were his friends Miss Collet, the compiler of the Brahmo Year Book, has tried to do him the most lasting harm This lady's idolisation of Keshub was as singular, as her present violent and unreasoning antipathy Not a little there was in the Cutch Behar marriage to which an honest man might take objection Some of the forms and figures subsequently used by our friend might also startle any European, perhaps even a Hindu For my own part I am not an advocate of sensational figures of speech But I know how absolutely beyond sober speech is every impulse of deep and genuine spirituality Are not the original perceptions of genius obscure to the finest intellects? Deliberate obscurity is dishonesty It may be a foible in which great souls have occasionally indulged, but to a man labouring in the awful and agonising solitude of genius perhaps it may be found restful to indulge in expressions which he alone can fully fathom

But I maintain a man of real and acknowledged power is entitled to some amount of public trust If every act and every expression of his that is not understood were put down to the score of moral corruptness, all forms of organisation would soon cease to exist And this is what Keshub's opponents both in England and India have done In not treating him with the charity to which much inferior men are entitled, they have driven him deeper and deeper into his exceedingly sensitive individuality, till he has altogether ceased to be understood Hardheartedness produces its worst effects upon the intellect And these people have lost the sense by which very plain

words and actions can be properly construed. Except to friends, to persons disposed to treat you charitably and justly, it is often wrong to offer any explanation at all. Explanations require so often to be explained that one turns from the whole task in despair. I wonder if there can be any justice, in the proper sense of that word, apart from charity. You, sir, have shown him that charity, and hence, even in the absence of such facts as you ought to have received, you have been more *just* to him than many others, who *knew* more, have been able to be. The Cutch Behar marriage is now a thing of the past. I believe before long Keshub will have to publish more facts to clear his own conduct in regard to that affair. He has not done so because he shrank from exposing the conduct of some high officials of the Bengal Government.

The Brâhma-Samâj has come to occupy a position which may be considered apart from its relations to the Cutch Behar marriage. This doctrine of the New Dispensation promises to excite great hostility. I will by next mail post the *Theistic Review* in which some of our leading ideas on the subject are explained. The New Dispensation seems to me to be nothing more than the spiritual counterpart of your idea of a Science of Comparative Theology. What you are doing as a philosopher and a philologist we are trying to do as men of devotion and faith. It is the same universal recognition of all truths, and all prophets. It is the same war against exclusiveness and bigotry. I grant we are doing it in a Hindu style, perhaps in a Bengâli style. But there is no question that the future religion of the world must acknowledge the reign of law, order, harmony, and development in the religious

records of mankind The Fatherhood of God is a meaningless abstraction unless the unity of truth in all lands and nations is admitted And the Brotherhood of man is impossible, if there is no recognition of the services which the great peoples of the earth have rendered unto each other I must not take up more of your time It will be nothing short of delight if I can ever hear from you in reply I and my friends look upon you as an interpreter, as a mediator between ourselves and Europe And I have no doubt you reciprocate the cordiality and confidence with which the Brahma-Samâj regards you With very warm and kind regards,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

Prof Max Muller P C MOZUMDAR

SIMLA,
20 *August* 1881

MY DEAR SIR,

Simla, as you know, is in the midst of the Himâlayas It is the summer seat of the Government of India, and the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab also comes here, because it is within the province he rules, and also because he has to consult with the head of the Supreme Government on questions relating to the many frontier difficulties that have started up since the unfortunate Afghan war Being in continued bad health for some time, I have been here for a change for the last three months It was here I received your kind and valuable present of the translation of the Dhammapada, for which allow me to offer you my very hearty thanks It was here also I got your card desiring me to send you certain Bengâli

books, which I hope have by this time reached you. I presume you have now commenced to write the life of Râjah Râmmohun Roy, as you wished. It is my sincere desire that you get a perfect insight into the internal workings of the Brâhma-Samâj of the present day, which is so essentially different from the institution which the Râjah founded in 1830. There is no doubt the Râjah meant it to be a monotheistic church though he gave it a purely Vedantic character. As you know very well, this monotheism was developed and formulated by Devendranâth Tagore. He has always kept strictly true to the ancient cult of the authors of the Upanishads, to the rigid and deliberate exclusion of those Christian influences which Râmmohun Roy carefully sought and cultivated. It is certain, however, that he was the first to introduce into the Samâj genuine piety and spirituality. Into the constitution of this piety a good deal of the mysticism of Hafiz and the idealism of Victor Cousin entered. I remember how intensely fond Devendranâth was of chanting the Gazels of the Persian Sufis, and reading the works of Cousin, Kant, and Fichte. So if any Christian influence can be said to have entered into his system it was indirectly through these thinkers. But for the Bible, for the character of Jesus and of His disciples the Pradhân Âchârya of the Brâhma-Samâj has always had an unfeigned dislike. Indeed from this point of view the teachings of Devendranâth Tagore are understood without much difficulty.

With the advent of Keshub Chunder Sen the principles of the Brâhma-Samâj assumed the form of a *religion*, and that institution took the character of a *Church*. Keshub cannot be considered as a well-read man

Even his quotations from the Bible, which are pretty frequent, are made at random, and got up for the occasions on which they are meant to give point and emphasis to his own sentiments But he deserves the credit of uprearing the whole structure of Brâhma doctrines by the unaided efforts of his religious genius If he has been aided by anything, he has been aided only by his singular devotions, which are long, deep, and sweet Doctrinally his teachings may be said generally to have embraced the following subjects —Existence and attributes of God as a personality, Providence, general and special, the soul of man as an immortal spirit, Conscience, Prayer, Inspiration, our relations to Christ, to Sâkya, Chaitanya, &c, the Brâhma-Samâj as a revealed dispensation of God, including all previous dispensations, and setting forth the religion of the future His spiritual precepts may be said to have generally embraced the following subjects — Upâsana, worship, Yoga, asceticism, Bhakti, devotion, Vairâgya, passionlessness, Sadhana, which I would translate as self-discipline He has besides said a good deal on domestic, social, and apostolical organisation Now his doctrinal and other precepts have been so amplified and complicated by frequent references to and applications of Hindu Puranic conceptions, as well as Christian dogmas and observances, that they have swelled to an enormous extent, until to many the primitive simplicity of their theistic character has been all but lost And while some accuse him of relapsing into Hindu idolatry and Pantheism, others charge him with merging into Christian orthodoxy I cannot say these misconceptions are unnatural, and they have been aggravated by certain

rhetorical peculiarities and personal incidents, principal among which is the Cutch Behar marriage His interpretations of Hindu and Christian ideas may or may not be right, but I believe no slur can be cast upon the soundness of his theistic teaching It has long been my desire to explain some of his principles from a simple and rational theistic ground But I sometimes feel that I should wait for a further development of his views In this endeavour I should greatly prize the benefit of your ideas and suggestions Keshub is continually becoming more and more metaphysical and mystical Sometimes I am afraid he may completely elude popular understanding, and that is why I am the more anxious to explain him Recently he has very much given himself up to symbolism There has been a good deal of flags, flowers, fires, and sacraments of all kinds Of course misunderstanding is in consequence on the increase Yet Keshub's uncommon penetration, sagacity, and common sense are as clear and strong as ever The suggestions of a friendly critic like you will be most welcome at this juncture, the more especially as the different parties in the Brâhma-Samâj seem to have lost all mutual respect and confidence Devendranâth Tagore has retired into the hills The other day I received a most significant letter from him I will translate it, and publish it some day In the meanwhile permit me to send my little *Theistic Review and Interpreter* Hoping to have the pleasure of hearing from you some day,

I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

Prof Max Muller P C MOZUMDAR

OXFORD
3 *August*, 1881

MY DEAR MR PROTAP CHUNDER MOZUMDAR,

If I have not written to you before, you may believe me that it was time and leisure only that were wanting, and that I have often longed for a quiet hour to thank you for your letters, and to exchange some thoughts with you on subjects very near to your heart and to mine I have many kind friends in different parts of the world, and I must tell them all what I told you when we parted at Oxford, 'If you *really* want me, I shall always be ready' But the day has only eight or ten hours of work in it, and often not even that, and there is much still left to do, which I feel I ought to do Yet, as I watch the sun of my life going down, I feel I shall never be able to do even half of what I wished to do in this life I must therefore ask you and my other friends to have patience with me I have watched your struggles in India for many years, and I have often pleaded your cause in England with friends who were frightened by what they heard about Keshub Chunder Sen Yet I trusted in you and in the goodness of your cause, and remained silent, at least in public But when I saw our friend Keshub Chunder Sen pressed on all sides, attacked not only by his natural enemies, but by his natural friends, I thought I ought to come to his succour, or at all events to show him that some of his friends were able to make allowance for his difficulties, and though they might differ from him, had not lost their confidence in him That Cutch Behar marriage was a misfortune, but what has it to do with the

great work that Keshub Chunder Sen has been carrying on? Suppose even he was to be blamed, can no one be allowed to carry on a great religious reform, unless he is himself entirely blameless? Nothing I admire more in the writers of our Gospels than the open way in which they sometimes speak of the failings of the Apostles In their eyes nothing could have been more grievous than St Peter's denial of Christ Yet they make no secret of it, and without any public confession, recantation or penance, Peter, after he has wept bitterly, is as great an Apostle as all the others, nay even greater Surely these are passing clouds only, and what we ought to look to is the bright sky behind

At the present moment many of Keshub Chunder Sen's old friends in England, and some particularly of his most generous and liberal-minded friends, are in despair about some of the outward religious ceremonies which he has sanctioned His asceticism, his shaving his hair, his carrying a flag and singing in the streets, his pilgrimages—all are considered quite shocking! To tell you the truth, I am not fond of such things, but every religion is a compromise, must and always will be a compromise, between men and children, and there is no religion in which men like you and me who care for better things, have not often to say that they are not fond of 'such things,' yet have to bear with them Think of our ritualists at home Silly children, naughty children, if you like, but, for all that many of them very good boys There is no real harm in shaving one's hair A man must either shave his hair or let it grow, and who shall say which of the two is best? Buddha was called

a 'shaveling' (mu*n*d*a*), because in order to abolish all outward signs of caste or rank, he cut off his hair But there is an old Sanskrit verse which says —

Pañ*k*avi*m*s*atitattva*g*ño yatra tatra *s*rame vaset *Gatí*, mu*n*di *s*ikhî vapi mu*k*yate natra sa*m*s*ayah	'Whether a man wear matted hair, or a top knot, or shave his hair if he knows the twenty five truths, he will be saved

As to leading an ascetic life, what harm is there in that? India is the very country for leading an ascetic life, and a man does not there banish himself from society by it, as he would do in Europe Pilgrimages too, singing in the open air and carrying flags, seem all so natural to those who know the true Indian life —not the life of Calcutta or Bombay—that I cannot see why people in England should be so shocked by what they call Keshub Chunder Sen's vagaries Because he carries a flag, which was the recognised custom among ancient religious leaders, he is accused of worshipping a flag I am sure he does not pay half the worship to his flag which every English soldier does to his It often becomes to him a real fetish, and yet a soldier when he dies for his flag, is honoured by the very people who now cry out against Keshub Chunder Sen, because he honours his flag, as a symbol of his cause

If Keshub Chunder Sen insisted on other people doing exactly as he does, the case would be different But he does not, and whatever you and I and others may feel about the importance of 'such things,' there never has been and there never will be a religion 'without a flag' I wish it were not so, you probably wish it were not so, but man cannot live on oxygen—he requires bread

These, however, were not the matters I wished to speak about, when writing to you. Not the playthings of religion, but the very life and marrow of religion I wanted to discuss with you, chiefly with reference to that excellent article of yours, published in the *Theistic Quarterly Review*, October, 1879. Of all the reviews which my *Hibbert Lectures* have elicited, I liked yours the best, because it went to the very core of the matter which I undertook to treat. Now there are many people who are quite as much shocked at our going to the very core of religion, as others are with our playing with the playthings of religion; and if we were to count hands, not heads, what a small minority we should be! I sometimes wonder that we are allowed to speak and to live at all, for the great mass of good and honest people in the world consider every one who what they call, shakes their faith, (what we should call, strengthens our faith), as an enemy to society, as a danger to their happiness here and hereafter, as a man to be silenced by any means. Where would your small flock be, if everybody in India were allowed to do with you what he thinks right? Remember what the majority against you consists of. First, all children up to fifteen years of age; secondly, all women, with few exceptions; thirdly, most old and infirm people; lastly, all uneducated, all timid, and all downright dishonest people. If you count up all these, I doubt whether you can reckon on one in a hundred to stand up openly for you, while the other ninety-nine would all combine against you.

And mind, with the exception of the last class of 'downright dishonest people,' who from motives of prudence or selfishness either do not say what they

do believe, or do say what they do not believe we have no right to complain of our antagonists They have a right to be what they are, and many of them are sorely troubled by our supposed antagonism to them and to the views which they hold with regard to religion Now we know from our own experience that we too were sorely troubled in our youth, and in our later years also, when we found that many things dear, aye sacred to us had to be surrendered to a truer voice and a higher will Then what I feel and what I say is, that if we want the majority to bear with us,—a most minute minority,—we ought to bear with them, and understand that what are to us but outward things, playthings, nothings may be to them the only comfort they can find in this world One thing I know, that some of these so-called ascetics, or ritualists, or bigotted and narrow-minded people lead the most devoted, unselfish, pure and noble lives and every tree which can bear such fruit—whether it be the religion of Jews or Christians, or Mohammedans or Brâhmans, or Parsis or Buddhists—cannot be so entirely rotten to the core as many of our friends, in Europe as well as in India, will have it

But now after having pleaded the cause of those happy people who know nothing and want nothing but faith and good works, let me stand up also for those whose deepest religion makes it impossible for them to be satisfied with that kind of outward religion, whether they are Jews or Christians, or Mohammedans or Brâhmans, or Parsis or Buddhists They seem to me to have as much right on their side as the others on theirs, and if you think that I have made 'too great concessions to the rampant scientists

of the time,' you place me in a position which I could not accept. We have no concessions to make to rampant scientists. They have as much right on their side, if they are but honest, as anybody else, and the fact that they are again a very small minority, decides nothing as to the truth or untruth of their opinions. Depend on it, there are as good people among these rampant scientists as among the most devout ascetics.

You have seen better than anybody else that the problem which I wished to discuss in my *Hibbert Lectures*, and to illustrate through the history of religion in India, was the *possibility of religion in the light of modern science*. I might define my object even more accurately by saying that it was a reconsideration of the problem, left unsolved by Kant in his *Critique of Pure Reason*, after a full analysis of the powers of our knowledge and the limits of their application, 'Can we have any knowledge of the Transcendent or Supernatural?' In Europe all true philosophy must reckon with Kant. Though his greatest work, the *Critique of Pure Reason*, was published just one hundred years ago, no step in advance has been made since with regard to determining the limits, i.e. the true powers, of human knowledge. Other fields of philosophy have been cultivated with great success by other observers and thinkers, but the problem of all problems, How do we know? stands to-day exactly as Kant left it. No one has been able to show that Kant was wrong when he showed that what we call knowledge has for its material nothing but what is supplied by the senses. It is we who digest that material, it is we who change impressions into percepts, percepts into con-

cepts and concepts into ideals, but even in our most abstract concepts the material is always sensuous, just as our very life-blood is made up of the food which comes to us from without

Why should we shrink from that? Why should we despise sensuous knowledge? Is it not the most wonderful thing we know that we should be able to see and hear and feel? We may understand, i e be able to account for our concepts, because they are more or less our own work, but our percepts pass all understanding They are the true miracle, the truest revelation But men are not satisfied with the true miracles of nature and the true revelation of God, they must have little miracles of their own, and they place those miracles of man far above the miracles of God So it is with our knowledge Instead of seeing the light of God in every ray of light, hearing His voice in every note of music and feeling His presence in the touch of every loving hand, our wise philosophers turn round and say that what *they* want is what cannot be seen and cannot be heard and cannot be touched, and that until they have that, their knowledge is not worth having

Now on this point Kant, too, seems to me to be under the influence of the old philosophical prejudices He thinks that the knowledge supplied to us by the senses is finite only, and that there is no sensuous foundation for our ideas of the Infinite or the Unconditioned He does not indeed surrender these ideas, but he tries to justify them on practical and moral grounds, not on the grounds on which he justifies all other knowledge, namely perception

My chief object in my *Hibbert Lectures* was to

show that we have a perfect right to make one step beyond Kant, namely, to show that our senses bring us into actual contact with the Infinite, and that in that sensation of the Infinite lies the living germ of all religion Of course, I do not mean that this perception gives us a knowledge of the Infinite as it is in itself This can be said of our perception of the Infinite as little as of our perception of the Finite Kant shows again and again that our perception can never give us a knowledge of things in themselves (this is really a *contradictio in adjecto*), but that all our knowledge applies to the pressure or impressions on our senses only

But though we cannot know things finite, as they are in themselves, we know at all events that they are And this is what applies to our perception of the Infinite also We do not know through our senses what it is, but we know through our very senses that it is We feel the pressure of the Infinite in the Finite, and unless we had that feeling, we should have no true and safe foundation for whatever we may afterwards believe of the Infinite

Some critics of mine have urged that what I here call the Infinite is not the Infinite, but the Indefinite only Of course it is, and it was my chief object to show that it is We can know the Infinite as the Indefinite only, or as the partially defined We try to define it and to know it more and more, but we never finish it The whole history of religion represents in fact the continuous progress of the human definition of the Infinite, but however far that definition may advance, it will never exhaust the Infinite Could we define it all, it would cease to be the In-

finite, it would cease to be the Unknown, it would cease to be the Inconceivable or the Divine.

But how, I have been asked, are we able to define the Infinite even in this indefinite way? My answer is, Look at the history of mankind. From the very beginning of history to the present day man has been engaged in defining the Infinite. He has ascribed to it whatever was known to him as the best from time to time, and has named it accordingly. And as he advanced in his knowledge of what is good and best, he has rejected the old names and invented new ones. That process of naming the Infinite was the process of defining it, at first affirmatively, then negatively—saying at least what the Infinite is not when human reason discovered more and more her inability of saying what the Infinite is. If these names, from first to last, are not names of the Infinite, of what are they the names? Of the Indefinite? There is no Indefinite *per se*, but only in relation to us. Of the Finite? Certainly not, for even the lowest names of the lowest religion exclude the idea of the Finite. Then what remains? They are names of what we mean by the Infinite, the Unknown, and if we are told that this Infinite or this Unknown is mere assumption, let it be so, so long as it is the only possible assumption, the only possible name. You ask me (p. 50) how with this view of the Infinite I can say that 'the outward eye, the mere organ, apprehends the Infinite, because the Infinite has neither form nor dimension'? When I used the expression 'to apprehend the Infinite,' I surely explained what I meant by it. Yes, I maintain—and I do so as going beyond Kant's philosophy—that the eye is

brought in actual contact with the Infinite, and that what we feel through the pressure on all our senses is the presence of the Infinite Our senses, if I may say so, feel nothing but the Infinite, and out of that plenitude they apprehend the Finite To apprehend the Finite is the same as to define the Infinite, whether in space or time or under any other conditions of sensuous perception You speak of 'the outward eye, the *mere* organ' Is there an outward eye and a *mere* organ? Is not the simplest perception of a ray of light the most wonderful act of knowledge, which 'the *mere* organ' is as little able to explain as the whole apparatus of all our so-called faculties of knowledge Yes, to me the first ray of light perceived is the perception of the Infinite, a revelation more wonderful than any that followed afterwards We may afterwards define the light, we may count the vibrations that produce different forms or colours of light, we may analyse the nerves that convey the vibrations to the nerve-centres in the brain, and yet with all that we want to-day, as much as the ancient prophets thousands of years ago, some Will, some Infinite Being, saying and willing, Let there be light!

You say that you agree with me so far as to think that sensuous perceptions *suggest* the Infinite (p 53) I do not quarrel about words, and am quite willing to accept that mode of expression But if the senses can suggest the Infinite, why then do you want, as you say, another special faculty in the soul to apprehend the Infinite? If the senses can suggest the Infinite, then let what we call the understanding or reason or faith more fully develop that suggestion, but the important step is the first suggestion I do

not object to a division of the faculties of the soul for the purpose of scientific treatment. But as the five senses are only five modifications of perception, so, in its true essence all the so-called faculties of the soul are but different modifications or degrees of cognition. Sensuous knowledge is the first knowledge, and therefore often considered as the lowest. But as, without it, no knowledge whatever is possible to human beings, surely we are wrong in degrading it, and in not recognising that, as the beautiful flower is impossible without the ugly root, so the highest flights of speculations would be impossible without what you call 'the *mere* material organ of the eye.'

Then, you ask, Why, if faith is but a development of that faculty of knowledge the first manifestations of which appear in sensuous knowledge, have not the animals arrived at the same development? Why has no animal faith in the Infinite? My answer is, Every being is not what it is, but what it can become. There are stages in the growth of the animal and of the man where both seem alike; there are stages where the animal seems even more perfect than the man. But, as a matter of fact, the animal stops at a certain stage and cannot get beyond, while man grows on to reach his full development. When we see a baby and a young monkey, we have no reason to suppose that the one will develop into a speaking and thinking animal, the other not. But so it is, and we must simply accept the facts. It is language that marks the line which no animal can cross; it is language that enables man to develop his percepts into concepts, and his concepts into ideals

The highest of these ideals is the Infinite recognised through the Finite, as, at first, the Finite was recognised through the Infinite I have always held, and I still hold, even against the greatest of all modern philosophers, that the material out of which this ideal is constructed is, in the first instance, supplied by the senses, that it is not a mere postulate of reason or aspiration of faith, but shares with all our other knowledge the same firm foundation, namely the evidence of the senses

So you see my letter has grown into a long epistle, and if you like you may publish it in the same Journal in which your review of my *Hibbert Lectures* appeared Your friends will then see, as I hope you may see yourself, that though we may differ in the wording of our thoughts, our thoughts spring from the same source, and tend in their various ways towards the same distant goal

Yours very truly,

F MAX MULLER

DAYÂNANDA SARASVATÎ

(1827–1883)

THE Indian newspapers contain the announcement of the death of Dayânanda Sarasvatî Most English readers, even some old Indians, will ask, Who was Dayananda Sarasvatî?—a question that betrays as great a want of familiarity with the social and religious life of India as if among us any one were to ask, Who was Dr Pusey? Dayânanda Sarasvatî was the founder and leader of the Ârya-Samâj, one of the most influential of the modern sects in India He was a curious mixture, in some respects not unlike Dr Pusey He was a scholar, to begin with, deeply read in the theological literature of his country Up to a certain point he was a reformer, and was in consequence exposed to much obloquy and persecution during his life, so much so that it is hinted in the papers that his death was due to poison administered by his enemies He was opposed to many of the abuses that had crept in, as he well knew, during the later periods of the religious growth of India, and of which, as is known now, no trace can be found in the ancient sacred books of the Brâhmans, the Vedas He was opposed to idol worship, he repudiated caste, and advocated female education and widow marriage, at least under certain conditions In his public disputations with the most learned Pandits at Benares and elsewhere, he was generally

supposed to have been victorious, though often the aid of the police had to be called in to protect him from the blows of his conquered foes. He took his stand on the Vedas. Whatever was not to be found in the Vedas he declared to be false or useless; whatever was found in the Vedas was to him beyond the reach of controversy. Like all the ancient theologians of India, he looked upon the Vedas as divine revelation. That idea seems to have taken such complete possession of his mind that no argument could ever touch it.

It is here where Dayânanda Sarasvatî's movement took a totally different direction from that of Râmmohun Roy. Rammohun Roy also and his followers held for a time to the revealed character of the Vedas, and in all their early controversies with Christian missionaries they maintained that there was no argument in favour of the divine inspiration of the Bible which did not apply with the same or even greater force to the Vedas. As the Vedas at that time were almost inaccessible, it was difficult for the missionaries to attack such a position. But when at a later time it became known that the text of the Vedas, and even their ancient commentaries, were being studied in Europe, and were at last actually printed in England, the friends of Râmmohun Roy, honest and fearless as they have always proved themselves to be, sent some young scholars to Benares to study the Vedas and to report on their contents. As soon as their report was received, Debendranâth Tagore, the head of the Brahma-Samâj, saw at once that, venerable as the Vedas might be as relics of a former age, they contained so much that was childish, erroneous, and im-

possible as to make their descent from a divine source utterly untenable Even he could hardly be expected to perceive the real interest of the Vedas, and their perfectly unique character in the literature of the world, as throwing light on a period in the growth of religion of which we find no traces anywhere else

But Dayânanda, owing chiefly to his ignorance of English, and, in consequence, his lack of acquaintance with other sacred books, and his total ignorance of the results obtained by a comparative study of religions, saw no alternative between either complete surrender of all religion or an unwavering belief in every word and letter of the Vedas To those who know the Vedas such a position would seem hardly compatible with honesty, but, to judge from Dayânanda's writings, we cannot say that he was consciously dishonest The fundamental idea of his religion was revelation That revelation had come to him in the Vedas He knew the Vedas by heart, his whole mind was saturated with them He published bulky commentaries on two of them, the Rig-Veda and Yagur-Veda One might almost say that he was possessed by the Vedas He considered the Vedas not only as divinely inspired, or rather expired, but as prehistoric or prehuman Indian casuists do not understand how Christian divines can be satisfied with maintaining the divine origin of their revelation, because they hold that, though a revelation may be divine in its origin, it is liable to every kind of accident if the recipient is merely human To obviate this difficulty, they admit a number of intermediate beings, neither quite divine nor quite human, through whom the truth, as breathed forth from God, was safely handed down to human

beings If any historical or geographical names occur in the Vedas, they are all explained away, because, if taken in their natural sense, they would impart to the Vedas an historical or temporal taint In fact, the very character which we in Europe most appreciate in the Vedas—namely, the historical—would be scouted by the orthodox theologians of India, most of all by Dayânanda Sarasvatî In his commentary on the Rig-Veda, written in Sanskrit, he has often been very hard on me and my own interpretation of Vedic hymns, though I am told that he never travelled without my edition of the Rig-Veda He could not understand why I should care for the Veda at all, if I did not consider it as divinely revealed While I valued most whatever indicated human sentiment in the Vedic hymns, whatever gave evidence of historical growth, or reflected geographical surroundings, he was bent on hearing in it nothing but the voice of Brahman To him not only was everything contained in the Vedas perfect truth, but he went a step further, and by the most incredible interpretations succeeded in persuading himself and others that everything worth knowing, even the most recent inventions of modern science, were alluded to in the Vedas Steam-engines, railways, and steam-boats, all were shown to have been known, at least in their germs, to the poets of the Vedas, for Veda, he argued, means Divine Knowledge, and how could anything have been hid from that? Such views may seem strange to us, though, after all, it is not so very long ago that an historical and critical interpretation of the Bible would have roused the same opposition in England as my own free and independent interpretation of the

Rig-Veda has roused in the breast of Dayânanda Sarasvatî

There is a curious autobiographical sketch of his life, which was published some time ago in an Indian journal Some doubts, however, have been thrown on the correctness of the English rendering of that paper, and we may hope that Dayânanda's pupil, Pandit Shyâmaji K*r*ish*n*avarmâ, now a B A of Balliol College, will soon give us a more perfect account of that remarkable man

In the mean time an abstract of what Dayânanda has told us himself of his life[1] may be interesting, as introducing us into an intellectual and religious atmosphere of which even those who live in India and are in frequent contact with the Hindus know very little

Dayânanda writes 'I was born in a family of Udîchya (Northern) Brâhmans, in a town belonging to the Râjah of Morvi, in the province of Kâthiâwâr If I refrain from naming my parents, it is because my duty forbids me If my relations knew of me, they would call me back, and then, once more face to face with them, I should have to remain with them, attend to their wants, and touch money Thus the holy work of the reform to which I have dedicated my life would be jeopardised

'I was hardly five years of age when I began to study the Devanâgarî alphabet According to the custom of my family and caste, I was made to learn by rote a large number of mantras or hymns with

[1] Dayananda Sarasvati's autobiography translated from Hindi into English and published in the Theosophist' I have to thank the editor of that journal for her kindness in sending it to me

commentaries. I was but eight when I was invested with the sacred Brâhmanic thread, and taught the Gâyatrî hymn, the Sandhyâ (morning and evening) ceremony, and the Yagur-veda-samhitâ, beginning with the Rudrâdhyâya.[1] As my father belonged to the *S*iva-sect, I was early taught to worship the uncouth piece of clay representing *S*iva, known as the Pârthiva Linga. My mother, fearing for my health, opposed my observing the daily fasts enjoined on the worshippers of *S*iva, and as my father sternly insisted on them, frequent quarrels arose between my parents. Meanwhile I studied Sanskrit grammar, learnt the Vedas by heart, and accompanied my father in his visits to the shrines and temples of *S*iva. My father looked upon the worship of *S*iva as the most divine of all religions. Before I was fourteen I had learnt by heart the whole of the Yajur-veda-samhitâ, parts of the other Vedas, and of the *S*abdarûpâvali (an elementary Sanskrit grammar), so that my education was considered as finished.

'My father being a banker and Jamâdâr (Town revenue collector and magistrate) we lived comfortably. My difficulties began when my father insisted on initiating me in the worship of the Pârthiva Linga. As a preparation for this solemn act I was made to fast, and I had then to follow my father for a night's vigil in the temple of *S*iva. The vigil is divided into four parts or praharas, consisting of three hours each. When I had watched six hours I observed about midnight that the Pujâris, the temple-servants, and some of the devotees, after having left the inner temple, had fallen asleep. Knowing that this would destroy all

[1] See Catalogus Cod. Manuscr. Sanscrit. Bibl. Bodl. vol. i. p. 74.

the good effects of the service, I kept awake myself, when I observed that even my father had fallen asleep. While I was thus left alone I began to meditate. Is it possible, I asked myself, that this idol I see bestriding his bull before me, and who, according to all accounts, walks about, eats, sleeps, drinks, holds a trident in his hand, beats the drum, and can pronounce curses on men, can be the great Deity, the Mahâdeva, the Supreme Being? Unable to resist such thoughts any longer I roused my father, asking him to tell me whether this hideous idol was the great god of the scriptures. 'Why do you ask?" said my father. "Because," I answered, "I feel it impossible to reconcile the idea of an omnipotent living God with this idol, which allows the mice to run over his body and thus suffers himself to be polluted without the slightest protest.' Then my father tried to explain to me that this stone image of the Mahâdeva, having been consecrated by the holy Brâhmans, became, in consequence, the god himself, adding that as *S*iva cannot be perceived personally in this Kali-yuga, we have the idol in which the Mahâdeva is imagined by his votaries. I was not satisfied in my mind, but feeling faint with hunger and fatigue, I begged to be allowed to go home. Though warned by my father not to break my fast, I could not help eating the food which my mother gave me, and then fell asleep.

'When my father returned he tried to impress me with the enormity of the sin I had committed in breaking my fast. But my faith in the idol was gone, and all I could do was to try to conceal my lack of faith, and devote all my time to study. I studied at that time the Nigha*nt*u and Nirukta (Vedic glossaries),

the Pûrvamîmâmsâ (Vedic philosophy), and the Karma-kânda or the Vedic ritual

'There were besides me in our family two younger sisters and two brothers, the youngest of them being born when I was sixteen On one memorable night one of my sisters a girl of fourteen, died quite suddenly It was my first bereavement, and the shock to my heart was very great While friends and relations were sobbing and lamenting around me, I stood like one petrified, and plunged in a profound dream "Not one of the beings that ever lived in this world could escape the cold hand of death,' I thought, "I too may be snatched away at any time, and die Whither then shall I turn to alleviate this human misery? Where shall I find the assurance of, and means of attaining Moksha, the final bliss?" It was then and there that I came to the determination that I *would* find it, cost whatever it might, and thus save myself from the untold miseries of the dying moments of an unbeliever I now broke for ever with the mummeries of fasting and penance, but I kept my innermost thoughts a secret from everybody Soon after, an uncle, a very learned man, who had shown me great kindness, died also, his death leaving me with a still profounder conviction that there was nothing stable, nothing worth living for in this world

At this time my parents wished to betroth me The idea of married life had always been repulsive to me, and with great difficulty I persuaded my father to postpone my betrothal till the end of the year Though I wished to go to Benares to carry on my study of Sanskrit, I was not allowed to do so, but was sent to an old priest, a learned Pandit, who resided

about six miles from our town. There I remained for some time, till I was summoned home to find everything ready for my marriage. I was then twenty-one, and as I saw no other escape, I resolved to place an eternal bar between myself and marriage.

'Soon after I secretly left my home, and succeeded in escaping from a party of horsemen whom my father had sent after me. While travelling on foot, I was robbed by a party of begging Brâhmans of all I possessed, being told by them that the more I gave away in charities, the more my self-denial would benefit me in the next life. After some time I arrived at the town of Sayla, where I knew of a learned scholar named Lâlâ Bhagat, and with another Brahma*k*ârin, I determined to join his order.

'On my initiation I received the name of *S*uddha *K*aitanya (pure thought), and had to wear a reddish-yellow garment. In this new attire I went to the small principality of Kouthagangad, near Ahmadabad where to my misfortune I met with a Bairâgi (Vairâgin, hermit), well acquainted with my family. Having found out that I was on my way to a Mella (religious fair) held at Sidhpur, he informed my father, and while I was staying in the temple of Mahâdeva at Nîlaka*nth*a with Daradi Svâmi and other students, I was suddenly confronted by my father. In spite of all my entreaties he handed me over as a prisoner to some Sepoys whom he had brought with him on purpose. However, I succeeded in escaping once more, and making my way back to Ahmadabad, I proceeded to Baroda. There I settled for some time, and at Chetan Math (a temple) held several discourses with Brahmânanda and a number of Brahma*k*ârins and Sannyâsins, on the Vedânta

philosophy From Brahmânanda I learnt clearly that I am Brahman, the *g*îva (soul) and Brahman being one

'I then repaired to Benares and made the acquaintance of some of the best scholars there, particularly that of Sa*kk*idânanda Paramaha*m*sa On his advice I afterwards proceeded to Chânoda Kanyâli on the banks of the Narbada (Narmadâ), and met there for the first time with real Dîkshitas, initiated in the Yoga-philosophy I was placed under the tuition of Paramânanda Paramaha*m*sa, studying such books as the Vedânta-sâra, Vedânta-paribhâshâ [1], &c I then felt anxious to be initiated in the order of the Dîkshitas and to become a Sannyâsin, and though I was very young, I was with some difficulty consecrated, and received the staff of the Sannyâsin My name was then changed into Dayânanda Sarasvatî

'After some time I left Chânoda and proceeded to Vyasâsrama to study Yoga, ascetic philosophy, under Yogânanda I then spent some more time in practising Yoga, but in order to acquire the highest perfection in Yoga I had to return to the neighbourhood of Ahmadabad, where two Yogins imparted to me the final secrets of Yoga-vidyâ I then travelled to the mountain of Abu in Râjputân, to acquire some new modes of Yoga, and in 1855 joined a great meeting at Hardwâr [2], where many sages and philosophers meet for the study and practice of Yoga [3]

[1] These are not Yoga books, but very elementary treatises on Vedânta philosophy

[2] Every twelfth year when the planet Jupiter is in Aquarius, a great feast takes place at Hardwar called Kumbha melâ About 300 000 people are said to attend the festival See Hunter 'Imperial Gazetteer' s v Hardwar

[3] This practice of Yoga is described in the Yoga sûtras Much of it

'At Tidee, where I spent some time, I was horrified at meeting with meat eating Brâhmans, still more at reading some of their sacred books, the Tantras which sanction every kind of immorality

'I then proceeded to Srinagar, and taking up my abode at a temple on Kedár Ghat[1], I made the acquaintance of an excellent Sâdhu, called Gangâgiri with whom I studied and discussed philosophical books After two months I, in company with other ascetics, travelled further to Rudra Prayâga, till we reached the shrine of Agastya Muni Still further north is Sivapura, where I spent four months of the cold season, returning afterwards alone to Kedar Ghat and to Gupta Kâsi (hidden Benares)[2]'

After this follows a description of various journeys to the north, where in the recesses of the Himâlaya mountains Dayananda hoped to find the sages who are called Mahâtmas and are supposed to be in possession of the highest wisdom These journeys are described very graphically, but their details have been called in question, and may therefore be passed over That there are hermits living in the Himâlaya forests, that some of them are extremely learned, and that others are able to perform extraordinary acts of austerity, is well known But equally well known are the books which they study, and the acts of Yoga which they perform, and there is really no kind of mystery about them They themselves would be the last to claim any mysterious knowledge beyond what

consists in abstemiousness and regulation and suspension of breath From this arises tranquillity of mind, supernatural knowledge, and different states of ecstasy called Samadhi

[1] Was not this meant for Kedarnath?

[2] A sacred spot where the old town of Kâsi is supposed to lie buried

the *S*âstras supply Nor are such Mahâtmas to be found in the Himalayan recesses only India is full of men who seek retirement, dwell in a small cell or cave, sleep on the skin of a tiger or stag, abstain from flesh, fish, and wine, never touch salt, and live entirely on fruits and roots[1]

It is a pity that the rest of Dayânanda's autobiography has never been published It breaks off with his various travels, and is full of accounts of his intense sufferings and strange adventures He seems in the end to have lived on rice and milk, finally on milk only, but he indulged for a time in the use of bhang, hemp, which put him into a state of reverie from which he found it difficult to rouse himself Here and there we catch a curious glimpse of the religious feelings of the people 'One day,' he writes, when recovering from such a day-dream, I took shelter on the verandah opposite the chief entrance to the temple, where stood the huge statue of the Bull-god, Nandi Placing my clothes and books on its back I sat and meditated, when suddenly, happening to throw a look inside the statue, which was empty, I saw a man concealed inside I extended my hand towards him, and must have terrified him, as, jumping out of his hiding-place, he took to his heels in the direction of the village Then I crept into the statue in my turn and slept there for the rest of the night In the morning an old woman came and worshipped the Bull-god with myself inside Later on she returned with offerings of Gur (molasses) and a pot of Dahi (curd milk), which, making obeisance to me, whom she evidently mistook for the god himself, she offered

[1] See N C Paul, in the Theosophist, Feb 1882, p 133

and desired me to accept and eat. I did not disabuse her, but, being hungry, ate it all. The curd being very sour proved a good antidote for the bhang, and dispelled all signs of intoxication, which relieved me very much. I then continued my journey towards the hills and that place where the Narmadâ takes its rise.

We should like very much to have a trustworthy account of Dayânanda's studies from 1856, when we leave him in his autobiography, to 1880, when we find him again at Mirut (Theosophist, Dec. 1880). In 1881 we read of his public disputations in every part of India (Theosophist, March 1811). At a large convocation at Calcutta, about 300 Pandits from Gau*d*a, Navadîpa, and Kâsi discussed the orthodoxy of his opinions. Dayânanda Sarasvatî had somewhat modified his opinions as to the divine character of the Veda. He now held that, of the whole Vedic literature, the Mantras or hymns only should be considered as divinely inspired. The Brâhma*n*as seemed to him to contain too many things which were clearly of human origin, and in order to be consistent he admitted of the Upanishads also those only as of superhuman origin which formed part of the Sa*m*hitâs.

Such opinions and others of a similar character were considered dangerous, and at the meeting in question the following resolutions were carried against him:—

(1) That the Brâhma*n*as are as valid and authoritative as the Mantras, and that the other Sm*ri*tis or law-books are as valid and authoritative as Manu.

(2) That the worship of Vish*n*u, *S*iva, Durgâ, and other Hindu deities, the performance of the *S*râddha ceremonies after a death, and bathing in the Ganges, are sanctioned by the *S*âstras.

N 2

(3) That in the first hymn of the Rig-Veda, addressed to Agni, the primary meaning of Agni is fire, and its secondary meaning is God

(4) That sacrifices are performed to secure salvation

But although the decisions were adverse to Dayânanda, the writer of the report adds 'The mass of young Hindus are not Sanskrit scholars, and it is no wonder that they should be won over by hundreds to Dayânanda's views, enforced as they are by an oratorical power of the highest order and a determined will-force that breaks down all opposition'

In his later years he was not only a teacher and lecturer, but devoted his time to the publication of Sanskrit texts also He published the hymns of the Rig-Veda and Yagur-Veda, with a commentary of his own, the strange character of which has been touched upon before He also published controversial papers, all showing the same curious mixture of orthodoxy and free-thought He believed to the end in the inspiration of the Veda, though not of the whole of the Veda, but of certain portions only These portions he thought he was competent to select himself, but by what authority, he could not tell

He died at the age of fifty-nine, at Ajmere, at 6 p m on Tuesday, the 30th of October last There was a large funeral procession, the followers of Dayânanda chanting hymns from the Vedas The body was burned on a large pile Two maunds of sandal wood, eight maunds of common fuel, four maunds of ghee (clarified butter), and two and a half seers of camphor were used for the cremation

Whether Dayânanda's sect will last is difficult to say

The life-blood of what there is of national religion in India still flows from the Veda As in ancient times every new sect, every new system of philosophy was tested by the simple question, Do you believe in the superhuman (apaurusheya) origin of the Veda? so all the modern religious and philosophical movements, if they profess to be orthodox, are weighed in the same balance The Brahma-Samâj, after its surrender of the Veda, became *ipso facto* heterodox The Ârya-Samâj, though looked upon with suspicion, remains orthodox, at least so long as it upholds with Dayânanda Sarasvatî the divine character of the Veda

Those who are ignorant of what is going on beneath the mere surface, have often declared that the Vedas have ceased to be the Sacred Books of India, that they have been supplanted by Purâ*n*as and Tantras, and that they are hardly understood now by any native scholar The last assertion may be true in a certain sense, but for all the rest, those who know anything of the real issues of religion in India know, or ought to know, that they depend to-day, as three thousand years ago, on the Veda

The leader of the orthodox Ârya-Samâj, Dayânanda Sarasvatî, the determined champion of the literal inspiration of the Veda, was hardly dead before his followers flocked together from all parts of India to carry on their Vedic Propaganda[1] A meeting was held on November 8 with a view of establishing an Anglo Vedic College Between seven and eight thousand rupees, or, according to another statement, 38,282 rupees, were subscribed by those present An admirer of Dayânanda, living at Amritsir, promised ten

[1] See 'New Dispensation,' Nov 25, 1883

thousand rupees, and the Ferozepore Ârya-Samâj collected two thousand rupees. This Vedic College has for its object the revival of the knowledge of the ancient scriptures of the Hindus, and is to work by the side of, and in friendly accord with, Syed Ahmed Khan's Mohammedan College at Aligarh, and the numerous Christian Missionary Societies now established in India. The edition of the Ya*g*ur-veda-sa*m*hitâ, text, commentary, and translation, is to be continued from the manuscript left by Dayânanda. Of the Rig-veda-sa*m*hitâ the manuscript, as prepared by him, extends to the seventh Ma*nd*ala only.

India is in a process of religious fermentation, and new cells are constantly thrown out, while old ones burst and disappear. For a time this kind of liberal orthodoxy started by Dayânanda may last, but the mere contact with Western thought, and more particularly with Western scholarship, will most likely extinguish it. It is different with the Brâhma-Samâj, under Debendranâth Tagore and Keshub Chunder Sen. They do not fear the West, on the contrary, they welcome it, and though that movement, too, may change its name and character, there is every prospect that it will in the end lead to a complete regeneration in the religious life of India.

POSTSCRIPT, *January* 1894. From what has come to light after Dayânanda Sarasvatî's death I am afraid that he was not so simple-minded and straightforward in his work as a reformer as I imagined. The very facts of his autobiographical sketch have been questioned, though in the main they may have been correct. At all events the spirit which manifests itself among his followers who are numerous, is not the tolerant and enlightened spirit that found expression in the teaching of Rammohun Roy, and Keshub Chunder Sen and their attempt to make the old bones of the Vedic religion live again cannot meet with the approval of the true religious reformers of India. It is not unlikely that his intercourse with Mad. Blavatsky, which ended in a rupture, gave him a wrong idea of Christianity and made him a determined opponent of that religion.

BUNYIU NANJIO[1].

(Born 1849.)

Mr Bunyiu Nanjio, a young Buddhist priest from Japan, on whom the University of Oxford has just conferred the degree of M.A. *honoris causa*, has been residing at Oxford since February 1879. He had distinguished himself as a student in his monastery at Kioto by his knowledge of Chinese, which he speaks and writes like his native language. Some of his poems in Chinese are highly spoken of. He was selected therefore with one of his fellow-students, Kenjiu Kasawara, to proceed to England in order to learn English, and afterwards to devote himself to the study of Sanskrit. Both were priests, belonging to the Shin-shiu, a sect claiming more than ten millions of the thirty-two millions of Buddhists inhabiting Japan. It is the most liberal sect of Buddhism. It traces its origin back to a Chinese priest, Hwui-yuen, who, in A.D. 381, founded a new monastery in China, in which the Buddha Amitâbha (Infinite Light) and his two great apostles, Avalokitesvara and Mahâsthâmaprâpta, were worshipped. This new school was then called the 'White Lotus School,' and has since spread far and wide. Some of the friars belonging to it were sent to India to collect Sanskrit MSS., and several of these, containing sacred texts of Buddhism, particularly descriptions of Sukhâvatî, or the Land of Bliss, in which the believers

[1] See the *Times*, March, 1884.

in the Buddha Amitâbha hope to be born again, were translated from Sanskrit into Chinese. They form to the present day the sacred books of the White Lotus sect in China, Tibet, and Japan.

The fundamental doctrines of that sect may be traced back to the famous Patriarch Nâgârguna, who is supposed to have lived about the beginning of the Christian era. The Shin-shiu differ from other Buddhist sects by preaching a simple faith in the Buddha of Infinite Light as the shortest and safest road to salvation. 'There are innumerable gates,' Nâgârguna says, 'of the Law of Buddha, just as there are many paths in the world, either difficult or easy. To travel by land on foot is painful, but to cross the water by ship is pleasant. It is the same with the paths of the disciples. Some practise diligently religious austerities with pain and suffering, others are able to attain the state of "Never returning again," by easy practice, by faith in Buddha Amitâbha.'

After this doctrine of the White Lotus school had reached Japan in the seventh century, it branched off into different sects. The Shin-shiu, to which Mr. Bunyiu Nanjio belongs, dates from A.D. 1174. It was founded by Gen-ku (Honen), and became powerful and influential under his famous successor, Shin-ran (died 1262 A.D.) who gave to it the name of Shin-shiu or 'True Sect.'

The Sacred Books of the Buddhists in Japan are all, or nearly all, Chinese translations of Sanskrit originals. Many of these translations, however, are known to be very imperfect, either because the Chinese translators misapprehended the peculiar Sanskrit of the originals, or because the Indian translators were not able to express themselves correctly

in Chinese Hence the same texts had often to be translated again and again, and of one of the principal sacred texts used in Japan, the Sukhâvatî vyûha 'the Description of the Land of Bliss,' there are no less than twelve Chinese translations These translations differ from each other, each succeeding one claiming to be more correct than its predecessors

In former days Japan possessed some Sanskrit scholars who, whenever a theological difficulty arose, could consult the original Sanskrit texts But of late the study of Sanskrit has become completely extinct in that country as well as in China, and it was in order to revive it in their island that these young priests, Bunyiu Nanjio and Kenjiu Kasawara were sent to Europe After spending some years in London learning English, they came to me at Oxford with letters from the Japanese Minister and the late Dean of Westminster, and explained to me their wish to learn Sanskrit, and more particularly that peculiar Sanskrit and its various dialects in which the works forming the Buddhist Canon are composed I promised to help them as much as I could, and advised them, first of all to learn the ordinary Sanskrit in which such books as the Hitopadesa and *S*akuntalâ are written This they did with the help of a very able young Sanskrit scholar, Mr A Macdonell of Corpus Christi College After they had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the grammar, they came to me during the last four years, two or three times every week, reading the more difficult Sanskrit authors, and particularly Buddhist texts, most of which exist as yet in MSS only, and are written in various dialects as spoken in India at the time of the rise and spreading of Buddhism

These MSS were brought to England by Mr B H Hodgson, a marvellous man, whose name is known in every country of Europe as one of the greatest discoverers and benefactors in Oriental scholarship, and not in Oriental scholarship only, but in zoology, botany, and ethnology likewise, but is almost unknown in England, and not to be found even in the last edition of 'Men of the Time' He may, however, console himself in his happy old age (his article on the Languages of Nepal was published in 1828) with the conviction that he is one of the few Oriental scholars who are not Men of the Time only

Unfortunately the number and bulk of the Sanskrit MSS, constituting the Sacred Canon of the Buddhists, is enormous Burnouf in his great work which he modestly called an Introduction to the History of Buddhism, had made ample use of Mr Hodgson's MSS, and my two pupils set to work determinately to copy what seemed most valuable in the libraries at Oxford, Cambridge, London, and Paris Though these Sanskrit originals exist as yet, with few exceptions in MS only, the Chinese translations of the enormous Canon of the Sacred Books of the Buddhists have been published several times both in China and Japan, though it is doubtful whether any single scholar during a lifetime could ever read the whole of them In some of the Buddhist temples the volumes forming the Sacred Canon stand arranged on an enormous revolving book-case, like those which have lately been introduced from America into this country, and by giving it a push and making it revolve a man who enters the temple is supposed to acquire the merit of having perused the whole Canon

Mr Bunyiu Nanjio, among other useful works which he did during his stay at Oxford, compiled a complete catalogue of the gigantic Canon, called the Tripitaka or the Three Baskets. It contains 1662 separate works, some small, some immense. In each case the original Sanskrit title has been restored, the date of the translations, and indirectly the minimum dates of the originals also, have been fixed. This has led to a discovery which, as I tried to show in my Lectures, *India, what can it teach us?* has revolutionised nearly the whole of the history of Sanskrit literature. We know now that between the Vedic and the later Renaissance literature there lies a period of Buddhist literature, both sacred and profane, extending from about the first century before to the fifth century after Christ. Whoever wishes to study the growth of the Sanskrit language historically, must in future begin with the Veda, then work his way through the Tripitaka, and finish with Manu, *S*akuntala, and other works of the Renaissance period.

The Catalogue prepared by Mr Bunyiu Nanjio at the request of the Secretary of State for India, and printed at the Oxford University Press, is a work of permanent utility, a *magnum opus*, and has been welcomed in every country where Sanskrit is studied.

Besides this work, which took a great deal of time, Mr Bunyiu Nanjio and his friend Kenjiu Kasawara have prepared several Sanskrit texts for publication which we may hope will in time appear at Kioto in Japan. Unfortunately, Mr Kenjiu Kasawara, who returned to Japan last year, died there soon after his arrival. Mr Bunyiu Nanjio, who has been suddenly summoned to return to his monastery at Kioto, hopes

to establish a Sanskrit Printing Press, unless the Chinese system of wood-engraving should prove more advantageous even for publishing large Sanskrit texts Some of the shorter and more popular sacred texts have been published already by Mr Bunyiu Nanjio and myself in the *Anecdota Oxoniensia*, such as the Vagrakkhedikâ, the Diamond-Cutter, the Sukhavatî-vyûha, the Description of the Land of Bliss There is every reason to expect that his return to his native country will lead to a revival of Sanskrit scholarship, perhaps to a 'Revised Version,' and certainly to a more critical and truly historical study of Buddhism in the numerous monasteries, colleges, and temples of Japan

Mr Bunyiu Nanjio has gained the respect and friendship of all who knew him in England, and if his life be spared, he may still exercise a most beneficial influence at home He is a sincere Buddhist, and, as such, a sincere admirer of true Christianity I shall miss him very much But instead of singing the praises of my own pupil and friend, I prefer to give a few extracts from a letter written by a missionary who had made the acquaintance of these two Japanese students at Oxford, and who wrote to me from Formosa to express his grief on reading the obituary notice of Kasawara which I had sent to the *Times*

'My intercourse with Kasawara,' he writes, 'did not extend beyond half a year, but even in so short a time his pure character and gentle disposition drew me to him with an affection which I could hardly deem possible between men whose experience and faith differed so widely

'I found him and his friend Bunyiu Nanjio, extremely sensitive to everything that had the shadow of

immorality on it They were not blind to some things of this kind among a class of students at Oxford, and their hatred to everything of the kind was very keen

'We often conversed on religious matters, but they evidently disliked controversy, and would rather admit Christ to an equal place with Buddha than quarrel with a Christian friend I remember that one day I said to them, when dining with me in my room in Oxford, "Is it not strange to see us three together here—you two about to go forth as missionaries of Buddhism, and I as a missionary of Christianity?" I remember well how Kasawara smiled and said, "Yes, but the two religions have much in common—they are very similar" They were evidently grieved that I could not look so complacently on the difference between us

'When taking leave of them, I well remember their little presents, their kind wishes for a good journey to China, and for success in what they always called 'my holy work"'

I have little doubt that we shall hear more of Mr Bunyiu Nanjio after his return to Japan, and that he will reflect honour not only on his native country and his own monastery, but also on the University that has so generously adopted him among its honorary members

I asked my friend Bunyiu Nanjio before he left England to write down the principal events of his life, and as I believe that what he has written for me will be interesting to others also, allowing them an insight into the workings of a singularly good and amiable mind, I subjoin them here, with but few alterations and omissions

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF BUNYIU NANJIO, BY HIMSELF

(1849-1884)

I was born on the 12th day of the 5th Lunar month of the 2nd year of the Kayei period, 1849 A D, in a town called Ôgaki, in the province of Mino, Japan My father was a priest of the Shinshiu, who died in Kioto on the 19th October, 1883 He had four sons and a daughter, I was the third of his sons My great-grandfather, Tani Monjun by name, my grandfather Gijun, and my father Yeijun were in succession the possessors of a small temple, called Sei-un-zi This temple now belongs to my eldest brother Riôjun who will be succeeded by his eldest son, Kiôjun In our sect, the Shinshiu, the priesthood is hereditary, and each priestly family possesses a temple, which generally belongs to the eldest son The younger sons are often adopted by other priestly families which have no sons The same custom prevails widely among the laity also My elder brother, myself, and my younger brother were all adopted by three different priestly families

My mother is the eldest daughter of a priest of the Shinshiu sect My father was a good Chinese scholar and poet, and so is my eldest brother My knowledge of Chinese I owe almost entirely to their kind instruction at home from my first childhood to my fifteenth year After that I read many Chinese books by myself, and also began to lecture on the Chinese classics and historical works, as far as I could understand them

The following dates of some events in my life are present to my memory:—

In my sixth year, 1854, I could recite the 'Thirty Verses' composed by Shinran, the founder of the Shinshiu sect (who died in 1262 A.D.), and likewise Kumâragîva's Chinese translation of the Smaller Sukhâvatîvyûha. These are the first books which the boys of the Shinshiu priests have to learn to read and recite.

In my seventh year, 1855, I could read two more Chinese versions of the longer Sûtras, one of them being that of the Larger Sukhâvatîvyûha. In the same year I began to go to the private school which belonged to a learned Chinese scholar named Hishida Seiji. He was called by the people at large 'Sensei' (lit. 'before-born' or 'elder'), i.e. Master, without mentioning even his family name. I read with him the Chinese classics, the Four Books beginning with the Dai-gaku or the 'Great Learning.'

In my eighth and ninth years, 1856–57, I finished the reading of the Four Books of the Chinese classics, i.e. I had learnt how to pronounce all the Chinese characters in those books according to the Japanese way. I did not understand the meaning of the books yet. In these years I received two prizes for my reading of Chinese in the school.

In my tenth, eleventh and twelfth years, 1858–60, I finished the reading of the Five Kings of the Chinese classics, which I learnt mostly at home. I began to compose Chinese poems, and attend to the lectures of my father and eldest brother on the Chinese classics, on history and literature.

In my thirteenth year, 1861, my father opened a

private school, in which I was an assistant, for teaching younger boys to read Chinese

In my fourteenth and fifteenth years, 1862–63, I began to lecture on the history of China and Japan, as contained in Chinese writings

In my sixteenth year, 1864, I was ordered to preach sermons, or rather to recite some old sermons from memory This was the first step in my becoming a preacher

In my seventeenth year, 1865, I accompanied a good preacher to several places and had to preach sermons before he did This was very useful, as I could both preach myself and listen to the other preacher every day

In my eighteenth and nineteenth years, 1866–67, there began a great change in the social condition of Japan, as the Military Government of the Tokugawa family had no longer the power to control the whole country as it had done since the beginning of the seventeenth century As my native town, Ôgaki was then the seat of a Daimio or feudal lord, the priests of the Shinshiu sect under his dominion were ordered to form a priestly army I was at once selected to become a priestly soldier, and after a short time I was made an assistant of the teachers of the army I had to teach the recruits how to stand and how to run, how to form square or line, and how to discharge their guns This lasted about fifteen months The priestly army was disbanded towards the end of 1867 at the very outbreak of the Great Revolution, which was accomplished in 1868 I narrowly escaped being sent to fight at the battle at Kioto, but was soon released One benefit I derived from my military

career was that I became a very good walker and a strong man, free from all illness

Thus ended the first period of my life

In my twentieth year, 1868, I went to Kioto and entered the Theological College of the Eastern Hongwanji There I took the first or lower degree in the summer term I chiefly studied the principles of different schools of Buddhism

In my twenty-first year, 1869, I was still in the College, where I was elected a leader of the students of the first degree But I left the College after the summer term, and went back to my native town There I began to lecture on the Chinese classics and on history and literature to the young soldiers who had just returned from the civil war in the north-eastern provinces This tuition lasted till the end of 1870 I had daily about fifty or more hearers, with whom I spent the whole day, often even till midnight Any other books I wished to study I could only read after midnight till the morning Some nights I did not sleep at all This practice of lecturing gave me a good memory of the Chinese characters at least

In my twenty-second year, 1870, I preached a sermon every morning at the temple which belonged to my father Through this practice of preaching during a whole year I gained a great deal of experience I always took as my text one of the verses which had been sung in the morning-service immediately before my sermon I sometimes found it very hard to make the congregation satisfied with my explanations, but generally I believe I was understood by the people In the same year I continued my study of Chinese

with some of my friends among the young priests of the Shin shiu

In my twenty-third year, 1871, I was adopted by a learned priest, Nanjio Zhingo by name, who was then a Professor at the Theological College in Kioto already alluded to His family lived at a village in the mountains, called Kanegasu, in the Nanjio district of the province of Yechizen He is still the possessor of a temple in that village called Oku-nen-zhi, to which he succeeded as the eldest son of a learned priest, Riôô, who was also a Professor at the same College My adoptive father is now one of the two principal Professors at the Theological College of the Eastern Hongwanzi in Kioto, and Lecturer to the heir of the head-priest of the temple, viz the Eastern Hongwanzi My adoptive mother is the youngest daughter of a priest of the Shin-shiu My parents by adoption are now living in Kioto, and my father has entrusted the charge of his temple to another young priest[1]

[1] All the monasteries of the Buddhist sects in Japan, except those of the Shin shiu, are alike, i e each of them consists of a head priest and one or more disc ples or inferior priests without family as the name of monastery implies But the Shin shiu is peculiar, and while the appearance of its monasteries, viz the building the temple bell &c, is the same as with other sects, the head-priest and his family live alone in the building Therefore in our principal monastery, the Eastern Hongwanzi, there dwells the family of our head priest only He is the head of our subdivision, called the Tô ha, or the Eastern party or sect of the Shin-shiu

When we call ourselves the priests of the Eastern Hongwanzi, we only mean that we are the disciples or subject priests of the head priest of our sect who dwells in the said monastery My friend Kanematsu is the adopted son of the present head priest of the monastery Saihozi, so that I speak of it as his monastery

Mr Kasawara Ota, and I, are not the resident priests of the

In 1871 I was ordained and took the second or higher degree at my College in Kioto I then became a lecturer at a school for young priests in that city In the same year I lectured on both the Buddhist and Confucianist books in my adopted province Ye*k*izen I preached many hundreds of sermons at different places in the same province Each sermon lasted generally half an hour

In my 24th year, 1872, I was appointed an official priest in the Church Government of the Eastern Hongwanzi, and was the chief compiler of the Monthly Report, a paper which has continued to the present day In this office I became the fellow-labourer of Kenjiu Kasawara, who has ever since remained one of my truest and most helpful friends

In my 25th year, 1873, I went to the province of Ye*k*izen, following the Head-Priest of the Eastern Hongwanzi to Tôkio In the same year I became a preacher of our sect, but was obliged to go home in the winter, on account of my adopted mother s illness

In my 26th year, 1874, I lived with my poor sick mother in the province of Ye*k*izen, and according to her wish was married to the eldest daughter of a priest of the Shin-shiu I lectured and preached at several places in that province during this year

In my 27th year, 1875, I returned to the Church Government of the Eastern Hongwanzi in Kioto, and became a preacher of the tenth degree, receiving

Eastern Hongwanzi, but only the disciples or subject-priests of the head priest of that monastery Mr Kasawara is the son of the head priest of the Yenmzi, in the province Ye*kk*iu in which monastery he was born, and I am the adopted son of that of Okumenzi, in Ye*k*izen.

my appointment from the Minister of Religion in the Imperial Government

Thus ended the second period of my life

In my 28th year, 1876, I and my friend Kenjiu Kasawara were selected to be sent to Europe to study Sanskrit The members of the Church Government of the Eastern Hongwanji wished that the study of Sanskrit, the language in which the sacred writings of Buddhism were originally composed, should be revived in Japan, and as they had heard that that language was taught in the Universities of England, we were ordered to go to England rather than to India The order was formally conveyed to us by the Heir of the Head-Priest of the Eastern Hongwanji, who saw us off at Yokohama We left Yokohama with a Japanese friend, Mr Narinori Okoshi, on the 13th June, and arrived in London on the 11th August, 1876 At that time neither of us knew any English We therefore stayed at first in some English families, but our progress in learning English was very slow During our stay in London, Kasawara learnt a little of Latin and French, and I began to study Greek We also lectured several times at the Meetings of the Society of Japanese Students in England, which are held twice every month One of the addresses which I had delivered at that Society in Japanese was translated into English, and was read by my friend, Mr Arthur Diosy, at a Meeting of the Liberal Social Union, held on the 28th January at St George's Hall, Langham Place, London

In February, 1879, I went to Oxford, and paid my first visit to Professor Max Muller, carrying with me

a letter of introduction from the late Dean Stanley He at once allowed me to become one of his pupils, and he showed me in his library a copy of a Sanskrit-Chinese-Japanese vocabulary, with which he had long been occupied, and which was afterwards mentioned by him in his writings[1] I told him about the existence of some Sanskrit texts in Japan, and I was able afterwards to get sent to me from home at least five texts, besides several Dhâra*n*îs The five texts are—1 Sukhâvatî-vyûha, 2 Va*g*ra*kkh*edikâ, 3 the shorter Pra*g*ñâpâramitâ-h*ri*daya-sûtra, 4 the fuller text of the same Sûtra, and 5 Samantabhadra*k*ari-pra*n*idhâna

According to Professor Max Muller s direction I began to study the elements of Sanskrit with Mr Macdonell So did Kasawara, who came to Oxford in October, 1879 We also continued our study of English with Mr Linstead, and afterwards with Mr Westmacott

In the end of 1879, I brought to Professor Max Muller a copy of the text of the Smaller Sukhâvatî-vyûha, sent from Japan, and the Professor showed me in return a MS of the text of the Larger Sukhâvatî-vyûha belonging to the Bodleian Library This discovery was an almost inexpressible joy, not only to me and my friend Kasawara, but also to the priests and lay-people of the Pure-Land School in China and Japan I and Kasawara copied the text, and we collated our copy with four other MSS The result of this work was the edition of the Larger and Smaller Sukhâvatî-vyûha in the 'Anecdota Oxoniensia,' Aryan Series, Vol I, Part ii, 1883, by Professor Max Muller and

[1] Selected Essays, vol ii p 338

myself In Part I of the same series, the Professor edited the text of the Va*g*ra*kk*h*edikâ, from a MS sent from Japan, in 1881 He will publish in Part III the text of the Pra*gñ*âpâramitâ h*r*idaya-sûtra and Ush*n*î-sha-vi*g*aya-dhâra*n*î, from the ancient palm-leaves still in existence in Japan, together with the fuller text of the H*r*idaya-sûtra I hope myself to publish the Sanskrit text of the Samantabhadra*k*ari-pra*n*idhâna, with an English translation of one of its Chinese versions We shall then have printed texts of all our sacred books, and we may hope that Professor Max Muller will soon publish the English translations of them which he dictated to us

From 1880 to 1884, I and my friend Kasawara have constantly attended Professor Max Muller's private lectures, and read under his instruction the Sanskrit text of the Larger and Smaller Sukhâvatî-vyûha, Va*g*ra*kkh*edikâ, Lalita-vistara, Saddharmapu*n*-*d*arîka, Sânkhya-kârikâ, and several other books

In my 32nd year, 1880, I began to examine the Chinese translation of the Buddhist Tripi*t*aka at the India Office Library The result of this examination was the publication of 'A Catalogue of the Chinese Translation of the Buddhist Tripi*t*aka, the Sacred Canon of the Buddhists in China and Japan, compiled by order of the Secretary of State for India by Bunyiu Nanjio,' printed at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1883 The following notice in the *Saturday Review* will show the nature of the work —

'This Catalogue has been printed at the Clarendon Press with the new Chinese types cast from the matrices lately acquired in China through Professor Legge The work was undertaken at the request of

the Secretary of State for India, and is to serve, in the first instance, as a guide to the large collection of the Sacred Books of Buddhism which the Japanese Government presented to the India Office in 1875 This collection comprises the whole of the Sacred Canon of the Buddhists, translated into Chinese, and published in Japan, and consists of no less than 1662 separate works All these works, with few exceptions, were originally written in Sanskrit, but in many cases the Sanskrit originals are now lost After Buddhism had been introduced and recognised in China in the first century of our era, the sacred texts were translated from Sanskrit into Chinese under imperial auspices, and in later times collected, catalogued, and published The first collection dates from the year 518 A D, the oldest catalogue still in existence was made in 520 A D, and the *editio princeps* of the whole Sacred Canon was published in 972 A D When Japan had been converted to Buddhism in the sixth century, the Chinese Canon was adopted there, and several editions of the whole collection have since been published in that island One which is now being brought out in Japan, by subscription, may be seen in the Bodleian Library

'Mr Bunyiu Nanjio was entrusted with the compilation of this Catalogue by the Secretary of State for India, and has performed his task with great diligence, showing an accurate knowledge of Chinese and Sanskrit The Sanskrit of the Buddhist texts is very ancient, and differs widely from the later Sanskrit of Manu or Kâlidâsa Most of these texts are known as yet in MSS only, which were brought to Europe many years ago by Mr Hodgson, the East India Company's Resident in

Nepal Mr Bunyiu Nanjio has not only prepared a complete catalogue of this enormous Canon, but he has restored most of the original titles in Sanskrit, a task of great difficulty, though considerably facilitated by Stanislas Julien's classical work, *Méthode pour déchiffrer les noms Sanscrits dans les livres Chinois* He has also fixed the dates of most of the Chinese translations, and thereby rendered a lasting service to all students of Sanskrit, by enabling them to fix certain land-marks in the history of Indian literature In this respect his Catalogue will form a new starting-point in the study of Indian history and Indian literature'

In my 33rd year, 1881, I compiled a small 'Catalogue of Japanese and Chinese Books and MSS lately added to the Bodleian Library' This was published at the Clarendon Press in the same year

In September of that year, I and Kasawara accompanied Professor Max Muller, who had been sent to represent the University of Oxford at the Fifth Orientalists Congress at Berlin After that we went to Paris with Professor Max Muller, and copied at the *Bibliothèque Nationale* the whole of the Mahâvyutpatti, a useful Sanskrit-Tibetan-Chinese-Mongolian vocabulary, consisting of about 10,000 Buddhist technical terms and proper names Besides this, I copied the text of the Buddha*k*aritakâvya by A*s*vaghosha, and afterwards collated my copy with a MS at the University Library, Cambridge I copied also the first half of the Suvar*n*aprabhâsa, and completed it from another MS last year Kasawara made extracts from the Lankâvatâra Kasawara and I stayed in Paris for six weeks, and worked very hard It

was at that time that Kasawara's health began to fail After our return to Oxford Professor Max Muller, who had been at work for some time on the Dharmasangraha, a collection of Buddhist technical terms, handed over his materials to Kasawara, and advised him to prepare an edition of it Kasawara did this in 1882, before his departure from Oxford for Japan[1], and he also copied the whole MS of the Abhidharma-kosa-vyâkhyâ

In my 34th year, 1882, I became a member of the Royal Asiatic Society in London I discovered a palm-leaf MS of the Saddharmapu*nd*arîka at the British Museum, and partly copied, partly collated it I and Kasawara copied the whole text of the same Sûtra from the Royal Asiatic Society's MS, and we collated our copy with two complete MSS and one incomplete MS at the University Library, Cambridge

In August, 1882, Mr Riogon Kanao, a Japanese priest of the Shin-shiu, came to Oxford from Japan

In September, Kasawara, who had been suffering much, was advised by his doctor to leave Oxford for Japan

In December, Mr Riôhô Sugé, another Japanese priest of the same sect, came to Oxford from Japan

In my 35th year, 1883, being now left alone at Oxford, I copied the Suvar*n*aprabhâsa and Lankâvatâra During this year the printing of my Catalogue of the Chinese Tripi*t*aka took up much of my time, and I worked hard with Professor Max Muller

[1] The materials collected by Kasawara have since been published by me in the *Anecdota Oxoniensia* 1885, with the assistance of the late Dr Wenzel I thought this would be the best and most lasting monument of my departed pupil

at the edition of the Sukhâvatî-vyûha A copy of my Catalogue was presented to the Emperors of China and Japan, to the King of Siam, and also to many scholars and learned societies in Europe and Asia

During the years 1880 to 1883, I made literal English translations of several Chinese versions of the Buddhist works, such as the Larger and Smaller Sukhâvatî-vyûha, the Amitâyur-dhyâna-sûtra, a few chapters of the Lalita-vistara, and many others I also translated the Chinese verses by Shinran, the founder of the Shin-shiu sect in Japan

On the 16th day of July, 1883, Kenjiu Kasawara died, in his 32nd year, in Tôkio This sad news reached me in September

On the 19th October, my real father died in his 67th year in Kioto This sad news reached me in December

In my 36th year, 1884, I collated my copy of the Saddharmapu*nd*arika with the MS lent to me by Mr Watters, the British Consul at Formosa This collation was finished in January last

On the 28th Feb last, I received a letter from my adoptive father telling me that I should return to Japan this spring, as my adoptive mother was seriously ill and might not recover from her illness My real mother also was anxious to have me back as soon as possible, and insisted on my leaving England Lastly, the Head-Priest of the Eastern Hongwan*z*i, after Kasawara's death, had expressed his decided wish that I should return to Japan without delay

Nothing remains for me but to obey I should have wished to continue my study of Sanskrit till

the end of 1885, and I had formerly received leave to do so I also wished to spend some time in India before returning to Japan, and then hoped to join Kasawara at home How changeable this world is!

I shall now leave Oxford, and be again at Yokahama next May, if there is no more change In June next I hope to be with my relations and friends at home, after an absence of full eight years

Thus the third period of my life as a student in a foreign country will be ended For this most eventful and not the least fruitful period of my life I am indebted to the kindness of Professor Max Muller, and to the generous instruction and help which I have constantly received from him during the last five years in Oxford Since my arrival in England in August, 1876, I have received much kindness from other friends also, to whom I return my best thanks

In conclusion, I hope to be allowed to tell an anecdote concerning myself From my earliest childhood, my mother has always told me that on my birthday there was a meeting of many friends of my father's, who were scholars and poets When they were informed that my mother had given birth to a boy, they all said this boy would become fond of literary work, as he was born on the day of a great literary meeting My mother always concluded this story with the following words 'Thus your father's friends are all expecting you to become a scholar, and you must be diligent therefore in your study' These tender words of my mother have always been before my mind since my childhood, and though I cannot tell whether I shall ever become such a

scholar as my father's friends expected from my birthday, I wish at least to do my best so long as my life lasts and my health is not entirely broken I shall try to follow the good words of a learned Chinese Buddhist priest, who says, 爲法不爲身 i-hô-fu-i-shin, i e '(I do my best) for the sake of the Law, but not for my own sake[1]'

I shall be thirty-five years old on the 12th day of May next

BUNYIU NANJIO,
of the Eastern Hongwanzi,
Kioto, Japan

12 March 1884
OXFORD

[1] See No 1530 of my Catalogue of the Chinese Tripitaka

A CHINESE POEM BY BUNYIU NANJIO

感懷九疊韻

(1) 東人未試五天游

(2) 纔有梵書伴旅裘

(3) 道樹關心望萬里

(4) 固林絶跡送千秋

(5) 運徼皇子没邊地

(6) 時異高僧老故州

(7) 留學於吾已過分

(8) 願無蛇尾附龍頭

Translation

(1) 'I, a man of the East, do not yet try to travel through the five (ancient) parts of India,

(2) But have only a few Sanskrit books and clothes for my journey,

(3) There is a tree of knowledge[1], which I think of and long for even from the distance of 10,000 li,

(4) There is a forest of the "firm" trees[2], where the footprint of a traveller (such as Hiouenthsang[3]) might have vanished a thousand years since

(5) Fate was so bad, that the (Japanese) prince died in a remote country region,

(6) Time was so different (from ours), that the eminent priest grew old in his own country

(7) Now my stay and study here are already above my desert,

(8) So, I hope, that the tale of a snake will not join with the head of a dragon'

[1] The famous Bodhi tree in India under which *S*akyamuni obtained Buddhahood or perfect enlightenment

[2] The *S*ala trees under which Buddha obtained Nirvâ*n*a, i e died Both are famous places of pilgrimage

[3] The famous Chinese pilgrim who travelled in India between 629 and 645

NOTES ON THE POEM

The two parallel lines (i.e. the fifth and sixth) mention two Japanese priests, who intended to go to India, but without success. The one (in the fifth line) was called Shinnyo Shinnô, or the Prince Shinnyo. He was the third son of the fifty-first Mikado (lit. 'honourable (mi), gate (kado),' cf. the Porte with the Turks), Heizei Tennô (reigned A.D. 806–809), and the fourth of the ten great disciples of Kukai, better known by his posthumous title Kôbô Daishi (died A.D. 835). He, 'in order to perfect his knowledge of Buddhist literature, undertook a journey, not only to China, but to India, but died before he reached that country'—'Selected Essays,' vol. ii. p. 342. An account concerning his life is given in the Honcho-kô sô-den, i.e. 'Memoirs of the eminent Japanese Priests,' book 67, fol. 8 b.

The other priest (in the sixth line) was Hôtan by name. He is very well known among the Japanese priests. I have heard that, about two centuries ago, Hôtan ardently wished to go to India to learn Sanskrit there. With this object he sent a written petition to the military government in Yedo (the present Tôkio, or the 'Eastern capital' of Japan), because this government was then so powerful that all the administration of public affairs was in its hand. But his desire was not gratified, because at that time 'crossing the ocean' (i.e. a journey for a foreign country) was strictly prohibited in our country.

Hôtan was an extraordinary man. He was formerly a priest of the Tendai sect or school. He used to live at a post-town called Ôtsu, in the province of Ômi, on the Biwa

lake, and studied there very hard One day, during a thunder-storm, there came a young woman who asked him to allow her to take shelter in his house Hôtan answered her from the inside of the door without seeing her face But he was already unable to restrain his passion, having heard the amiable voice of the woman Then he at once threw a handful of inflammable powder on his body and set it on fire He cried out loudly and fell down The young woman was very much frightened, opened the door, and found him almost breathless She hastily sprinkled some cold water on him and put out the fire She nursed him carefully till he came to himself again Then he told her all the circumstances of his action When she got home she told her parents what had happened They admired him very much, and gave him a certain sum of money, by which he was entirely free from poverty

While he was studying on the Hiyei mountain (where the principal temple was built in A D 788, and is still in existence, though it has been restored several times since), Hôtan once attended a course of lectures of his teacher on a certain book On the first day of the course, hearers were crowded in the lecture-hall, but their number decreased every day At length there was not a single hearer except Hôtan Then the teacher wanted to stop his lecture, but Hôtan said to him, 'Will you wait till to-morrow? I shall be able to bring some hearers here' Early on the next morning he brought with him numerous earthen images of priests, and placed them in the lecture hall here and there Having done this he sat down in the middle of these images and waited for the lecturer No sooner did the teacher see this arrangement, than he blamed his pupil severely for performing such a childish trick Then Hôtan answered him, saying, 'All the priests who live in the monasteries on this mountain (formerly 3000 in number) are like these earthen images, so that there is almost no

difference between the former days, when they were crowded here, and the present During all the time there has been only one good listener, and that was I' By this answer the teacher was very much moved, and went on with his lectures till the end of the course

At this time there seemed to exist in Japan only one copy, either MS or wood-cut book, of the two famous Chinese commentaries on Hiouenthsang's translation of the Abhidharmakoshaśâstra (which translation was made about A D 650) One of these commentaries was written by Phukwang (Fukô, in Japanese), a disciple of the translator, and the other by Fapao (Hôhô, in Japanese), a rival of the former commentator each in thirty books or thin volumes The copy of these commentaries was then preserved in an old library belonging to a temple at Nara (formerly also called Nanto, or the 'southern capital,' because this place was used as the imperial capital of Japan from A D 710 till 861, and is situated on the south of Kioto, or Saikio, i e the 'western capital' of Japan) The copy was so valued that no one was allowed even to look at it But Hôtan desired not only to read the commentaries, but also to copy them He therefore gave money to the keeper of the library, entered secretly, and was engaged in copying the rare copy day and night

Some say that there is a poem composed by Hôtan and written in his copy of these commentaries In this poem he says that he was so busy in making his copy that he knew nothing of worldly matters He could only tell that it was a new year when he heard 108 sounds of temple-bells (This number is still struck at the dawn of New Year's Day in certain temples in Japan My father's temple is one of these in which this number is observed)

Some also say, that when the paper which he brought into the library for his copy was all used up, Hôtan did not venture to go out to fetch more, lest he should be dis-

covered and prevented from continuing his work For this reason he took his long white robe off and used it instead of paper, writing on it from the collar and sleeves to the skirt, without leaving any part uncovered

By such patience he copied the whole of the two large commentaries, and afterwards published them All who study the Abhidharmakosha*s*âstra in Japan have ever since been under deep obligation to him

However, Hôtan afterwards changed his mind and became a priest of the Kegon school (i e the school which was founded by a Chinese priest depending on the Kegongio or the Buddhâvata*m*sakavaipulyasûtra, which school no longer exists in Japan) He then constantly criticised and refuted the tenets of his own and other schools, and wrote many books Some people, therefore, do not consider him a safe authority

There is a work entitled Mio-dô-satsu, or the 'Document for leading (others),' written by him In this he refutes the principles of the Shin-shiu, or the 'true sect' Soon after this work was published, there was a lecturer (i e the head of the college) of the Shin-shiu, *K*iku by name, who wrote a book entitled Sesshio-hen, or the 'Book for breaking or stopping a rush (of the other),' in which he answered him Hotan then produced his second work on the same subject, under the title of Raifu, or the 'Axe of Thunder' Then *K*iku wrote the Shio-rô-hi or the 'Laughing at the arms of a praying maniac,' and ridiculed him

Among the numerous works of Hôtan, however, there is a very useful one (in eight books) entitled In-mio-niu-shio-ri-ron-sho-zui-gen ki, or the 'Record of the auspicious source of the commentary on the Nyâyapravesatâraka*s*âstra (No 1216) It is a commentary on the famous Chinese commentary on that treatise on Logic, by Kweiki (Kiki, in Japanese), the principal disciple of Hiouenthsang, who trans lated the Sanskrit treatise about A D 650

The above account concerning the life of Hôtan has a somewhat legendary aspect I am not quite sure whether the whole of it is true or not But I have written down all that I have hitherto heard of him, or have seen in his works

BUNYIU NANJIO

OXFORD,
12 *March*, 1881

KENJIU KASAWARA[1]

(1851–1883)

THE last mail from Japan brought me the news of the death of my young friend and pupil, Kenjiu Kasawara, and though his name is little known in England, his death ought not to be allowed to pass unnoticed Does not Mr Ruskin say quite truly that the lives we need to have written for us are of the people whom the world has not thought of—far less heard of—who are yet doing the most of its work, and of whom we may learn how it can best be done? The life of my Buddhist friend was one of the many devoted, yet unfulfilled lives, which make us wonder and grieve, as we wonder and grieve when we see the young fruit trees in our garden, which were covered with bright blossoms, stripped by sudden frost of all their beauty and promise

Kenjiu Kasawara was a young Buddhist priest who, with his friend Bunyiu Nanjio, was sent by his monastery in the year 1876 from Japan to England, to learn English in London, and afterwards to study Sanskrit at Oxford They both came to me in 1879, and in spite of many difficulties they had to encounter they succeeded, by dint of hard and honest work, in mastering that language, or at least so much of it as was necessary for enabling them to

[1] See 'Times' Sept 22, 1833, and 'Pali Text Society's Journal,' 1883

read the canonical books of Buddhism in the original—that is, in Sanskrit. At first they could hardly explain to me what their real object was in coming all the way from Japan to Oxford, and their progress was so slow that I sometimes despaired of their success. But they themselves did not and at last they had their reward. Kasawara's life at Oxford was very monotonous. He allowed himself no pleasures of any kind, and took little exercise; he did not smoke, or drink, or read novels or newspapers. He worked on, day after day, often for weeks seeing no one and talking to no one but to me and his fellow-worker, Mr. Bunyiu Nanjio. He spoke and wrote English correctly, he learnt some Latin, also a little French, and studied some of the classical English books on history and philosophy. He might have been a most useful man after his return to Japan, for he was not only able to appreciate all that was good in European civilisation, but retained a certain national pride, and would never have become a mere imitator of the West. His manners were perfect—they were the natural manners of an unselfish man. As to his character, all I can say is that, though I watched him for a long time, I never found any guile in him, and I doubt whether, during the last four years, Oxford possessed a purer and nobler soul among her many students than this poor Buddhist priest. Buddhism may, indeed, be proud of such a man. During the last year of his stay at Oxford I observed signs of depression in him, though he never complained. I persuaded him to see a doctor, and the doctor at once declared that my young friend was in an advanced stage of consumption, and advised him to go home. He never

flinched, and I still hear the quiet tone in which he said, 'Yes, many of my countrymen die of consumption' However, he was well enough to travel and to spend some time in Ceylon, seeing some of the learned Buddhist priests there and discussing with them the differences which so widely separate Southern from Northern Buddhism But after his return to Japan his illness made rapid strides He sent me several dear letters, complaining of nothing but his inability to work His control over his feelings was most remarkable When he took leave of me, his sallow face remained as calm as ever, and I could hardly read what passed within But I know that after he had left, he paced for a long time up and down the road, looking again and again at my house, where, as he told me, he had passed the happiest hours of his life Yet we had done so little for him Once only, in his last letter, he complained of his loneliness in his own country 'To a sick man,' he wrote, 'very few remain as friends' Soon after writing this he died, and the funeral ceremonies were performed at Tokio on the 18th of July

He has left some manuscripts behind, which I hope I shall be able to prepare for publication, particularly the 'Dharmasangraha,' a glossary of Buddhist technical terms, ascribed to Nâgârguna[1] But it is hard to think of the years of work which are to bear no fruit, still harder to feel how much good that one good and enlightened Buddhist priest might have done among the thirty-two millions of Buddhists in Japan *Have, pia anima!* I well remember how last year we watched together a glorious sunset from the

[1] Published since in 'Anecdota Oxoniensia,' 1883

Malvern Hills, and how, when the Western sky was like a golden curtain, covering we knew not what, he said to me, 'That is what we call the Eastern gate of our Sukhâvatî, the Land of Bliss' He looked forward to it, and he trusted he should meet there all who had loved him, and whom he had loved, and that he should gaze on the Buddha Amitâbha—i e 'Infinite Light'

OXFORD, *Sept* 20, 1883

LETTERS FROM KENJIU KASAWARA

LLANTRISSANT HOUSE, KINGSTON ROAD, OXFORD
26 *July*, 1882

MY DEAR SIR,

I am in receipt of your letter I cannot adequately express my thanks for your ever unfailing kindness It grieves me very much that I am unable to pursue my studies here as long as I hoped and was allowed to do To lose but one year is a great loss to me, whose object it was to acquire a knowledge of that branch of literature which is vitally important for the religion I belong to, and which cannot better be obtained than through your instruction I have passed two valuable years and a half with you It has been no small patience on your part to watch all the time so slow a progress as I made in learning Sanskrit I am well aware that my age—besides my inability—is passed for acquiring a new language, for which no previous knowledge, if I had any, can help Moreover, my course of study has been more or less hindered through the want of good texts Time alone, therefore, may have

enabled me to be successful There was a brief time for me yet to pass in Oxford, and that time is now to be cut short

But we cannot fight against Nature Is it not, on the other hand, a great boon of Nature that I, who am naturally weak, should have passed so long in England without much bodily suffering? If this mischievous disease had befallen me but a year and a half earlier, all my object might have been rendered almost useless I must be satisfied with things as they are It remains, therefore, that I should continue what I have begun with the utmost zeal in my native land, and try by all means to make what I have gained acceptable to my friends in Japan, and to fulfil the hopes you kindly express in your letter

Believe me, Sir,

I am your obliged pupil,

K KASAWARA

P S I am going up to London to-morrow by the 4 o'clock train, p m

HOTEL RICHEPANCE
14 RUE RICHEPANCE PARIS,
14 *Sept* 1882

MY DEAR SIR,

Last Saturday morning I left Oxford by the 9 o'clock train for London, and took lodgings in Lancaster Road, Notting Hill After three days' stay, I left London on Tuesday last by the 8 15 a m train from Charing Cross My voyage was via Folkestone and Boulogne The sea was calm, and the voyage would have been more pleasant if it had not rained so miserably all the while The sky, however, gradually cleared up towards Paris I arrived in that city

a few minutes after five o'clock I was met by two of my countrymen at the Gare du Nord, for I had written to one of them about my coming here They are merchants, both being men from a town (in Japan) about ten miles from my native place They are staying in the same hotel where I am now

The sights of Paris are quite familiar to me, as if I had been here but yesterday It is exactly one year since you, my friend Nanjio, and I came here last time Time flies, and so do our lives I am leaving here to-morrow morning for Marseilles, but I intend to stay a few hours at Lyon, to see Mr Ymaizoumi there I shall have three Japanese companions on board the steamer Iraouaddy, a curious mixture of a noble, a soldier, a merchant, and myself a priest

Yesterday I went to the Société Asiatique, but I found no one there A girl came up to me and shook her head Then I went to a bookseller's shop (which you know) in the neighbourhood to make inquiries People in the shop told me that the Society is only open on Saturday I was puzzled, for I could not stay here till Saturday Then I carried your manuscript to the Japanese Legation, intending to entrust it to our Minister But on my going there I learnt he would leave Paris last night for Vienna There I saw Mr Oyama, an attaché whom I know well since last year, and he was quite willing to take care of the manuscript for me

I cannot adequately express my thanks for your instruction, your liberality, and the kindness of you and your family during my long stay in Oxford These quiet three years will ever remain in my

memory as the most important epoch in my life It is needless to say I felt very unhappy when I said farewell to you all I lingered at your gate, and looked eagerly in the dark at your house, on the threshold of which I had stepped so often and so happily I shall never again hear your living voice, I shall never again see the lovely city of Oxford, but I shall communicate with you as often as possible, and shall always be delighted when I hear from you

I am, Sir,

Your most obliged pupil,

K KASAWARA

23 *Sept* 1882
In the afternoon

MY DEAR SIR,

I wrote a letter to you from Paris, and I hope it has reached you in time I left that city on the 15th in the morning, and arrived at Marseilles early the next day In this place I had sufficient time to walk about and to take a drive on the coast round the town, but early on the following day I, with three other Japanese embarked on board the steamer Iraouaddy, which left the coast a little after 10 o'clock a m

I feel almost recovered from my recent weakness since my arrival at Marseilles, and am enjoying the voyage very much There are about fifty passengers in the first class, forty in the second, and thirty in the third The first and second class passengers share in common a spacious portion on the deck, where we sit on chairs, hold conversation, or walk to and fro, where

some sing and some play on the piano Food is good and ample, consisting of coffee or tea with 'petit pain' in the morning, 'déjeûner a la fourchette' at 9, dinner at 5, and tea with biscuits at 8 o clock in the evening I get up before 6 o clock, and generally take a sea-water bath, either hot or cold, every morning

I got an English newspaper (of Saturday last) at Naples in which I read, 'The war is over in Egypt' This morning I had a walk in Port Said, where all was quiet

From each port above mentioned I wrote a letter to Mr B Nanjio Now I am writing this to you while the steamer is passing the canal, which we entered at 11 o clock The heat is becoming intense day after day

There is nothing important to describe except some trifling incidents in our society of mixed nationalities, confined within the small space the boat can afford

This letter is to be posted from Suez, and I shall write you another from Ceylon

I present my best compliments to your family

I am, Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

K KASAWARA

COLOMBO, CEYLON,
22 *Oct* 1882

MY DEAR SIR,

I arrived in Ceylon on the 8th last, and remained there during a fortnight As my intention was to see some old temples and ruins there, I spent the

greater part of these days in travelling about I visited Kandy, a town about seventy-two miles from Colombo There is a temple in which one of Buddha's teeth is kept, but, owing to the recent death of the keeper, I could not see it At a distance of about sixteen miles from Kandy there is a small town named Mâtale, and there I visited a rock-temple called Ala Vihâra, in which it is said the Pi*t*akas were first committed to writing The railway does not extend any farther than this place In going to Anurâdhapura, I was obliged to take the bull-coach which regularly leaves Mâtale once a day for Anurâdhapura It is a sort of omnibus, but too small even for one person, as he has to pass a night in it The distance between those places is only sixty miles, but the coach takes seventeen hours in reaching the end of the journey During this journey, a traveller like myself finds no place to get food But Anurâdhapura is a place worth visiting It is full of ruins of grand buildings I saw there that old Bo-tree which Fa-hian saw one thousand four hundred years ago I remained there two days, sufficient for seeing all the Buddhist remains Although I found now only three priests near the ruins of the Mahâvihâra, I have no doubt that the Vihâra had, at the time of the Chinese pilgrim, some 600 inmates, as the enormous sizes of the granite alms-vessels, for instance, clearly show us that there were once great multitudes of priests in those Vihâras, who partook of their contents

On my return from this journey I remained at Colombo only two or three days I often saw the high priest Sumangala, who was passing the vassa (Lent) in a place near Colombo He was teaching about

sixty of his pupils there He speaks, as I was told, both Sanskrit and Pâli I presented him with a copy of the Va*g*ra*kkh*edikâ, and he read it, at the same time rendering it into English While reading it, he said, 'It is not one of the Holy Books, it is not written in pure Sanskrit' He and some other Buddhists earnestly advised me to stop in the island to learn Pâli I saw other priests, but Sumangala seems to be the most renowned there

There is one Colonel Olcott, an American, who professes himself to be a Buddhist In India and in Ceylon he has formed a great many branches of the Theosophical Society of which he is the founder I do not know his real motives, but, at all events, he has roused the Buddhists of the island from their slumber He is working hard, and preaching almost daily in different places But I had no chance of seeing him during my stay here, although he was willing to see me, as he expressed it in his letter from some distant place to one of his friends at Colombo

After all, I was much pleased with this my stay in Ceylon, and I think I learned some things there which otherwise I could not learn in Japan Some Buddhists at Colombo showed me kindness and civility, and promised to keep up communication with me hereafter

The steamer Sindh, of the Messageries Maritimes Company, arrived in the harbour yesterday, two days earlier than it was expected I hastily embarked on board the steamer The ship is still in the harbour, but, as I do not find anybody who would go to shore and post this letter for me I shall forward it from

the next station, that is, from Singapore The ship will leave here very soon

I remain, Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

K KASAWARA

TOKIO JAPAN
25 *Nov* 1882

MY DEAR SIR,

After twenty-six days' voyage since I left Ceylon, I safely arrived at Yokohama at seven o'clock in the evening on the 17th last As I wrote to you before, at the time when I was in Ceylon, I thought I was nearly recovered from my disease But this was an illusion After the Sindh arrived at Singapore the weather became very changeable, and after we left Hong-kong the wind was so strong that the steamer could not resist it, and three times was obliged to take refuge in some small Chinese harbours All the while I felt myself weak, although by that time I had become quite a good sailor The cough was often troublesome, which proved to be the returning symptom of my former condition There were two or three unnaturally warm days, which made me very ill

After two days' stay at Yokohama, where I had something to do with my luggage, I came to Tokio In Tokio I find one old friend now remaining, who is a priest of our sect (and who had chiefly taken charge of sending money to Nanjio and me while in Europe) Even he has now no longer any connexion with the affairs of Higashi Hong-wan-zi He however kindly came to the railway station to meet me when I arrived in Tokio Next morning (21st) I went to consult Mr Ikeda, one of the Imperial physicians,

and he carefully examined my chest and back He was of opinion that my condition has lately been aggravated, and that I should avoid the coming winter in some warmer place I thought I might go to Kobe, which was at once healthy and near Kioto But he said Kioto was worse, and that he should rather recommend me, had I not returned from those regions, to go to Ceylon or Saigon, as Japan was hardly a better place than England with regard to cold weather He said, as I was here, I might go to Atami, a place far better than Kobe, only twenty-seven Japanese or about fifty English miles from Tokio, where I might remain till next March, but without doing any work I had been quite prepared for hearing such words of the doctor, otherwise alarming I therefore determined to hurry to Atami I need not say that it has been an unpleasant thing to me to return home on account of my illness, but I should have been consoled if I had found a brighter state of things at home on my arrival I expected to see Ishikawa Shuntai in Tokio (who was my teacher and advised us to go to Europe), but to my great disappointment he too has taken part in the recent quarrels, and is now in extreme difficulties I am writing a long letter to Mr B Nanjio, and shall inform him of these things at length

My dim recollection of the mazy streets of Tokio does not enable me to find places I want to go to In fact I know Tokio less than London Besides, I am forbidden to go out except from 11 to 4 o'clock, nor does anything attract me I have taken my lodgings in one of our paper houses The room I use is roofed very low, where a small man like me seems like a giant Three sides of the room are sheltered with

sliding paper screens, and the other side is divided into two portions One is made a covert, and the other a niche in which an image on paper is hung, and a porcelain pot placed, with flowers in it As I have passed one fifth part of my life in Europe, my habits have been Europeanised What is most inconvenient at present is, to sit down on my calves, as our rooms are not furnished with tables and chairs I am almost unable to write and read at a Japanese desk nine inches high It is highly injurious to lung diseases I have not yet put on a Japanese dress As you know, Tokio is not my home I must have complete suits of Japanese clothes newly made, top split socks, girdle, clogs, etc If I send to my home for those things, they will not come to me in less than thirty days

I have seen very few people here Some of the young students who are priests by birth, and are studying English in Tokio at the expense of the monastery at Hong-wan-zi, have sometimes come to see me It is somewhat strange that most of them are destined to study philosophy Every one of them speaks of Mill and Spencer, as if there were not more sensible men in the world I cannot say anything as yet of the prospect of the study of Sanskrit here, and those young philosophers do not at present seem to have any desire for learning Sanskrit We must endeavour to break the earth for our cultivation, but this is a land of frequent earthquakes and destructions

I shall write to you something more very soon

I am, Sir,

Your obedient pupil,

KENJIU KASAWARA

ATAMI, JAPAN
7 *Dec* 1882

MY DEAR SIR,

I have made inquiries about the old palm-leaves and the destiny of the copy of the Kathâvatthupakâr-ana-atthakathâ, presented by you to the Higashi Hong-wan-zi through our Minister Iwakura

As to the former, you have I suppose been informed of the matter before, viz that it was privately granted by the Minister to photograph the palm-leaves (which formerly belonged to the Horiuji monastery) The reason why it was delayed is this The old leaf is now, as you know, among the imperial treasures at Nara, which no one has access to but by imperial order It was intended, as I am told, to bring them to Tokio, and some months ago an officer was actually despatched for Nara The officer, however, resigned his office before he left Tokio, and his resignation was granted while he was *en route* This altered everything He went to Kioto on some other business without staying at Nara I do not know whether this matter is considered to be not a very pressing business, but it is certain that no officer has since been despatched for the purpose Unless the palm-leaves are brought to Tokio, there will be no chance of their being photographed, for those treasures are sealed up at Nara, and no keeper is there who is free to open them I do not say I understand the matter very well But Susuki and Ota, the latter of whom you know by name, both tell me the same Ota, being a mere young student, has no intimate access to

Iwakura, but the former, I am sure, is able to beg of the Minister anything about the matter I urged him not to neglect to make further inquiries The matter being in such a state, delay seems inevitable Although I shall urge my friend to seek every means to accelerate its progress, I am afraid you cannot delay your publication so long

I have written letters to some of my old friends, but none of them, even by this time, has written any answer I do not know what they think of me, but my illness and my withdrawing to Atami have put me into oblivion

I came to Atami on the 4th last It is only about fifty English miles from Tokio, and famous for its hot springs The place has come to particular notice since foreigners began to praise its healthiness as well as its waters This is one of our few places which know the faces of ministers and foreign ambassadors It has the advantage of its position, forming a little bay, surrounded by considerably high hills, embracing the warmth of the sun in the south-east But the road to this place was very bad till some four or five months ago, and only since that time small vehicles drawn by men can pass carrying invalids The hills around are not so easy to climb as at Malvern, the footpaths being stony and neck-breaking This naturally stops us from going astray, and we are confined in this small village, where there is nothing to see and nothing to amuse us But I like this nook of the earth very well as my present asylum

I am not able to work much, and am forbidden to do so, but as I have no one to speak to in my

room, I naturally have recourse to my books By the way, my store of books, which I call my honeycomb arrived safely from England in Tokio, but now the books no longer follow me so easily wherever I go

I presume you and all your family are quite well Please remember me to Mrs Max Muller and the rest My parents are well, and very glad of my safe arrival, and, though they and I both regret that I cannot go to see them at present, yet they are quite satisfied with my being here They well know that their place is too cold for me, and they cannot attempt to come to me To them this part of Japan may still seem, as it seemed to me when I was a boy, as strange a land as Turkey or Egypt may seem to you, and the difficulty of travelling even now is actually greater They are extremely thankful to you for your great kindness to me during my stay in Oxford

I hope that the Japanese gentlemen in Oxford are in good health, and continue their important studies

I am, Sir,

Your obedient pupil,

K KASAWARA

OTANIKIOKO, TOKIO,
14 *June*, 1883

MY DEAR SIR,

Since I wrote my last letter to you two months have passed, but I am sorry to say I have nothing to tell you that is new and bright

I have passed these six weeks, and especially these few last days, in very bad health A bad cough is the principal symptom, but now my bodily strength too is failing Tokio is not my home I have remained

here in suspense, neither having been able to set out for home, nor having been able to find a comfortable abode here No one looks after me to a sick man very few remain as friends Now the best way for me is to surrender myself entirely to medical treatment Dr Baeby, a German in the service of the Government Hospital at Tokio, is now very famous I am using the medicine prescribed by him for me I have resolved to go into the hospital from to-morrow This will be to my satisfaction, as I shall have better accommodation and good medical treatment

I received the *Athenæum*, in which a review of your Cambridge Lectures is found I thank you very much, and read the review with pleasure This reminded me of our pleasant Cambridge tour last year, and my last efforts in copying How different are things around me this year!

Your kindness did not stop there You also made an application that the physicians attached to the English Legation here should attend me But I had been under the treatment of Dr Baeby, so that I have gone on with him I hope you will pardon this careless writing, as I am weak, and require to sit quiet

I am, Sir,

Your humble pupil,

KENJIU KASAWARA

COLEBROOKE[1].

(1765-1837.)

THE name and fame of Henry Thomas Colebrooke are better known in India, France, Germany, Italy—nay, even in Russia—than in his own country. He was born in London on the 15th of June, 1765, he died in London on the 10th of March, 1837, and if now, after waiting for thirty-six years, his only surviving son, Sir Edward Colebrooke, has at last given us a more complete account of his father's life, the impulse has come chiefly from Colebrooke's admirers abroad, who wished to know what the man had been whose works they knew so well. If Colebrooke had simply been a distinguished, even a highly distinguished, servant of the East India Company, we could well understand that, where the historian has so many eminent services to record, those of Henry Thomas Colebrooke should have been allowed to pass almost unnoticed. The history of British India has still to be written, and it will be no easy task to write it. Macaulay's Lives of Clive and Warren Hastings are but two specimens to show how it ought to be, and yet how it cannot be, written. There is in the annals of the conquest and administrative tenure of India so much of the bold generalship of raw recruits, the statesmanship of common clerks, and the heroic devotion of

[1] 'Miscellaneous Essays.' By Henry Thomas Colebrooke. With a Life of the Author by his Son. In three volumes. London. 1872.

mere adventurers, that even the largest canvas of the historian must dwarf the stature of heroes, and characters which, in the history of Greece or England, would stand out in bold relief, must vanish unnoticed in the crowd

The substance of the present memoir appeared in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society soon after Mr Colebrooke's death It consisted originally of a brief notice of his public and literary career, interspersed with extracts from his letters to his family during the first twenty years of his residence in India Being asked a few years since to allow this notice to appear in a new edition of the 'Miscellaneous Essays,' Sir Edward thought it incumbent on him to render it more worthy of his father's reputation The letters in the present volume are, for the most part, given in full, and some additional correspondence is included in it, besides a few papers of literary interest, and a journal kept by him during his residence at Nagpur, which was left incomplete Two addresses delivered to the Royal Asiatic and Astronomical Societies, and the narrative of a journey to and from the capital of Berar, are added as an appendix and complete the volume

Although, as we shall see, the career of Mr Colebrooke, as a servant of the East India Company, was highly distinguished, and in its vicissitudes, as here told by his son, both interesting and instructive, yet his most lasting fame will not be that of the able administrator, the learned lawyer, the thoughtful financier and politician, but that of the founder and father of true Sanskrit scholarship in Europe In that character Colebrooke has secured his place in the history of the world, a place which neither envy nor ignorance

can ever take from him Had he lived in Germany, we should long ago have seen his statue in his native place, his name written in letters of gold on the walls of academies, we should have heard of Colebrooke jubilees and Colebrooke scholarships In England, if any notice is taken of the discovery of Sanskrit—a discovery in many respects equally important, in some even more important, than the revival of Greek scholarship in the fifteenth century—we may possibly hear the popular name of Sir William Jones and his classical translation of *S*akuntalâ, but of the infinitely more important achievements of Colebrooke, not one word The fact is, the time has not yet come when the full importance of Sanskrit philology can be appreciated by the public at large It was the same with Greek philology When Greek began to be studied by some of the leading spirits in Europe, the subject seemed at first one of purely literary curiosity When its claims were pressed on the public, they were met by opposition, and even ridicule, and those who knew least of Greek were most eloquent in their denunciations Even when its study had become more general, and been introduced at universities and schools, it remained in the eyes of many a mere accomplishment—its true value for higher than scholastic purposes being scarcely suspected At present we know that the revival of Greek scholarship affected the deepest interests of humanity that it was in reality a revival of that consciousness which links large portions of mankind together, connects the living with the dead, and thus secures to each generation the full intellectual inheritance of our race Without that historical consciousness, the life of man would be

ephemeral and vain. The more we can see backward, and place ourselves in real sympathy with the past, the more truly do we make the life of former generations our own, and are able to fulfil our own appointed duty in carrying on the work which was begun centuries ago in Athens and at Rome. But while the unbroken traditions of the Roman world, and the revival of Greek culture among us, restored to us the intellectual patrimony of Greece and Rome only, and made the Teutonic race in a certain sense Greek and Roman, the discovery of Sanskrit will have a much larger influence. Like a new intellectual spring, it is meant to revive the broken fibres that once united the South-Eastern with the North-Western branches of the Aryan family, and thus to re-establish the spiritual brotherhood, not only of the Teutonic, Greek, and Roman, but likewise of the Slavonic, Celtic, Indian, and Persian branches. It is to make the mind of man wider, his heart larger, his sympathies world-embracing, it is to make us truly *humaniores*, richer and prouder in the full perception of what humanity has been, and what it is meant to be. This is the real object of the more comprehensive studies of the nineteenth century, and though the full appreciation of this their true import may be reserved to the future, no one who follows the intellectual progress of mankind attentively can fail to see that, even now, the comparative study of languages, mythologies, and religions has widened our horizon, that much which was lost has been regained, and that a new world, if it has not yet been occupied, is certainly in sight. It is curious to observe that those to whom we chiefly owe the discovery of Sanskrit were as little conscious

of the real importance of their discovery as Columbus was when he landed at St Salvador What Mr Colebrooke did, was done from a sense of duty, rather than from literary curiosity, but there was also a tinge of enthusiasm in his character, like that which carries a traveller to the wastes of Africa or the ice-bound regions of the Pole Whenever there was work ready for him, he was ready for the work But he had no theories to substantiate, no pre-conceived objects to attain Sobriety and thoroughness are the distinguishing features of all his works There is in them no trace of haste or carelessness, but neither is there evidence of any extraordinary effort, or minute professional scholarship In the same business-like spirit in which he collected the revenue of his province, he collected his knowledge of Sanskrit literature, with the same judicial impartiality with which he delivered his judgments, he delivered the results at which he had arrived after his extensive and careful reading, and with the same sense of confidence with which he quietly waited for the effects of his political and financial measures, in spite of the apathy or the opposition with which they were met at first, he left his written works to the judgment of posterity, never wasting his time in the repeated assertion of his opinions, or in useless controversy, though he was by no means insensible to his own literary reputation The biography of such a man deserves a careful study, and we think that Sir Edward Colebrooke has fulfilled more than a purely filial duty in giving to the world a full account of the private, public, and literary life of his great father

Colebrooke was the son of a wealthy London

banker, Sir George Colebrooke, a Member of Parliament, and a man in his time of some political importance. Having proved himself a successful advocate of the old privileges of the East India Company, he was invited to join the Court of Directors, and became in 1769 chairman of the Company. His chairmanship was distinguished in history by the appointment of Warren Hastings to the highest office in India, and there are in existence letters from that illustrious man to Sir George, written in the crisis of his Indian Administration, which show the intimate and confidential relations subsisting between them. But when, in later years, Sir George Colebrooke became involved in pecuniary difficulties, and Indian appointments were successively obtained for his two sons, James Edward and Henry Thomas, it does not appear that Warren Hastings took any active steps to advance them, beyond appointing the elder brother to an office of some importance on his secretariat. Henry, the younger brother, had been educated at home, and at the age of fifteen he had laid a solid foundation in Latin, Greek, French, and particularly in mathematics. As he never seems to have been urged on, he learned what he learned quietly and thoroughly, trying from the first to satisfy himself rather than others. Thus a love of knowledge for its own sake remained firmly engrained in his mind through life, and explains much of what would otherwise remain inexplicable in his literary career.

At the age of eighteen he started for India, and arrived at Madras in 1783, having narrowly escaped capture by French cruisers. The times were anxious times for India, and full of interest to an observer of

political events In his very first letter from India Colebrooke thus sketches the political situation —

'The state of affairs in India seems to bear a far more favourable aspect than for a long time past The peace with the Mahrattas and the death of Hyder Ally, the intended invasion of Tippoo's country by the Mahrattas, sufficiently removed all alarm from the country powers, but there are likewise accounts arrived and which seem to be credited, of the defeat of Tippoo by Colonel Matthews, who commands on the other coast'

From Madras Colebrooke proceeded, in 1783, to Calcutta, where he met his elder brother, already established in the service His own start in official life was delayed, and took place under circumstances by no means auspicious The tone, both in political and private life, was at that time at its lowest ebb in India Drinking, gambling, and extravagance of all kinds were tolerated even in the best society, and Colebrooke could not entirely escape the evil effects of the moral atmosphere in which he had to live It is all the more remarkable that his taste for work never deserted him, and 'that he would retire to his midnight Sanskrit studies unaffected by the excitement of the gambling-table' It was not till 1786—a year after Warren Hastings had left India—that he received his first official appointment, as Assistant Collector of Revenue in Tirhut His father seems to have advised him from the first to be assiduous in acquiring the vernacular languages, and we find him at an early period of his Indian career thus writing on this subject —

'The one, and that the most necessary, Moors (now

called Hindustani), by not being written, bars all close application, the other, Persian, is too dry to entice, and is so seldom of any use, that I seek its acquisition very leisurely'

He asked his father in turn to send him the Greek and Latin classics, evidently intending to carry on his old favourite studies, rather than begin a new career as an Oriental scholar For a time he seemed, indeed, deeply disappointed with his life in India, and his prospects were anything but encouraging But although he seriously thought of throwing up his position and returning to England, he was busy nevertheless in elaborating a scheme for the better regulation of the Indian service His chief idea was, that the three functions of the civil service—the commercial, the revenue, and the diplomatic—should be separated, that each branch should be presided over by an independent board, and that those who had qualified themselves for one branch should not be needlessly transferred to another Curiously enough, he lived to prove by his own example the applicability of the old system, being himself transferred from the revenue department to a judgeship, then employed on an important diplomatic mission, and lastly raised to a seat in Council, and acquitting himself well in each of these different employments After a time his discontent seems to have vanished He quietly settled down to his work in collecting the revenue of Tirhut, and his official duties soon became so absorbing, that he found little time for projecting reforms of the Indian Civil Service

Soon also his Oriental studies gave him a new interest in the country and the people The first

allusions to Oriental literature occur in a letter dated Patna, December 10, 1786. It is addressed to his father, who had desired some information concerning the religion of the Hindus. Colebrooke's own interest in Sanskrit literature was from the first scientific rather than literary. His love of mathematics and astronomy made him anxious to find out what the Brahmans had achieved in these branches of knowledge. It is surprising to see how correct is the first communication which he sends to his father on the four modes of reckoning time adopted by Hindu astronomers, and which he seems chiefly to have drawn from Persian sources. The passage (pp. 23–26) is too long to be given here, but we recommend it to the careful attention of Sanskrit scholars, who will find it more accurate than what has but lately been written on the same subject. Colebrooke treated, again, of the different measures of time in his essay 'On Indian Weights and Measures,' published in the 'Asiatic Researches,' 1798, and in stating the rule for finding the planets which preside over the day, called *Horâ*, he was the first to point out the palpable coincidence between that expression and our name for the twenty-fourth part of the day. In one of the notes to his Dissertation on the Algebra of the Hindus he showed that this and other astrological terms were evidently borrowed by the Hindus from the Greeks, or other external sources; and in a manuscript note published for the first time by Sir E. Colebrooke, we find him following up the same subject, and calling attention to the fact that the word *Horâ* occurs in the Sanskrit vocabulary—the *Medinî-Kosha*—and bears there, among other significations,

that of the rising of a sign of the zodiac, or half a sign This, as he remarks, is in diurnal motion one *hour*, thus confirming the connexion between the Indian and European significations of the word

While he thus felt attracted towards the study of Oriental literature by his own scientific interests, it seems that Sanskrit literature and poetry by themselves had no charms for him On the contrary, he declares himself repelled by the false taste of Oriental writers, and he speaks very slightingly of 'the *amateurs* who do not seek the acquisition of useful knowledge, but would only wish to attract notice, without the labour of deserving it, which is readily accomplished by an ode from the Persian, an apologue from the Sanskrit, or a song from some unheard-of dialect of Hinduee, of which the *amateur* favours the public with a *free* translation, without understanding the original, as you will immediately be convinced, if you peruse that repository of nonsense, the *Asiatic Miscellany*' He makes one exception, however, in favour of Wilkins 'I have never yet seen any book,' he writes, 'which can be depended on for information concerning the real opinions of the Hindus, except Wilkins's *Bhagvat Geeta* That gentleman was Sanskrit-mad, and has more materials and more general knowledge respecting the Hindus than any other foreigner ever acquired since the days of Pythagoras' Arabic, too, did not then find much more favour in his eyes than Sanskrit 'Thus much,' he writes, 'I am induced to believe, that the Arabic language is of more difficult acquisition than Latin, or even than Greek, and, although it may be concise and nervous, it will not reward the labour of the student, since, in

the works of science, he can find nothing new, and, in those of literature, he could not avoid feeling his judgment offended by the false taste in which they are written, and his imagination being heated by the glow of their imagery A few dry facts might, however, reward the literary drudge '

It may be doubted, indeed, whether Colebrooke would ever have overcome these prejudices, had it not been for his father's exhortations In 1789, Colebrook was transferred from Tirhut to Purneah, and such was his interest in his new and more responsible office, that, according to his own expression, he felt for the report, which he had to write, all the solicitude of a young author Engrossed in his work, the ten years settlement of some of the districts of his new collectorship, he writes to his father in July 1790 —

'The religion, manners, natural history, traditions, and arts of this country may, certainly, furnish subjects on which my communications might, perhaps, be not uninteresting, but to offer anything deserving of attention would require a season of leisure to collect and digest information Engaged in a public and busy scene, my mind is wholly engrossed by the cares and duties of my station, in vain I seek, for relaxation's sake, to direct my thoughts to other subjects, matters of business constantly recur It is for this cause that I have occasionally apologised for a dearth of subjects, having no occurrences to relate, and the matters which occupy my attention being uninteresting as a subject of correspondence'

When, after a time the hope of distinguishing himself impelled Colebrooke to new exertions, and he determined to become an author, the subject which

he chose was not antiquarian or philosophical, but purely practical

'Translations,' he writes, in 1790, 'are for those who rather need to fill their purses than gratify their ambition For original compositions on Oriental history and sciences is required more reading in the literature of the East than I possess, or am likely to attain My subject should be connected with those matters to which my attention is professionally led One subject is, I believe, yet untouched—the agriculture of Bengal On this I have been curious of information, and, having obtained some, I am now pursuing inquiries with some degree of regularity I wish for your opinion, whether it would be worth while to reduce into form the information which may be obtained on a subject necessarily dry, and which (curious, perhaps), is, certainly, useless to English readers'

Among the subjects of which he wishes to treat in this work we find some of antiquarian interest, e g what castes of Hindus are altogether forbid cultivating, and what castes have religious prejudices against the culture of particular articles Others are purely technical, for instance, the question of the succession and mixture of crops He states that the Hindus have some traditional maxims on the succession of crops to which they rigidly adhere, and with regard to mixture, he observes that two, three, or even four different articles are sown in the same field, and gathered successively, as they ripen, that they are sometimes all sown on the same day, sometimes at different periods, etc

His letters now become more and more interesting,

and they generally contain some fragments which show us how the sphere of his inquiries became more and more extended We find (p 39) observations on the Psylli of Egypt and the Snake charmers of India, on the Sikhs (p 45), on Human Sacrifices in India (p 46) The spirit of inquiry which had been kindled by Sir W Jones, more particularly since the foundation of the Asiatic Society of Bengal in 1784, had evidently reached Colebrooke It is difficult to fix the exact date when he began the study of Sanskrit He seems to have taken it up and left it again in despair several times In 1793 he was removed from Purneah to Nattore From that place he sent to his father the first volumes of the 'Asiatic Researches,' published by the members of the Asiatic Society He drew his father's attention to some articles in them, which would seem to prove that the ancient Hindus possessed a knowledge of Egypt and of the Jews, but he adds —

'No historical light can be expected from Sanskrit literature, but it may, nevertheless, be curious, if not useful, to publish such of their legends as seem to resemble others known to European mythology'

The first glimmering of comparative mythology in 1793!

Again he writes in 1793 —

'In my Sanskrit studies, I do not confine myself now to particular subjects, but skim the surface of all their sciences I will subjoin, for your amusement, some remarks on subjects treated in the "Researches"'

What the results of that skimming were, and how far more philosophical his appreciation of Hindu

literature had then become, may be seen from the end of the same letter, written from Rajshahi, December 6, 1793 —

'Upon the whole, whatever may be the true antiquity of this nation, whether their mythology be a corruption of the pure deism we find in their books, or their deism a refinement from gross idolatry, whether their religious and moral precepts have been engrafted on the elegant philosophy of the Nyâya and Mimânsâ, or this philosophy been refined on the plainer text of the Veda, the Hindu is the most ancient nation of which we have valuable remains, and has been surpassed by none in refinement and civilisation, though the utmost pitch of refinement to which it ever arrived preceded, in time, the dawn of civilisation in any other nation of which we have even the name in history The further our literary inquiries are extended here, the more vast and stupendous is the scene which opens to us, at the same time that the true and false, the sublime and the puerile, wisdom and absurdity, are so intermixed, that, at every step, we have to smile at folly, while we admire and acknowledge the philosophical truth, though couched in obscure allegory and puerile fable'

In 1794, Colebrooke presented to the Asiatic Society his first paper, 'On the Duties of a Faithful Hindu Widow,' and he told his father at the same time, that he meant to pursue his Sanskrit inquiries diligently, and in a spirit which seems to have guided all his work through life

'The only caution,' he says, 'which occurs to me is, not to hazard in publication anything crude or imperfect, which would injure my reputation as a

man of letters, to avoid this, the precaution may be taken of submitting my manuscripts to private perusal'

Colebrooke might indeed from that time have become altogether devoted to the study of Sanskrit, had not his political feelings been strongly roused by the new Charter of the East India Company, which, instead of sanctioning reforms long demanded by political economists, confirmed nearly all the old privileges of their trade Colebrooke was a free-trader by conviction, and because he had at heart the interests both of India and of England It is quite gratifying to find a man, generally so cold and prudent as Colebrooke, warm with indignation at the folly and injustice of the policy carried out by England with regard to her Indian subjects He knew very well that it was personally dangerous for a covenanted servant to discuss and attack the privileges of the Company, but he felt that he ought to think and act, not merely as the servant of a commercial company, but as the servant of the British Government He wished, even at that early time, that India should become an integral portion of the British Empire, and cease to be, as soon as possible, a mere appendage, yielding a large commercial revenue He was encouraged in these views by Mr Anthony Lambert, and the two friends at last decided to embody their views in a work, which they privately printed, under the title of 'Remarks on the Present State of the Husbandry and Commerce of Bengal' Colebrooke, as we know, had paid considerable attention to the subject of husbandry, and he now contributed much of the material which

he had collected for a purely didactic work, to this controversial and political treatise He is likewise responsible, and he never tried to shirk that responsibility, for most of the advanced financial theories which it contains The volume was sent to England, and submitted to the Prime Minister of the day and several other persons of influence It seems to have produced an impression in the quarters most concerned, but it was considered prudent to stop its further circulation on account of the dangerous free-trade principles, which it supported with powerful arguments Colebrooke had left the discretion of publishing the work in England to his friends, and he cheerfully submitted to their decision He himself, however, never ceased to advocate the most liberal financial opinions, and being considered by those in power in Leadenhall Street as a dangerous young man, it has sometimes been supposed that his advancement in India was slower than it would otherwise have been

A man of Colebrooke's power, however, was too useful to the Indian Government to be passed over altogether, and though his career was neither rapid nor brilliant, it was nevertheless most successful Just at the time when Sir W Jones had suddenly died, Colebrooke was removed from the revenue to the judicial branch of the Indian service, and there was no man in India, except Colebrooke, who could carry on the work which Sir W Jones had left unfinished, viz 'the Digest of Hindu and Mohammedan Laws' At the instance of Warren Hastings, a clause had been inserted in the Act of 1772, providing that 'Maulavies and Pundits should attend the Courts, to

expound the law and assist in passing the decrees' In all suits regarding inheritance, marriage, caste, and religious usages and institutions, the ancient laws of the Hindus were to be followed, and for that purpose a body of laws from their own books had to be compiled Under the direction of Warren Hastings, nine Brâhmans had been commissioned to draw up a code, which appeared in 1776, under the title of 'Code of Gentoo Laws[1]' It had been originally compiled in Sanskrit, then translated into Persian, and from that into English As that code, however, was very imperfect, Sir W Jones had urged on the Government the necessity of a more complete and authentic compilation Texts were to be collected, after the model of Justinian's Pandects, from law-books of approved authority, and to be digested according to a scientific analysis, with references to original authors The task of arranging the text-books and compiling the new code fell chiefly to a learned Pandit, Jagannâtha, and the task of translating it was now, after the death of Sir W Jones, undertaken by Colebrooke This task was no easy one, and could hardly be carried out without the help of really learned pandits Fortunately Colebrooke was removed at the time when he undertook this work to Mirzapur, close to Benares, the seat of Brahmanical learning, in the north of India, and the seat of a Hindu College Here Colebrooke found not only rich collections of Sanskrit MSS, but likewise a number of law pandits, who could solve many of

[1] The word Gentoo, which was commonly applied in the last century to the Hindus, is according to Wilson derived from the Portuguese word *gentio* gentile or heathen The word *caste,* too comes from the same source

the difficulties which he had to encounter in the translation of Jagannâtha's Digest. After two years of incessant labour, we find Colebrooke on January 3, 1797, announcing the completion of his task, which at once established his position as the best Sanskrit scholar of the day. Oriental studies were at that time in the ascendant in India. A dictionary was being compiled, and several grammars were in preparation. Types also had been cut, and for the first time Sanskrit texts issued from the press in Devanâgarî letters. Native scholars, too, began to feel a pride in the revival of their ancient literature. The Brâhmans, as Colebrooke writes, were by no means averse to instruct strangers; they did not even conceal from him the most sacred texts of the Veda. Colebrooke's 'Essays on the Religious Ceremonies of the Hindus,' which appeared in the fifth volume of the 'Asiatic Researches' in the same year as his translation of the 'Digest,' show very clearly that he had found excellent instructors, and had been initiated in the most sacred literature of the Brâhmans. An important paper on the Hindu schools of law seems to date from the same period, and shows a familiarity, not only with the legal authorities of India, but with the whole structure of the traditional and sacred literature of the Brahmans, which but few Sanskrit scholars could lay claim to even at the present day. In the fifth volume of the 'Asiatic Researches' appeared also his essay 'On Indian Weights and Measures' and his 'Enumeration of Indian Classes.' A short, but thoughtful memorandum on the Origin of Caste, written during that period, and printed for the first time in his 'Life,'

will be read with interest by all who are acquainted with the different views of living scholars on this important subject

Colebrooke's idea was that the institution of caste was not artificial or conventional, but that it began with the simple division of freemen and slaves, which we find among all ancient nations This division, as he supposes, existed among the Hindus before they settled in India It became positive law after their emigration from the northern mountains into India, and was there adapted to the new state of the Hindus settled among the aborigines The class of slaves or *S*ûdras consisted of those who came into India in that degraded state, and those of the aborigines who submitted and were spared Menial offices and mechanical labour were deemed unworthy of freemen in other countries besides India, and it cannot therefore appear strange that the class of the *S*ûdras comprehended in India both servants and mechanics, both Hindus and emancipated aborigines The class of freemen included originally the priest, the soldier, the merchant, and the husbandman It was divided into three orders, the Brâhma*n*as, Kshatriyas, and Vai*s*yas, the last comprehending merchants and husbandmen indiscriminately, being the yeomen of the country and the citizens of the town According to Colebrooke's opinion, the Kshatriyas consisted originally of kings and their descendants It was the order of princes, rather than of mere soldiers The Brâhma*n*as comprehended no more than the descendants of a few religious men who, by superior knowledge and the austerity of their lives, had gained an ascendency over the people Neither of these

orders was originally very numerous, and their prominence gave no offence to the far more powerful body of the citizens and yeomen

When legislators began to give their sanction to this social system, their chief object seems to have been to guard against too great a confusion of the four orders—the two orders of nobility, the sacerdotal and the princely, and the two orders of the people, the citizens and the slaves, by either prohibiting intermarriage, or by degrading the offspring of alliances between members of different orders If men of superior married women of inferior, but next adjoining, rank, the offspring of their marriage sank to the rank of their mothers, or obtained a position intermediate between the two The children of such marriages were distinguished by separate titles Thus, the son of a Brâhma*n*a by a Kshatriya woman was called Mûrdhâbhishikta, which implies royalty They formed a distinct tribe of princes or military nobility, and were by some reckoned superior to the Kshatriya The son of a Brâhma*n*a by a Vaisya woman was a Vaidya or Ambash*th*a, the offspring of a Kshatriya by a Vaisya was a Mahishya, forming two tribes of respectable citizens But if a greater disproportion of rank existed between the parents—if, for instance, a Brâhma*n*a married a *S*ûdra, the offspring of their marriage, the Nishâda, suffered greater social penalties, he became impure, notwithstanding the nobility of his father Marriages, again, between women of superior with men of inferior rank were considered more objectionable than marriages of men of superior with women of inferior rank, a sentiment which continues to the present day

What is peculiar to the social system, as sanctioned by Hindu legislators, and gives it its artificial character, is their attempt to provide by minute regulations for the rank to be assigned to new tribes, and to point out professions suitable to that rank. The tribes had each an internal government, and professions naturally formed themselves into companies. From this source, while the corporations imitated the regulations of tribes, a multitude of new and arbitrary tribes sprang up, the origin of which, as assigned by Manu and other legislators, was probably, as Colebrooke admits, more or less fanciful.

In his 'Remarks on the Husbandry and Internal Commerce of Bengal,' the subject of caste in its bearing on the social improvement of the Indian nation was likewise treated by Colebrooke. In reply to the erroneous views then prevalent as to the supposed barriers which caste placed against the free development of the Hindus, he writes:—

'An erroneous doctrine has been started, as if the great population of these provinces could not avail to effect improvements, notwithstanding opportunities afforded by an increased demand for particular manufactures or for raw produce; because, "professions are hereditary among the Hindus; the offspring of men of one calling do not intrude into any other; professions are confined to hereditary descent; and the produce of any particular manufacture cannot be extended according to the increase of the demand, but must depend upon the population of the caste, or tribe, which works on that manufacture; or, in other words, if the demand for any article should exceed the ability of the number of workmen who produce it, the de-

ficiency cannot be supplied by calling in assistance from other tribes"

'In opposition to this unfounded opinion, it is necessary that we not only show, as has been already done, that the population is actually sufficient for great improvement, but we must also prove, that professions are not separated by an impassable line, and that the population affords a sufficient number whose religious prejudices permit, and whose inclination leads them to engage in, those occupations through which the desired improvement may be effected

'The Muselmans, to whom the argument above quoted cannot in any manner be applied, bear no inconsiderable proportion to the whole population Other descriptions of people, not governed by Hindu institutions, are found among the inhabitants of these provinces in regard to these, also, the objection is irrelevant The Hindus themselves, to whom the doctrine which we combat is meant to be applied, cannot exceed nine-tenths of the population, probably, they do not bear so great a proportion to the other tribes They are, as is well known, divided into four grand classes, but the first three of them are much less numerous than the *S*ûdra The aggregate of Brâhma*n*a, Kshatriya, and Vai*s*ya may amount, at the most, to a fifth of the population, and even these are not absolutely restricted to their own appointed occupations Commerce and agriculture are universally permitted, and, under the designation of servants of the other three tribes, the *S*ûdras seem to be allowed to prosecute any manufacture

'In this tribe are included not only the true *S*ûdras,

but also the several castes whose origin is ascribed to the promiscuous intercourse of the four classes. To these, also, their several occupations were assigned, but neither are they restricted by rigorous injunctions, to their own appointed occupations. For any person unable to procure a subsistence by the exercise of his own profession may earn a livelihood in the calling of a subordinate caste, within certain limits in the scale of relative precedence assigned to each, and no forfeiture is now incurred by his intruding into a superior profession. It was, indeed, the duty of the Hindu magistrate to restrain the encroachments of inferior tribes on the occupations of superior castes, but, under a foreign government, this restraint has no existence.

'In practice, little attention is paid to the limitations to which we have here alluded; daily observation shows even Brâhmanas exercising the menial profession of a Sûdra. We are aware that every caste forms itself into clubs, or lodges, consisting of the several individuals of that caste residing within a small distance, and that these clubs, or lodges, govern themselves by particular rules and customs, or by laws. But, though some restrictions and limitations, not founded on religious prejudices, are found among their by-laws, it may be received, as a general maxim, that the occupation appointed for each tribe is entitled merely to a preference. Every profession, with few exceptions, is open to every description of persons, and the discouragement arising from religious prejudices is not greater than what exists in Great Britain from the effects of municipal and corporation laws. In Bengal, the numbers of people

actually willing to apply to any particular occupation are sufficient for the unlimited extension of any manufacture

'If these facts and observations be not considered as a conclusive refutation of the unfounded assertion made on this subject, we must appeal to the experience of every gentleman who may have resided in the provinces of Bengal, whether a change of occupation and profession does not frequently and indefinitely occur? whether Brâhmanas are not employed in the most servile offices? and whether the Sûdra is not seen elevated to situations of respectability and importance? In short, whether the assertion above quoted be not altogether destitute of foundation?'

It is much to be regretted that studies so auspiciously begun were suddenly interrupted by a diplomatic mission, which called Colebrooke away from Mirzapur, and retained him from 1798–1801 at Nagpur, the capital of Berar Colebrooke himself had by this time discovered that, however distinguished his public career might be, his lasting fame must depend on his Sanskrit studies We find him even at Nagpur continuing his literary work, particularly the compilation and translation of a Supplementary Digest He also prepared, as far as this was possible in the midst of diplomatic avocations, some of his most important contributions to the 'Asiatic Researches,' one on Sanskrit Prosody, which did not appear till 1808, and was then styled an 'Essay on Sanskrit and Prakrit Poetry,' one on the Vedas, another on Indian Theogonies (not published), and a critical treatise on Indian lants At last,

in May 1801, he left Nagpur to return to his post at Mirzapur Shortly afterwards he was summoned to Calcutta, and appointed a member of the newly constituted Court of Appeal He at the same time accepted the honorary post of Professor of Sanskrit at the college recently established at Fort William, without, however, taking an active part in the teaching of pupils He seems to have been a director of studies rather than an actual professor, but he rendered valuable service as examiner in Sanskrit, Bengâli, Hindustani, and Persian In 1801 appeared his essay on the Sanskrit and Prakrit languages, which shows how well he had qualified himself to act as professor of Sanskrit, and how well, in addition to the legal and sacred literature of the Brâhmans, he had mastered the *belles lettres* of India also, which at first, as we saw, had rather repelled him by their extravagance and want of taste

And here we have to take note of a fact which has never been mentioned in the history of the science of language, viz that Colebrooke at that early time devoted considerable attention to the study of Comparative Philology To judge from his papers, which have never been published, but which are still in the possession of Sir E Colebrooke, the range of his comparisons was very wide, and embraced not only Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin with their derivatives, but also the Germanic and Slavonic languages

The principal work, however, of this period of his life was his Sanskrit Grammar Though it was never finished, it will always keep its place, like a classical *torso*, more admired in its unfinished state than other works which stand by its side, finished, yet less

perfect Sir E Colebrooke has endeavoured to convey to the general reader some idea of the difficulties which had to be overcome by those who, for the first time, approached the study of the native grammarians, particularly of Pâ*n*ini But this grammatical literature, the 3,996 grammatical *sûtras* or rules, which determine every possible form of the Sanskrit language in a manner unthought of by the grammarians of any other country, the glosses and commentaries, one piled upon the other, which are indispensable for a successful unravelling of Pâ*n*ini's artful web, which start every objection, reasonable or unreasonable, that can be imagined, either against Pâ*n*ini himself or against his interpreters, which establish general principles, register every exception, and defend all forms apparently anomalous of the ancient Vedic language,—all this together is so completely *sui generis*, that those only who have themselves followed Colebrooke's footsteps can appreciate the boldness of the first adventurer, and the perseverance of the first explorer of that grammatical labyrinth Colebrooke's own Grammar of the Sanskrit language, founded on the works of native grammarians, has sometimes been accused of obscurity, nor can it be denied that for those who wish to acquire the elements of the language it is almost useless But those who know the materials which Colebrooke worked up in his Grammar, will readily give him credit for what he has done in bringing the *indigesta moles* which he found before him into something like order He made the first step, and a very considerable step it was, in translating the strange phraseology of Sanskrit grammarians into something at least intel-

ligible to European scholars. How it could have been imagined that their extraordinary grammatical phraseology was borrowed by the Hindus from the Greeks, or that its formation was influenced by the grammatical schools established among the Greeks in Bactria, is difficult to understand, if one possesses but the slightest acquaintance with the character of either system, or with their respective historical developments. It would be far more accurate to say that the Indian and Greek systems of grammar represent two opposite poles, exhibiting the two starting-points from which alone the grammar of a language can be attacked—viz. the theoretical and the empirical. Greek grammar begins with philosophy, and forces language into the categories established by logic. Indian grammar begins with a mere collection of facts, systematises them mechanically, and thus leads in the end to a system which, though marvellous for its completeness and perfection, is nevertheless, from a higher point of view, a mere triumph of scholastic pedantry.

Colebrooke's grammar, even in its unfinished state, will always be the best introduction to a study of the native grammarians—a study indispensable to every sound Sanskrit scholar. In accuracy of statement it still holds the first place among European grammars, and it is only to be regretted that the references to Pâ*n*ini and other grammatical authorities, which existed in Colebrooke's manuscript, should have been left out when it came to be printed. The modern school of Sanskrit students has entirely reverted to Colebrooke's views on the importance of a study of the native grammarians. It is no longer considered

sufficient to know the correct forms of Sanskrit declension or conjugation; if challenged, we must be prepared to substantiate their correctness by giving chapter and verse from Pâ*n*ini, the fountain-head of Indian grammar. If Sir E. Colebrooke says that 'Bopp also drew deeply from the fountain-head of Indian grammar in his subsequent labours,' he has been misinformed. Bopp may have changed his opinion that 'the student might arrive at a critical knowledge of Sanskrit by an attentive study of Foster and Wilkins, without referring to native authorities,' but he himself never went beyond, nor is there any evidence in his published works that he himself tried to work his way through the intricacies of Pâ*n*ini.

In addition to his grammatical studies, Colebrooke was engaged in several other subjects. He worked at the 'Supplement to the Digest of Laws,' which assumed very large proportions; he devoted some of his time to the deciphering of ancient inscriptions, in the hope of finding some fixed points in the history of India; he undertook to supply the Oriental synonymes for Roxburgh's 'Flora Indica'—a most laborious task, requiring a knowledge of botany as well as an intimate acquaintance with Oriental languages. In 1804 and 1805, while preparing his classical essay on the Vedas for the press, we find him approaching the study of the religion of Buddha. In all these varied researches, it is most interesting to observe the difference between him and all the other contributors to the 'Asiatic Researches' at that time. They were all carried away by theories or enthusiasm; they were all betrayed into assertions or conjectures which often proved unfounded. Colebrooke alone, the

most hard-working and most comprehensive student, never allows one word to escape his pen for which he has not his authority, and when he speaks of the treatises of Wilford, he readily admits that they contain curious matter, but, as he expresses himself, 'very little conviction' When speaking of his own work, as, for instance, what he had written on the Vedas, he says 'I imagine my treatise on the Vedas will be thought curious, but, like the rest of my publications, little interesting to the general reader'

In 1805, Colebrooke became President of the Court of Appeal—a high and, as it would seem, lucrative post, which made him unwilling to aspire to any other appointment His leisure, though more limited than before, was devoted, as formerly, to his favourite studies, and in 1807 he accepted the presidency of the Asiatic Society—a post never before or after filled so worthily He not only contributed himself several articles to the 'Asiatic Researches,' published by the Society, viz 'On the Sect of Jina,' 'On the Indian and Arabic Divisions of the Zodiack,' and 'On the Frankincense of the Ancients,' but he encouraged also many useful literary undertakings, and threw out, among other things, an idea which has but lately been carried out, viz a *Catalogue raisonné* of all that is extant in Asiatic literature His own studies became more and more concentrated on the most ancient literature of India, the Vedas, and the question of their real antiquity led him again to a more exhaustive examination of the astronomical literature of the Brahmans In all these researches, which were necessarily of a somewhat conjectural character,

Colebrooke was guided by his usual caution Instead of attempting, for instance, a free and more or less divinatory translation of the hymns of the Rig-Veda, he began with the tedious but inevitable work of exploring the native commentaries No one who has not seen his MSS, now preserved at the India Office, and the marginal notes with which the folios of Sâya*n*a's commentary are covered, can form any idea of the conscientiousness with which he collected the materials for his essay He was by no means a blind follower of Sâya*n*a, or a believer in the infallibility of traditional interpretation The question on which so much useless ingenuity has since been expended, whether in translating the Veda we should be guided by native authorities or by the rules of critical scholarship, must have seemed to him, as to every sensible person, answered as soon as it was asked He answered it by setting to work patiently, in order to find out, first, all that could be learnt from native scholars, and afterwards to form his own opinion His experience as a practical man, his judicial frame of mind, his freedom from literary vanity, kept him, here as elsewhere, from falling into the pits of learned pedantry It will seem almost incredible to later generations that German and English scholars should have wasted so much of their time in trying to prove, either that we should take no notice whatever of the traditional interpretation of the Veda, or that, in following it, we should entirely surrender our right of private judgment Yet that is the controversy which has occupied of late years some of our best Sanskrit scholars, which has filled our journals with articles

as full of learning as of acrimony, and has actually divided the students of the history of ancient religion into two hostile camps Colebrooke knew that he had more useful work before him than to discuss the infallibility of fallible interpreters—a question handled with greater ingenuity by the Maimânsaka philosophers than by any living casuists He wished to leave substantial work behind him, and though he claimed no freedom from error for himself, yet he felt conscious of having done all his work carefully and honestly, and was willing to leave it, such as it was, to the judgment of his contemporaries and of posterity

Once only during the whole of his life did he allow himself to be drawn into a literary controversy, and here, too, he must have felt what most men feel in the end, that it would have been better if he had not engaged in it The subject of the controversy was the antiquity and originality of Hindu astronomy Much had been written for and against it by various writers, but by most of them without a full command of the necessary evidence Colebrooke himself maintained a doubtful attitude He began, as usual, with a careful study of the sources at that time available, with translations of Sanskrit treatises, with astronomical calculations and verifications, but, being unable to satisfy himself, he abstained from giving a definite opinion Bentley, who had published a paper in which the antiquity and originality of Hindu astronomy were totally denied, was probably aware that Colebroke was not convinced by his arguments When, therefore, an adverse criticism of his views appeared in the first number of the Edinburgh Review, Bentley jumped

at the conclusion that it was written or inspired by Colebrooke Hence arose his animosity, which lasted for many years, and vented itself from time to time in virulent abuse of Colebrooke, whom Bentley accused not only of unintentional error, but of wilful misrepresentation and unfair suppression of the truth Colebrooke ought to have known that in the republic of letters scholars are sometimes brought into strange company Being what he was, he need not—nay, he ought not—to have noticed such literary rowdyism But as the point at issue was of deep interest to him, and as he himself had a much higher opinion of Bentley's real merits than his reviewer, he at last vouchsafed an answer in the 'Asiatic Journal' of March, 1826 With regard to Bentley's personalities, he says 'I never spoke nor wrote of Mr Bentley with disrespect, and I gave no provocation for the tone of his attack on me' As to the question itself, he sums up his position with simplicity and dignity 'I have been no favourer,' he writes, 'no advocate of Indian astronomy I have endeavoured to lay before the public, in an intelligible form, the fruits of my researches concerning it I have repeatedly noticed its imperfections, and have been ready to admit that it has been no scanty borrower as to theory'

Colebrooke's stay in India was a long one He arrived there in 1782, when only seventeen years of age, and he left it in 1815, at the age of fifty During all this time we see him uninterruptedly engaged in his official work, and devoting all his leisure to literary labour The results which we have noticed so far, were already astonishing, and quite sufficient to form a solid basis of his literary fame But we have by

no means exhausted the roll of his works We saw that a 'Supplement to the Digest of Laws' occupied him for several years In it he proposed to recast the whole title of inheritance, so imperfectly treated in the 'Digest' which he translated, and supplement it with a series of compilations on the several heads of Criminal Law, Pleading, and Evidence, as treated by Indian jurists In a letter to Sir T Strange he speaks of the Sanskrit text as complete, and of the translation as considerably advanced, but it was not till 1810 that he published, as a first instalment, his translation of two important treatises on inheritance, representing the views of different schools on this subject Much of the material which he collected with a view of improving the administration of law in India, and bringing it into harmony with the legal traditions of the country, remained unpublished, partly because his labours were anticipated by timely reforms, partly because his official duties became too onerous to allow him to finish his work in a manner satisfactory to himself

But although the bent of Colebrooke's mind was originally scientific, and the philological researches which have conferred the greatest lustre on his name grew insensibly beneath his pen, the services he rendered to Indian jurisprudence would deserve the highest praise and gratitude, if he had no other title to fame Among his earlier studies he had applied himself to the Roman law with a zeal uncommon among Englishmen of his standing, and he has left behind him a treatise on the Roman Law of Contracts When he directed the same powers of investigation to the sources of Indian law he found everything in

confusion The texts and glosses were various and confused The local customs which abound in India had not been discriminated Printing was of course unknown, and as no supreme judicial intelligence and authority existed to give unity to the whole system, nothing could be more perplexing than the state of the law From this chaos Colebrooke brought forth order and light The publication of the 'Daya-bhâga,' as the cardinal exposition of the law of inheritance, which is the basis of Hindu society, laid the foundation of no less an undertaking than the revival of Hindu jurisprudence, which had been overlaid by the Mohammedan conquest On this foundation a superstructure has now been raised by the combined efforts of Indian and English lawyers but the authority which is to this day most frequently invoked as one of conclusive weight and learning is that of Colebrooke By the collection and revision of the ancient texts which would probably have been lost without his intervention, he became in some degree the legislator of India

In 1807 he was promoted to a seat in Council —the highest honour to which a civilian, at the end of his career, could aspire The five years' tenure of his office coincided very nearly with Lord Minto's Governor-Generalship of India During these five years the scholar became more and more merged in the statesman His marriage also took place at the same time, which was destined to be happy, but short Two months after his wife's death he sailed for England, determined to devote the rest of his life to the studies which had become dear to him, and which, as he now felt himself, were to secure to him the honour-

able place of the father and founder of true Sanskrit scholarship in Europe Though his earliest tastes still attracted him strongly towards physical science, and though, after his return to England, he devoted more time than in India to astronomical, botanical, chemical, and geological researches, yet, as an author, he remained true to his vocation as a Sanskrit scholar, and he added some of the most important works to the long list of his Oriental publications How high an estimate he enjoyed among the students of physical science is best shown by his election as President of the Astronomical Society, after the death of Sir William Herschel in 1822 Some of his published contributions to the scientific journals, chiefly on geological subjects, are said to be highly speculative, which is certainly not the character of his Oriental works Nay, judging from the tenour of the works which he devoted to scholarship we should think that everything he wrote on other subjects would deserve the most careful and unprejudiced attention, before it was allowed to be forgotten, and we should be glad to see a complete edition of all his writings, which have a character at once so varied and so profound

We have still to mention some of his more important Oriental publications, which he either began or finished after his return to England The first is his 'Algebra, with Arithmetic and Mensuration, from the Sanskrit of Brahmagupta and Bhâskara, preceded by a Dissertation on the State of the Sciences as known to the Hindus,' London, 1817 It is still the standard work on the subject, and likely to remain so, as an intimate knowledge of mathematics is but seldom

combined with so complete a mastery of Sanskrit as Colebrooke possessed. He had been preceded by the labours of Burrow and E. Strachey; but it is entirely due to him that mathematicians are now enabled to form a clear idea of the progress which the Indians had made in this branch of knowledge, especially as regards indeterminate analysis. It became henceforth firmly established that the 'Arabian Algebra had real points of resemblance to that of the Indians, and not to that of the Greeks; that the Diophantine analysis was only slightly cultivated by the Arabs; and that, finally, the Indian was more scientific and profound than either.' Some of the links in his argument, which Colebrooke himself designated as weak, have since been subjected to renewed criticism; but it is interesting to observe how here, too, hardly anything really new has been added by subsequent scholars. The questions of the antiquity of Hindu mathematics, of its indigenous or foreign origin, as well as the dates to be assigned to the principal Sanskrit writers, such as Bhâskara, Brahmagupta, Âryabha*tt*a, etc., are very much in the same state as he left them. And although some living scholars have tried to follow in his footsteps, as far as learning is concerned, they have never approached him in those qualities which are more essential to the discovery of truth than mere reading, viz. caution, fairness, and modesty.

Two events remain still to be noticed before we close the narrative of the quiet and useful years which Colebrooke spent in England. In 1818 he presented his extremely valuable collection of Sanskrit MSS. to the East India Company, and thus founded a treasury from which every student of Sanskrit has since drawn

his best supplies It may be truly said, that without the free access to this collection—granted to every scholar, English or foreign—few of the really important publications of Sanskrit texts, which have appeared during the last fifty years, would have been possible, so that in this sense also, Colebrooke deserves the title of the founder of Sanskrit scholarship in Europe

The last service which he rendered to Oriental literature was the foundation of the Royal Asiatic Society He had spent a year at the Cape of Good Hope, in order to superintend some landed property which he had acquired there, and after his return to London in 1822, he succeeded in creating a society which should do in England the work which the Asiatic Society of Bengal, founded in 1784 at Calcutta by Sir W Jones, had done in India Though he declined to become the first president, he became the director of the new society His object was not only to stimulate Oriental scholars living in England to greater exertions, but likewise to excite in the English public a more general interest in Oriental studies There was at that time far more interest shown in France and Germany for the literature of the East than in England, though England alone possessed an Eastern Empire Thus we find Colebrooke writing in one of his letters to Professor Wilson —

'Schlegel, in what he said of some of us (English Orientalists) and of our labours, did not purpose to be uncandid, nor to undervalue what has been done In your summary of what he said you set it to the right account I am not personally acquainted with him, though in correspondence I do think, with him, that

as much has not been done by the English as might have been expected from us. Excepting you and me, and two or three more, who is there that has done anything? In England nobody cares about Oriental literature, or is likely to give the least attention to it.'

And again —

'I rejoice to learn that your great work on the Indian drama may be soon expected by us. I anticipate much gratification from a perusal. Careless and indifferent as our countrymen are, I think, nevertheless, you and I may derive some complacent feelings from the reflection that, following the footsteps of Sir W. Jones, we have, with so little aid of collaborators, and so little encouragement, opened nearly every avenue, and left it to foreigners, who are taking up the clue we have furnished, to complete the outline of what we have sketched. It is some gratification to national pride that the opportunity which the English have enjoyed has not been wholly unemployed.'

Colebrooke's last contributions to Oriental learning, which appeared in the 'Transactions' of the newly-founded Royal Asiatic Society, consist chiefly in his masterly treatises on Hindu philosophy. In 1823 he read his paper on the Sânkhya system, in 1824 his paper on the Nyâya and Vaiseshika systems, in 1826 his papers on the Mîmânsâ, and, in 1827, his two papers on Indian Sectaries and on the Vedânta. These papers, too, still retain their value, unimpaired by later researches. They are dry, and to those not acquainted with the subject they may fail to give a living picture of the philosophical struggles of the Indian mind. But the statements which they contain

can, with very few exceptions, still be quoted as authoritative, while those who have worked their way through the same materials which he used for the compilation of his essays, feel most struck by the conciseness with which he was able to give the results of his extensive reading in this, the most abstruse domain of Sanskrit literature The publication of these papers on the schools of Indian metaphysics, which anticipated with entire fidelity the materialism and idealism of Greece and of modern thought, enabled Victor Cousin to introduce a brilliant survey of the philosophy of India into his Lectures on the History of Philosophy, first delivered, we think, in 1828 Cousin knew and thought of Colebrooke exclusively as a metaphysician He probably cared nothing for his other labours But as a metaphysician he placed him in the first rank, and never spoke of him without an expression of veneration, very unusual from the eloquent but somewhat imperious lips of the French philosopher

The last years of Colebrooke's life were full of suffering, both bodily and mental He died, after a lingering illness, on March 10, 1837

To many even among those who follow the progress of Oriental scholarship with interest and attention, the estimate which we have given of Colebrooke's merits may seem too high, but we doubt whether from the inner circle of Sanskrit scholars, any dissentient voice will be raised against our awarding to him the first place among Sanskritists, both dead and living The number of Sanskrit scholars has by this time become considerable, and there is hardly a country in Europe which may not be proud of some distinguished names

In India, too, a new and most useful school of Sanskrit students is rising, who are doing excellent work in bringing to light the forgotten treasures of their country's literature But here we must, first of all, distinguish between two classes of scholars There are those who have learnt enough of Sanskrit to be able to read texts that have been published and translated, who can discuss their merits and defects, correct some mistakes, and even produce new and more correct editions There are others who venture on new ground, who devote themselves to the study of MSS, and who by editions of new texts, by translations of works hitherto untranslated, or by essays on branches of literature not yet explored, really add to the store of our knowledge If we speak of Colebrooke as *facile princeps* among Sanskrit scholars, we are thinking of real scholars only, and we thus reduce the number of those who could compete with him to a much smaller compass

Secondly, we must distinguish between those who came before Colebrooke and those who came after him, and who built on his foundations That among the latter class there are some scholars who have carried on the work begun by Colebrooke beyond the point where he left it, is no more than natural It would be disgraceful if it were otherwise, if we had not penetrated further into the intricacies of Pâ*n*ini, if we had not a more complete knowledge of the Indian systems of philosophy, if we had not discovered in the literature of the Vedic period treasures of which Colebrooke had no idea, if we had not improved the standards of criticism which are to guide us in the critical restoration of Sanskrit texts But in all these

branches of Sanskrit scholarship those who have done the best work are exactly those who speak most highly of Colebrooke's labours They are proud to call themselves his disciples They would decline to be considered his rivals

There remains, therefore, in reality, only one who could be considered a rival of Colebrooke, and whose name is certainly more widely known than his, viz Sir William Jones It is by no means necessary to be unjust to him in order to be just to Colebrooke First of all, he came before Colebrooke, and had to scale some of the most forbidding outworks of Sanskrit scholarship Secondly, Sir William Jones died young, Colebrooke lived to a good old age Were we speaking only of the two men, and their personal qualities, we should readily admit that in some respects Sir W Jones stood higher than Colebrooke He was evidently a man possessed of great originality, of a highly cultivated taste, and of an exceptional power of assimilating the exotic beauty of Eastern poetry We may go even further, and frankly admit that, possibly, without the impulse given to Oriental scholarship through Sir William Jones's influence and example, we should never have counted Colebrooke's name among the professors of Sanskrit But we are here speaking not of the men, but of the works which they left behind, and here the difference between the two is enormous The fact is, that Colebrooke was gifted with the critical conscience of a scholar, Sir W Jones was not Sir W Jones could not wish for higher testimony in his favour than that of Colebrooke himself Immediately after his death, Colebrooke wrote to his father, June, 1794 —

'Since I wrote to you the world has sustained an irreparable loss in the death of Sir W. Jones. As a judge, as a constitutional lawyer, and for his amiable qualities in private life, he must have been lost with heartfelt regret. But his loss as a literary character will be felt in a wider circle. It was his intention shortly to have returned to Europe, where the most valuable works might have been expected from his pen. His premature death leaves the results of his researches unarranged, and must lose to the world much that was only committed to memory, and much of which the notes must be unintelligible to those into whose hands his papers fall. It must be long before he is replaced in the same career of literature, if he ever is so. None of those who are now engaged in Oriental researches are so fully informed in the classical languages of the East; and I fear that, in the progress of their inquiries, none will be found to have such comprehensive views.'

And again:—

'You ask how we are to supply his place? Indeed, but ill. Our president and future presidents may preside with dignity and propriety; but who can supply his place in diligent and ingenious researches? Not even the combined efforts of the whole Society; and the field is large, and few the cultivators.'

Still later in life, when a reaction had set in, and the indiscriminate admiration of Sir W. Jones had given way to an equally indiscriminate depreciation of his merits, Colebrooke, who was then the most competent judge, writes to his father:—

'As for the other point you mention, the use of a translation by Wilkins, without acknowledgment,

I can bear testimony that Sir W Jones's own labours in Manu sufficed without the aid of a translation He had carried an interlineary Latin version through all the difficult chapters, he had read the original three times through, and he had carefully studied the commentaries This I know, because it appears clearly so from the copies of Manu and his commentators which Sir William used, and which I have seen I must think that he paid a sufficient compliment to Wilkins, when he said, that without his aid he should never have learned Sanskrit I observe with regret a growing disposition, here and in England, to depreciate Sir W Jones's merits It has not hitherto shown itself beyond private circles and conversation Should the same disposition be manifested in print, I shall think myself bound to bear public testimony to his attainments in Sanskrit'

Such candid appreciation of the merits of Sir W Jones, conveyed in a private letter, and coming from the pen of the only person then competent to judge both of the strong and the weak points in the scholarship of Sir William Jones, ought to caution us against any inconsiderate judgment Yet we do not hesitate to declare that, as Sanskrit scholars, Sir William Jones and Colebrooke cannot be compared Sir William had explored a few fields only, Colebrooke had surveyed almost the whole domain of Sanskrit literature Sir William was able to read fragments of epic poetry, a play, and the laws of Manu But the really difficult works, the grammatical treatises and commentaries, the philosophical systems, and, before all, the immense literature of the Vedic period, were never seriously approached by him Sir William Jones reminds us

sometimes of the dashing and impatient general who tries to take every fortress by bombardment or by storm, while Colebrooke never trusts to anything but a regular siege They will both retain places of honour in our literary Walhallas But ask any librarian, and he will admit that at the present day the collected works of Sir W Jones are hardly ever consulted by Sanskrit scholars, while Colebrooke's essays are even now passing through a new edition, and we hope Sir Edward Colebrooke will one day give the world a complete edition of his father's works

JULIUS MOHL.

(1800–1876.)

WHEN, in the beginning of the year 1876, the French papers announced the death of Julius Mohl, a member of the French Institute, and professor of Persian at the Collège de France, it was felt by Oriental scholars in France, England, Germany, and Italy, that not only had they lost a man on whose kind sympathy, prudent advice, and ready help they could always rely, but that some centre of life, some warm-beating heart was gone, from which Oriental studies, in the widest sense of the word, had been constantly receiving fresh impulses and drawing active support.

The French, better than any other nation, know how to do honour to their illustrious dead, and when the duty of writing Mohl's *nécrologe*, or bidding a last farewell to their *confrère*, was intrusted to such men as Laboulaye, Maury, Renan, Regnier, Bréal, and others, we may well believe that all that could be said of Mohl's life and literary work was said at the time, and well said.

The mere story of his life is soon told. It was what the world would call the uneventful life of a true scholar. Nor is there anything new that we could add to that simple story, as it was told at the

time of his death by his friends and biographers His more special merits, too, as editor and translator of the great epic poem of Persia, the 'Shah Nameh' of Firdusi, have lately been so fully dwelt on by Persian scholars both in France and England, that little could be added to place his literary achievements in a new and brighter light Since his death, his widow has rendered one great service to her husband's memory by publishing his translation of the 'Shah Nameh,' or the 'Livre des Rois,' in a more accessible form[1] But there still remains another duty to be performed to Mohl's memory, and that is a reprint of his annual reports on Oriental scholarship, delivered before the Asiatic Society of Paris, and now scattered about in the volumes of the *Journal Asiatique*[2] It is in these reports that we seem to read Mohl's real life, and whoever wishes to study the history of Oriental learning in Europe, from 1840 to 1867, 'the heroic age of Eastern studies,' as M Renan justly calls it, could not consult better archives than those contained in the 'Rapports Annuels faits à la Société Asiatique, par M J Mohl'

Before entering more fully on the importance of those reports, it may be useful to give, as shortly as possible, the main outlines of Mohl's life, drawn partly from the biographical notices published at the time

[1] 'Le Livre des Rois, par Abou'lkasim Firdousi, traduit et commenté par Jules Mohl, publié par Madame Mohl Paris Imprimerie Nationale, 1878' 7 vols 8vo

[2] These annual reports have since been collected and published by his widow Madame Mohl, under the title of Vingt Sept Ans d'Histoire des Études Orientales, Rapports faits à la Société Asiatique de Paris de 1840 à 1867 par Jules Mohl Ouvrage publié par sa veuve 2 vols Paris, 1879–1880

of his death, partly from private papers kindly communicated to me by his widow and other members of his family.

Julius Mohl was born at Stuttgart the 23rd October, 1800. His father was a high official in the civil service of the kingdom of Wurtemberg, and his three brothers all rose to eminence in their respective branches of study—Robert, the eldest, as a jurist and liberal politician; Moritz, as a national economist; Hugo, as a botanist. The education of these four boys was carried on, as is generally the case in German families, as much at home as at school, for the German system of sending boys to a gymnasium, which is a Government day-school, throws a great deal of responsibility and actual work on the father and mother at home. As is generally the case with distinguished men, we hear that in the case of Mohl, too, his mother was a lady of a highly-cultivated mind, combining a great charm of manner with force and originality of character, and devoting herself quite as much to the training of her children as to the humbler cares of her household. Julius showed early signs of love of knowledge, though we may hope that his rising every day at four o'clock in the morning to read books, when a mere child, may be a slight exaggeration, such as often creep into the *Evangelia infantiæ* of men who have risen to great distinction in after-life. Be that as it may, Julius Mohl finished his school career at eighteen, and went to Tubingen to study theology. He was a contemporary there of Christian Baur, who afterwards became the founder of the new critical school of theology, commonly called the Tubingen school; and he

seems also to have made at that time the acquaintance of David Strauss. Becoming dissatisfied with the narrow and purely theological treatment of Christianity, Hebrew proved to him, what it has proved to many scholars, a rail to slide from ecclesiastical to Oriental studies. Though in 1822 he was actually appointed to a small living, Julius Mohl felt more and more attracted by Eastern studies, and resolved in 1823 to go to Paris, where alone at that time there existed in the Collège de France a school of Oriental learning. He attended at first the lectures of De Sacy on Arabic and Persian, and of Abel Rémusat on Chinese. He did not at once, as is so much the fashion now, devote himself to one special language, but tried to become an Oriental scholar in the true sense of the word. He wished to become acquainted, as he expressed it himself at the time, 'with the ideas that have ruled mankind,' particularly in the earliest ages of Eastern history. He seems soon to have endeared himself to several of the leading Oriental scholars at Paris, and the society in which they moved, the charm of their manner and conversation, the largeness of their views, seem to have produced a deep impression on the mind of the young scholar, just escaped from the narrow chambers of the Tubingen seminary and the traditional teaching of its learned professors. After all, there is no society more delightful than good French society; nor should it be forgotten that much of its ease, its lightness and brightness, is due, not only to perfect manners, but to deeper causes, a general kindliness of heart, and a much smaller admixture of selfishness and self-righteousness than is found elsewhere. Alexander

von Humboldt was at that time in Paris, and the friendly relations which commenced thus early between him and Mohl remained unaltered through life Cuvier's house also was open to young Mohl In 1826 the Wurtemberg Government, wishing to secure the services of the promising young Orientalist, gave him a professorship of Oriental languages at Tubingen, allowing him at the same time to continue his studies at Paris In 1830 and 1831 Mohl went to England, and here gained the friendship of several Oriental scholars, some of them servants of the old East India Company He then seems to have conceived the plan of passing some years in India, and when he failed in this, he returned to Paris, which had already become his second home

At Paris he continued for some time his Chinese studies, and produced as their fruit his edition of a Latin translation of two of the canonical books, the 'Shi-king' and 'Y-king' (1830, 1837, and 1839) These translations had been made by two Jesuits, Lacharme and Régis, in the first half of the last century, but had never been published

At the same time, Persian became more and more his *spécialité* So early as 1826 the French Government entrusted the young German student with an edition and translation of the 'Shah Nameh,' the famous epic poem of Firdusi The poem was to form part of the 'Collection Orientale,' a publication undertaken by Government, and carried out in so magnificent and needlessly extravagant a style that it altogether failed in the object for which it was intended, viz, to bring to light the treasures of Eastern literature. To Mohl this undertaking became the

work of his life, nay, it was not quite finished at the time of his death In preparation for his great work he published in 1829, with Olshausen, 'Fragments Relatifs à la Religion de Zoroastre' The printing of the first volume of the Persian epic began in the year 1833, and in the same year he resigned his professorship at Tubingen, where he had never lectured, and determined to settle at Paris The first volume of the 'Shah Nameh' appeared in 1838, the second in 1842, the third in 1846, the fourth in 1855, the fifth in 1866, the sixth in 1868 The last and concluding volume was left unfinished at his death, some portions of it having been destroyed at the time of the French Commune His former pupil, and worthy successor at the Collège de France, M Barbier de Meynard, undertook to finish the work of his friend and master, and we have it now before us in two forms—in the *edition de luxe*, which the French Government uses for presents to people the least likely to make any use of it, and the reprint of the French translation only, in seven small octavo volumes, published at the expense of his widow, and likely to find its way into every library which pretends to contain the master-works of poetry in the principal languages of the world

It would require an article by itself to show the importance of the 'Shah Nameh' as one of the six or seven great national epics of the world, still more to explain the light which Firdusi's poetry throws on the intricate problem of the transition of mythology into heroic poetry and actual history Nowhere can that transition be watched to greater advantage No Persian on reading the exploits of Feridun would

ever doubt that he was reading the history of one of the ancient kings of his country, nor would it be easier to convince him that the great Feridun was originally a purely mythological conception, than to convince an ancient Greek or a Greek scholar of to-day that Helena was a mere goddess, long before she became the wife of Menelaos, or that the siege of Troy was the reflection of a much more ancient siege In Persia, fortunately, we can transcend the limits of epic poetry, and trace the names of some of the principal heroes of the 'Shah Nameh' in the corruptions which the names of the old deities of the Zend-avesta underwent in Pehlevi and Parsi Feridun, as Eugène Burnouf was the first to prove, occurs in Pehlevi as Fredun, and that Fredun is a corruption of the Zend Thraêtaona, corresponding to a Sanskrit form, Traitana, a patronymic of the Vedic god Trita The tyrant, Zohak, of the epic poem is likewise, as Burnouf was again the first to point out, the same as the Ashi dahaka of the Zend-avesta, whom even Firdusi still knows as Ash dahak, while the true explanation of his nature and real origin can only be found in the Ahi, the serpent of Vedic mythology We can see in Persia, step by step, the growth of mythology, of legend, and at last of history, while in other countries we generally have the second or third stages only, and must frequently depend on the etymology of the names of half-historical, half-legendary heroes, or appeal to the character of their exploits, in order to show that an Odysseus, no less than a William Tell, was evolved from 'the inner consciousness,' and was never seen, whether in Ithaca or Switzerland, in flesh and blood

Some of these questions, particularly the character of the materials collected and used by Firdusi when composing his epic, are fully treated in the prefaces to the different volumes of Mohl's edition of the 'Shah Nameh,' and they deserve to be carefully considered by every student of comparative mythology.

By accepting the task of editing and translating the 'Shah Nameh,' for the French Government, Mohl must have seen that he would have to spend the best years of his life in France.

It has sometimes been a matter of surprise why Mohl should have declined to return to the university of Tubingen, which was so anxious to receive him back, and should have preferred to live and work at Paris. He himself, when asked in later life, found it difficult to give an answer. But first of all it should be remembered that in 1830 men were still far more cosmopolitan than after 1848, and that Paris was then the most cosmopolitan city in the world.

We may quote on this point the opinion of M. Renan in his 'Rapport sur les travaux du Conseil de la Société Asiatique,' in 1876:—

'Le meilleur fruit,' he says, 'du grand et libéral esprit qui régna en Europe depuis la fin des orages de la Révolution et de l'Empire jusqu'à la funeste année qui a déchaîné de nouveau le typhon de la haine et du mal, fut la facilité avec laquelle l'homme voué a une œuvre sociale consentait à transporter ses aptitudes et le libre exercice de son activité dans un pays différent du sien. Il resultait de la des échanges excellentes de dons opposés, des mélanges féconds pour le progrès de la civilisation. Et comme une

pensée vraiment haute présidait à ces changements de patrie, le pays le plus hospitalier était celui qui en bénéficiait le plus.'

Secondly, friendships, and more than friendships, seem to have had much to do with his unwillingness to leave Paris. Such men as De Sacy, Rémusat, Fauriel, Fresnel, Saint-Martin, Ampère, Eugène Burnouf, were not easy to find at Tubingen. Nor was there, in the then prevailing state of Government, any place in Germany where a young professor would have found such a sphere of usefulness and independence as Mohl had at Paris. He was able to live there on easy and pleasant terms, not only with the greatest scholars of the day, but also with such men as Guizot, Villemain, Cousin, Thiers, and others, all of them at a later time his colleagues as members of the Institute, and at the same time Ministers of State, ready to listen to his counsels, and willing to carry out any plans that he or his friends might submit to them for the furtherance of Oriental studies. Nor must it be forgotten that his being a foreigner was at that time a recommendation rather than an impediment in his career at Paris. Mohl was not only welcome to do the work or take a place for which no Frenchman happened to care, but the highest and most honourable appointments were given to him in no grudging spirit. In 1844 he was elected a member of the French Institute, in 1847 he received the chair of Persian at the Collège de France, and in 1852 he was appointed Inspector of the Oriental Department at the Imperial Press. While these appointments gave him an independent and honoured position among his French colleagues, he was able to

devote a considerable portion of his leisure to the *Société Asiatique*, of which he was first the assistant secretary, then the secretary, and finally the president. That society was in fact his pet child through good and evil days, and it was through that society that Mohl rendered the most valuable and most permanent services to Oriental scholarship.

The best record of these services is to be found in the Annual Reports delivered by him regularly every year from 1840 to 1867. It is but seldom that he tells us what share he himself has had in encouraging, guiding, and supporting the work of other scholars. Still we can recognise his hand in several of the most brilliant discoveries of those days. He generally begins his annual address by giving an account of the work done by the members of the Asiatic Society during the year. He dwells on the losses sustained by the death of some of its prominent associates and some of his biographical notices are perfect gems. We need only mention his *necrologes* of James Prinsep, Gesenius, Csoma Korosi, Schlegel, Burnouf, Lee, Fresnel, Hammer Purgstall, Wilson, and Woepke. After enumerating the principal papers published during the year in the Journal of the Asiatic Society, and dwelling on the larger literary undertakings, which the society had either recommended for Government support or supported out of its own resources, Mohl passes in review all Oriental publications, whether in French, English, German, Italian, or some even of the Eastern languages, which seemed to him to constitute a real addition to the stock of Oriental learning in Europe. Scholars whose works are recorded in those pages

may well look upon such record as the Greek cities looked upon the honour of being mentioned in Homer's catalogue There is perhaps more praise than blame in Mohl's judgments, yet to those who have ears to hear, it is easy to perceive where he looks upon any publication as a real and permanent conquest of new territory, or as mere skirmishing and reconnoitring in search of literary glory It would be impossible, of course, to give anything like an adequate account of the work performed by Mohl in his annual censorship in every branch of Oriental learning But we think it due to his memory to show, at least in one case, how he suggested and silently directed discoveries the credit of which he was himself the first to ascribe and to leave undiminished to others

One of the most brilliant and truly light-bringing discoveries of our age has no doubt been the unearthing of the palaces of Babylon and Nineveh, and still more, the deciphering of the wedge-shaped inscriptions with which the walls of those ancient palaces were covered

If one asked any educated Englishman, supposing he cared at all about Oriental antiquities, who it was that discovered the bulls at Nineveh, he would answer, Sir Austen Layard And if he were asked who first deciphered the cuneiform inscriptions, he would say, Sir Henry Rawlinson Yet both these statements are utterly and entirely wrong, and we have the less hesitation in saying so, because Sir Austen Layard's merits in bringing the Nineveh bulls and many other antiquities to light, and Sir Henry Rawlinson's merits in copying and translating some

of the most important cuneiform inscriptions, are so great that they are the very last persons who would wish to see themselves bedecked with feathers not their own[1] Long before Sir Austen Layard ever thought of Nineveh, and before Sir Henry Rawlinson published any of the cuneiform inscriptions of Behistun, we find M Mohl pointing out to his French friends the importance of the discoveries that might be made on the historic soil of Mesopotamia He was then already carrying on an active correspondence with Schultz, the unfortunate traveller, who had been sent to Armenia to copy the arrow-headed inscriptions which were known to exist in the old castle of Van In the very first of his reports, of the year 1840, Mohl had to announce the death of Schultz, who was murdered while engaged in copying these inscriptions It was Mohl who rescued his papers from oblivion, and who urged the French Government to publish the most important materials collected by his unfortunate friend He tells us at the same time, in the same report of 1840, what had been hitherto achieved in the deciphering of the cuneiform alphabet After Grotefend had proved that these bundles of wedges with which the walls of the ancient palaces of Persepolis were covered, were really meant for inscriptions, consisted, in fact, of consonants and vowels, and exhibited clearly at the beginning of certain inscriptions the names and titles of Darius and Xerxes, kings of kings, kings of Persia, little progress had been made till the year 1836, in which Burnouf and Lassen published, almost contemporaneously, their Memoirs on the Cuneiform Inscriptions, then accessible from the copies made by

[1] See Note on p 384

Niebuhr during his Persian travels, and by Schultz. The results at which they arrived were almost identical, but the first idea which proved so effective in unlocking the remaining secrets of those ancient documents, i.e. the looking in them, not only for the proper names of kings such as Cyrus, Darius, and Xerxes, but also for geographical names, more particularly the names of the provinces of the Empire of Darius, seems to have come from Burnouf. By the labours of these two pioneers, the whole alphabet of the Persian cuneiform inscriptions had been recovered; there remained only a few doubtful letters, some of which were cleared up soon after by Beer at Leipzig, and by Jacquet at Paris. One letter only, the *m*, remained to be determined by Rawlinson, while the discovery of inherent vowels was due, at a still later date, to Hincks and Oppert.

What was at that time most sorely wanted was a new supply of trustworthy copies. The inscriptions of Hamadan were furnished in Schultz's papers; Rich completed those of Persepolis. The great desideratum was an accurate copy of the trilingual inscriptions of Behistun. Schultz, who was to have copied it, had been murdered. It was known, however, that Colonel Rawlinson was in possession of a copy of at least three out of its four columns, and Mohl, so early as 1840, expressed a hope that this copy would be published immediately, to satisfy the impatience of all Oriental scholars.

Though this hope was not then realised, we find Mohl indefatigable in urging on his friends in Paris and elsewhere the necessity of collecting new materials. In his report of the year 1843, he calls

attention to the first publication of Oriental cylinders by A. Cullimore, and to a similar collection then preparing under the auspices of M. Lajard, a French scholar, best known by his vast researches on the worship of Mithra, and not to be confounded with Austen Henry Layard, who will appear later on the stage. In the same year Mohl announces a more important fact. M. Botta, then French Consul at Mosul, had carried on excavations at Nineveh, encouraged to do so by M. Mohl. M. Maury, as President of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres, tells us: 'C'est surtout d'apres ses indications que Botta retrouvait les restes des palais des rois de Ninive.' Botta's first attempts were rewarded by the wonderful discovery of Assyrian bas-reliefs and inscriptions. Mohl, on communicating M. Botta's letters to the Asiatic Society of Paris, says, 'These are the only specimens of Assyrian sculpture which have hitherto come to light, and the excavations of M. Botta will add an entirely new chapter to the history of ancient art.' The French Government, justly proud of the discoveries of its consul, lost no time in securing the treasures he had found. Mohl did all he could to persuade the French authorities to give Botta the aid he required in order to continue his explorations, and he impressed on the members of the Asiatic Society the duty of publishing as many of the newly-discovered inscriptions as their means would allow. He felt, in fact, very sanguine at that time, that after the progress which Burnouf and Lassen had made in deciphering the first class of these inscriptions, namely, the Persian—the two other classes, the so-called Median and Babylonian, would soon

have to surrender their secrets likewise. They were all written with the same wedge-shaped letters, and though it was easy to see that the number of independent signs, or groups of wedges, was far larger in the Median than in the Persian, and again far larger in the Babylonian than in the Median inscriptions, yet as there existed trilingual documents, and as it was known in particular that the great inscription of Behistun was repeated three times, on three different tablets, in three different alphabets, and in three different languages, it seemed but natural that after the Persian edict had been deciphered, the Median and Babylonian could offer no very formidable resistance. In this expectation M. Mohl and his friends, as we shall see, were sadly disappointed. Still, every year brought some new light, and in every one of his annual addresses M. Mohl reports progress with unflagging enthusiasm.

In 1844 he says:—

'It was reserved for a member of your society, M. Botta, to lift a corner of that veil with which time had covered the history of Mesopotamia. Last year he wrote to you that he had found at Khorsabad, at about five leagues' distance from Nineveh, the ruins of a building covered with sculptures and inscriptions. The excavations which he has carried on since have only added to the importance of his discoveries. Everything at present seems to show, that these ruins are truly Assyrian, but much more abundant materials will soon be forthcoming. The French Government has sent M. Flandin to make drawings on the spot. M. Botta himself has bought the whole village beneath which the ruins are found,

and the Louvre will soon possess a splendid museum of Assyrian antiquities'

But while thus telling the world of the wonders revealed from year to year in the Assyrian Herculaneum and Pompeii, Mohl never ceased to point out the duty incumbent on Oriental scholarship in Europe of deciphering the three cuneiform alphabets, and reading the three ancient languages in which the old kings of Babylon, Nineveh, Media, and Persia had recorded their achievements for the benefit of future generations He dwells again and again on the labours of Mr Rawlinson, the fortunate Consul-General at Bagdad, who was in possession of the great trilingual Behistun inscription, and therefore was supposed to hold in his hand the key that would unlock, not only the remaining secrets of the Persian, but likewise the as yet only guessed at contents of the Median and Babylonian tablets Yet that inscription was still withheld, and such was the impatience of the learned public in Europe for new materials and new light, that the small kingdom of Denmark sent Westergaard to Persia, to copy cuneiform inscriptions, and to study the ancient language of the Zend-avesta, which, as Burnouf had shown, supplied in reality the most advanced trench from which the language of the Persian mountain records of Cyrus, Darius, and Xerxes could be attacked A large number of the Assyrian inscriptions copied by Flandin and Coste were published in 1844, at the expense of the French Government Many hands were at work, if not to decipher these inscriptions, at least to draw up lists of all the letters, which, in the Assyrian and Babylonian alphabet, amounted to several hundreds instead of the thirty-

three consonants and vowels of the Persian, to find out, in various transcripts of the same inscription, what letters could be replaced by other letters, which signs were ideographic, which syllabic, which phonetic, in fact to carry out some kind of preliminary sifting, and to establish a certain order in what seemed at first a mere chaos of arrows and wedges. A real assault, it was felt, would be premature until the Behistun inscription became *publici juris*. It was known then that Colonel Rawlinson had copied as much as four hundred and fifty lines of Persian text, containing probably ten times as many words as all the other Persian inscriptions put together. Coste and Flandin had been on the spot, and had prepared careful drawings of the sculptures of Behistun, representing Darius with his captive kings before him, protected by Auramazda, the god of the Avesta, called Ahuramazda in Zend, and Ormazd in modern Persian. But the most important part of the monument, the inscriptions, they had left uncopied.

The next year, 1845, brings us news of the unearthing of the first complete palace. M. Botta had then two hundred workmen at his disposal, consisting chiefly of those unfortunate Nestorians who had escaped being massacred by the Kurds. Two thousand *metres* of wall covered with inscriptions and bas-reliefs were laid open, one hundred and thirty bas-reliefs were copied by M. Flandin, two hundred inscriptions were carefully transcribed by M. Botta. The most striking specimens of the Assyrian sculptures had been shipped off on the Tigris, and had actually arrived at Bagdad, ready to be taken to Paris. There were only the two gigantic bulls, and two statues of

men throttling lions in their arms still waiting to be packed with care M Botta was expected back at Paris and his whole museum was to follow as soon as the shallow Tigris would allow it

The best account of what had been achieved in recovering the antiquities of Mesopotamia up to the year 1845 may be found in 'Lettres de M Botta sur ses découvertes à Khorsabad près de Ninive, publiees par M Mohl, Paris, 1845' We have only to add that Westergaard was then publishing his first essay on the Median inscriptions, and that Colonel Rawlinson s papers containing the Persian text of the Behistun inscriptions complete, about one-third of the Median and one-tenth of the Babylonian tablets, were in the hands of Mr Norris, the indefatigable secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society in London

In 1846 Mr Layard appears on the stage Attracted by the fame of Botta's discoveries, he set to work digging at Nineveh with that pluck, that energy, and at the same time that discriminating judgment which he has since shown on other occasions There was enough, and more than enough, to disinter for both France and England , yet there can be no doubt that England, leaving its representatives far greater freedom of action than France, obtained in the end far greater results, owing chiefly to the energy and undaunted perseverance of such men as Rawlinson, Layard, and Loftus Cargoes of antiquities soon arrived in London One was unfortunately wrecked on its way from Bombay In France the Government seemed satisfied with the collection sent home by Botta, and spent large sums on publishing the description of his discoveries in so extravagant a style that

again its very object was defeated This is a point on which Mohl speaks out in almost every one of his reports Doing full justice to the French Chambers, and their liberal grants for sending out learned expeditions and publishing their results, he shows that the sumptuous way in which these works are got up, and the enormous price at which they are sold, keep them altogether from those in whose hands alone they would be most useful He shows how much more sensible and practical the English system is of leaving the publication of such works to private enterprise, and he tells the Government that while Mr Layard's works on Nineveh are read in thousands of copies, yielding at the same time a good profit both to author and publisher, M Botta's 'Monuments de Ninive,' published at an enormous expense by Government (Paris, 1848), was so dear that the two men who would have made the best use of it, Mr Rawlinson and Mr Layard, were unable to buy it Here was indeed a *reductio ad absurdum*, but like other *reductios* of the same kind, it seems only to have confirmed the Government in its perverse course

In 1848 M Mohl is able to announce that Rawlinson's paper on the Behistun inscription has been published at last in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society for 1847 Though at that time there were no more discoveries to be made in deciphering the alphabet of the Persian cuneiform inscriptions, yet the publication and translation of so large a document marked a new epoch in the study of Persian antiquities How well the alphabet was known at that time was best shown by the fact that Mr Norris, then secretary of the Asiatic Society in London, was able to point out

mistakes in the copies of the Behistun inscription sent home by Colonel Rawlinson, with the same certainty as a Latin scholar would correct clerical blunders in a Latin inscription. Mohl, though fully recognising the principle that priority of publication constitutes priority of discovery, does the fullest justice to Rawlinson's industry and perseverance, and to the real genius with which he had performed his own peculiar task.

After Rawlinson's Memoir was published, the Persian cuneiform inscriptions were disposed of; their ancient texts could thenceforth be read with nearly the same certainty as an ancient Greek or Latin inscription. The question now was, what could be done for the Median and Assyrian inscriptions? Westergaard had proved that the language of the second class of the so-called Median inscriptions was Scythian or Turanian. With regard to the third class, the inscriptions found at Babylon and Nineveh, all scholars who were then at work on them, such as Grotefend, Lowenstern, Longperier, De Saulcy, Hincks, were agreed that they were written in a Semitic dialect. The inscriptions of Van only gave rise to doubts, and Hincks, in a paper 'On the Inscriptions at Van' suspected that they were composed in an Aryan language.

The difficulties, however, of reading either the Median or the Assyrian inscriptions, even after the Behistun texts had been published, were far greater than had been expected. First of all, the Median and Babylonian transcripts at Behistun were imperfect. Secondly, they were written in an alphabet that was not only, like the Egyptian, at the same time ideographic,

syllabic, and phonetic, but, what was much worse, employed the same sign to express different powers, and different signs to express one and the same power We enter in fact into the long controversy of the Polyphony and Homophony of the Babylonian alphabet, a problem which made several scholars give up the whole matter as hopeless, which roused a general scepticism among Oriental scholars, and still more among the public at large, and which even now, after twenty years of continued research, continues a constant stumblingblock to Assyrian and Babylonian scholarship

Mohl was fully aware of all these difficulties, but he goes on year after year announcing new triumphs, and exhorting to new victories In 1849, the French Government withdrew its patronage from the field of excavation M Botta was removed from Mosul to Jerusalem, and the rich mine which he had opened was left to be worked by Mr Layard At home the chief advance made in deciphering was in the Median line Colonel Rawlinson had succeeded in copying nearly the whole of the Median text at Behistun, and promised to send his copies home, M de Saulcy gave the results of his own independent studies, on the Median inscriptions, so far as they were then known, in several papers contributed to the *Journal Asiatique*

In 1851, we receive the first account of Mr Layard's splendid discoveries at Koyunjik, and somewhat later at Babylon This Koyunjik proved the richest field of Assyrian discovery There are within the precincts at Nineveh two artificial hillocks, the one called the Koyunjik, the other the Nabbi Yunus It was the former which yielded its treasures to European exca-

vators while the latter, being supposed to contain the bones of the prophet Jonah, and protected by a mosque, was considered too sacred to be surrendered to them The Pasha of Mosul, however, though forbidding the infidels to disturb the peace of the prophet Jonah, had no scruples in digging himself, and his labours were soon rewarded by two bulls, nineteen feet high, which were not exactly what he was looking for (Rapport, 1856, p 49) At the same time Mr Loftus was sent to the Lower Euphrates to explore the ruins of Warka and Senkereh, while another expedition to Susah was in contemplation at the expense of the English Government

At home the linguistic excavations were carried on quietly by Botta, De Saulcy, Rawlinson, Norris, and especially by the Rev E Hincks, who at that time was the most advanced pioneer, and the first to lay the solid foundation for a grammatical study of the Assyrian language His labours, scattered about in different journals, are now in danger of being almost forgotten, and it would be but a just tribute to his memory if the Irish Academy or some of his surviving friends and admirers were to publish a collected edition of his numerous though not voluminous contributions to the study of the cuneiform inscriptions

In 1853, Mohl reports with great satisfaction that M Place, the successor of M Botta as French consul at Mosul, has been directed to continue excavations His labours at Khorsabad were soon rewarded by most valuable results 'He found new halls, subterranean vaults, long passages in enamelled bricks, Assyrian statues, the cellar of the castle containing vessels still filled with dried-up liquors, bas-reliefs,

inscriptions, articles in ivory and metal, and, quite recently, a depôt of iron and steel instruments, and a gate of the town or the palace in splendid preservation, covered in by a vault supported on both sides by bulls, and built in enamelled and ornamental bricks' In spite of these splendid discoveries, which, as M Mohl said, would at last bring the Assyrian Museum at the Louvre up to the level of the British Museum, the French Government, it was feared, would again stop M Place, as they had stopped M Botta, in the midst of his campaign M Mohl did all he could to plead the cause of Assyrian discovery before the Société Asiatique, before the Institute, before the Ministers, and it was again chiefly due to his never-ceasing intercessions that his friend M Fresnel, who had been for years devoting himself to the collection of Himyaritic inscriptions in the south of Arabia, was sent out with MM Oppert and Thomas, at the head of a well-equipped scientific expedition, destined to explore the ruins in the basin of the Lower Euphrates When the disturbed state of the country frustrated the original intention of Fresnel's expedition, he and his companions concentrated their work on Babylon At about the same time Mr Loftus was hard at work at Susah, and had discovered there a palace like those of Persepolis, and inscriptions in the Persian cuneiform characters of the time of Artaxerxes Mr Layard had published an account of his wonderful discoveries at Koyunjik, and had explored a large portion of Lower Mesopotamia, the ruins of Arban, Van, Babylon, Niffar, and Kalah Sherghat At home, Rawlinson's Memoir on the Babylonian text of the Behistun inscription had been published in the fourteenth volume of the

Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society (1851), and in the first number of the fifteenth volume of the same Journal (1853) Mr Norris, in publishing for the first time the Median transcript of the same document, had confirmed Westergaard's opinion that its language was Turanian, without determining, however, whether it was more closely allied to the Turkish or to the Finnish branch of that extensive family, or rather class, of speech

In the next year, 1854, while Mr Loftus was continuing his work at Warka and Senkereh in Lower Mesopotamia, while Mr Rassan was hard at work for England at Koyunjik, M Mohl has to announce that the French Government has really stopped the excavations undertaken with so much success at Khorsabad by M Place The next year brings sadder tidings still That precious cargo, containing the harvest of the combined labours of M Place at Khorsabad and M Fresnel at Babylon, was completely wrecked at Basra on its voyage home Fresnel, who for years had held his own against the Government, who had declined to be recalled, and was meditating at Bagdad the establishment of an archæological school, on the model of the French school at Athens, died in 1855, and with his death the excavations in the East at the expense of the French Government came to an end While Loftus was still collecting fresh materials among the ruins of Mugheir, Abu Shahrein, Tel Sifr, Senkereh, Warka and Niffar, while Rawlinson was looking for new treasures at Babylon, nothing remained to the French expedition, now entrusted to M Jules Oppert, but to save what could be saved, and to return home With Fresnel's death M Mohl's in-

terest in the antiquities of Mesopotamia seems to flag In spite of his constant efforts, the enterprises which he had encouraged and directed had not led to the results which he anticipated Even the deciphering of the Babylonian and Assyrian inscriptions had somewhat disappointed him In speaking almost for the last time of the subject, in drawing attention to the 'Rapport adressé à S E le Ministre de l'instruction publique, par M Jules Oppert Paris, 1856 (tiré des Archives des missions),' he expresses a hope that the difficulties created by the polyphonous and homophonous character of the Assyro-Babylonian alphabet may be overcome, but with regard to the theory then started for the first time by M Oppert, that the cuneiform alphabet was originally invented by people speaking a Scythian language and afterwards adapted as well as might be by the Babylonians to their own Semitic speech, he says —

'Il faut réserver son jugement, attendre le développement des preuves, et si elles sont concluantes, réformer nos idées préconçues Il est impossible qu'une découverte immense, comme celle de Ninive, et cette restauration subite de langues et presque de littératures perdues depuis des milliers d'années, ne révèlent des faits qui s'accordent mal avec des opinions formées sur l'ancienne histoire de l'Asie d'après des données imparfaites Il est probable, au reste, que l'histoire ancienne, telle que l'on a construite d'après la Bible et les auteurs grecs, sera plutôt enrichie que changee par les résultats des études assyriennes, car nous voyons que tout ce que nous avons appris sur l'Egypte, l'Inde, et la Perse, n'a fait que grandir l'autorité d'Hérodote C'est un cadre qui se remplit, mais

qui ne change pas dans ses parties essentielles On n'est qu au commencement de ces études, et la route est longue et ardue, mais les progrès sont très-réels et deviendront plus rapides à mesure que les matériaux seront plus accessibles'

We can give this one instance only, to show how conscientiously Mohl performed his work as the recognised contemporaneous historian of Oriental learning, and how much may be learnt from his pages that is apt to be forgotten in the hurry of our life No doubt Persia was always nearest to his heart, and hence his warm interest in these cuneiform researches, which, resting chiefly on the decipherment of the edicts of the ancient kings of Persia, such as Cyrus, Darius, and Xerxes, threw a new light on the history of the Persian language, both before and after their time Hence, also, his sincere admiration for Burnouf's labours for the recovery of the sacred writings of Zoroaster, and the full appreciation of Burnouf's philological method as the only one that could lead to trustworthy results in the interpretation of the Avesta as well as of the Veda But though these personal predilections had their influence, we shall find in reading his annual reports that he treated every other subject, too, with almost the same accuracy and thoroughness of appreciation Every really important publication, whether in Arabic, Hebrew, Syriac, Armenian, Sanskrit, or Chinese, is carefully chronicled—nay, we meet again and again with paragraphs which form short but complete treatises on the history and the true value of whole branches of Oriental literature

Whoever wishes to know how we came possessed of the Himyaritic inscriptions, and what their bearing

is on the history of the Semitic languages, should read Mohl's account of Fresnel's and Arnaud's wanderings on the coast of Yemen, chiefly suggested and encouraged by Mohl himself (See Rapports for 1840, 1844, 1845, 1846, 1856)

The practicability of substituting the Roman letters for the numerous alphabets of Oriental languages is discussed by Mohl in 1841, and again in 1865 In answer to those who twitted the English Government with the slow progress they had been able to make in persuading the natives to write Hindustani with Roman letters, while the Mohammedans had succeeded in a very short time in making the Persians adopt the Arabic alphabet, he drily remarked that the Mohammedans punished all who continued to write Persian with the old Pehlevi, and not with Arabic letters, with death (p 25) Though Mohl does not give his authority for this statement, we have no doubt he could have given chapter and verse for it

The discovery of the Syriac and Coptic MSS by Tattam in 1842, and subsequently by Pacho, the first specimens of these new treasures such as the three undoubtedly genuine letters of Ignatius published by Cureton, and lastly the excellent catalogue of the whole collection by Wright,—all this is described in a masterly way in the Report for the years 1846, 1847, 1848, 1864

Students of Arabic will find an accurate account of all important publications, particularly some instructive chapters on the life of Mohammed, doing full justice to Sprenger's treatment of the prophet on one side, and to Sir W Muir's very different treatment on the other The gradual formation and sifting too of

the traditions concerning Mohammed and the growth of his new religion will interest many readers, as containing significant and useful hints on similar phases in the history of other religions Full justice is rendered to Lane's Arabic Lexicon, but not without an expression of regret that it should have been restricted to the so-called classical language only

The reports on Chinese literature are very complete, Chinese having been for a long time one of Mohl's favourite occupations When Stanislas Julien published his translation of the travels of Buddhist pilgrims from China to India, he nowhere found a more appreciative, yet discriminating critic than in Mohl

In all the subjects hitherto mentioned Mohl was perfectly at home The languages were familiar, the literatures a subject of constant interest to him But even in other branches of Eastern learning, in Sanskrit, for instance, and Indian literature in general, few could have more surely distinguished the important from the unimportant, few could have better pointed out the duty which Sanskrit scholarship owed to the learned world at large, than Mohl Beginning with his first report, in 1840, he calls the attention of Sanskrit scholars to the Veda *Hic Rhodos, hic salta!* he seems to say whenever his survey brings him to the frontiers of India He welcomes with real joy every attempt at filling the gap in our knowledge of Sanskrit literature, which scholars such as Sir W Jones, Colebrooke, Mill, and Wilson had indicated rather than filled He shows how Indian literature must for ever remain a baseless fabric unless its truly historical foundation, the Veda,

can be recovered As early as 1840 he tells us that the old East India Company had ordered the text of the four Vedas to be published by the learned Brâhmans of the College at Calcutta after the best MSS of Benares 'C'est une grande et magnifique entreprise,' he says, 'qui fera honneur au gouvernement anglais, et qui livrera aux études des savants de tous les pays un monument littéraire dont il est difficile d'évaluer l'importance pour l'histoire de la civilisation' It is well known, however, that neither learned Brâhmans nor trustworthy MSS were forthcoming in India Brâhmans who were able were unwilling, those who were willing were unable to produce an edition of the text and the commentaries of the Veda, and European scholarship had at last to undertake the work, and give to the Brâhmans the first complete edition of their own sacred books

Mohl tells us at the same time that during several years the French Government had then been buying MSS of the Veda and its commentaries in India, and that several boxes of them had already arrived at Paris This was chiefly due to Burnouf, who, besides Rosen, was at that time probably the only Sanskrit scholar who had gone beyond Colebrooke, and penetrated furthest into the outworks of Vedic scholarship, and to the enlightened patronage of M Guizot Even so late as 1869 M Guizot, in announcing to the writer of this article his election as a foreign member of the French Institute, remarked 'Je ne suis pas un juge compétent de vos travaux sur les Védas, mais je me félicite d'avoir un peu contribué à vous fournir les matériaux, et je vous remercie d'en avoir gardé le souvenir'

Hardly a year passes in which Mohl does not give us some new information on the gradual advances made by Sanskrit scholars in their attempts to master the difficulties of the Veda, and in his simple and clear treatment of the importance of the native traditional literature on one side, and the freedom of European scholarship on the other, we see again the maturity of his mind and the impartiality of his judgment, in strong contrast with the wranglings of one-sided pleaders

But deeply impressed as Mohl was with the importance of Vedic studies, other branches of Indian literature were not passed over by him in silence Troyer s edition of the Râ*g*atarangini, the history of the Kings of Kashmir, Prinsep's discovery of the Pâli alphabet, Gorresio's magnificent edition of the Râmâya*n*a, Foucaux s translation of the Tibetan version of the Life of Buddha, Lassen s Indian Antiquities, Boehtlingk and Roth s as well as Goldstucker s Sanskrit Dictionaries, Woepke s original researches on Indian numerals and mathematics, Neve s and Weber s works, all receive their recognition, all are represented to us as marking definite stages in the slow but safe advance of the small and valiant army of Oriental scholars

It is not easy to form an idea of the work entailed on a really conscientious scholar who undertakes to write such annual reports Those only who have tried to do it know how much time is required in collecting the mere materials, how much care in determining what amount of recognition, of praise or blame, is due to each work Though each of these annual reports fills only from fifty to a hundred

pages, a considerable portion of Mohl's leisure must have been consumed in their preparation

Other societies have published similar reports, but seldom with such regularity as the Société Asiatique during Mohl's secretaryship—never with that due proportion which Mohl knew how to preserve in the general plan of his annual review If such reports become too complete, they degenerate into mere catalogues, if they are too minute and searching, they grow into treatises on a few leading publications There have been annual *rapports* published by those who succeeded Mohl as secretaries of the Asiatic Society of Paris These *rapports* are written, no doubt, in more classical French, and are full of most valuable materials But they have gradually become less and less comprehensive, and are now restricted to a survey of the work done during each year by the Oriental scholars of France only

Still greater, perhaps, was the difficulty of maintaining throughout that judicial position which Mohl took in his reports from beginning to end Of himself we hear little—almost nothing It is only by accident that we find out how much was due to him personally in several of the greatest undertakings patronised by the French Government In some cases he seems to carry that modesty too far The French, we know, are very sensitive on this point They dislike the pronoun 'I' Yet there is danger of good taste sinking into mannerism even here When speaking of his edition of the 'Shah Nameh,' it would have sounded more simple and natural, even in French, if Mohl had said, 'A new volume of my edition of the "Shah Nameh" has been finished,'

instead of telling his friends, as he always does, that 'a member of their Society has finished a new volume of the "Shah Nameh"' However, as a German writing in French, Mohl no doubt felt himself bound to observe French etiquette even more carefully than a Frenchman and if he erred, he erred, at all events on the safe side

What is, however, even more creditable to him is the reserve with which he speaks of his personal friends Mohl could not have been the scholar he was, without having both strong sympathies and strong antipathies with regard to other scholars or would-be scholars whether in France or elsewhere But it would require a very delicate ear to discover any trace of these personal feelings in his official reports When delivering these annual addresses he speaks with a full consciousness of his responsibility, He seems to feel that the honour of the Société Asiatique is in his keeping He never abuses the trust committed to him, he never allows himself an unfair advantage When reading again through his reports from the year 1840 to the year 1867, we meet with few lines which he would now wish to see unwritten, though time has laid its disenchanting hand on many hopes and many schemes in the field of Oriental scholarship No doubt Mohl disappointed many, either by his silence or by his measured praise He made himself, we believe, more enemies than friends by his faithful stewardship, but he retained through life, in spite of many disappointments, an unshaken trust in truth

It is delightful to see the unanimous testimony borne to Mohl's uprightness by his colleagues at the French Institute His position at Paris was by no

means an easy one True, he had old and faithful friends, but he had also—and how could it be otherwise?—enviers and enemies He was loved by some, liked by many, respected by all, even by those who neither liked nor loved him Men, so high-minded as Maury, Renan, Regnier, and others might truly say that they had almost forgotten that Mohl was not a Frenchman In his last farewell Alfred Maury exclaimed 'Adieu, Jules Mohl, nous te saluons à ta dernière demeure, non seulement comme un confrère, mais comme un compatriote La science, au reste, n'a pas de nationalité, ou, pour mieux dire, elle est de toutes les nationalités, elle travaille a les rapprocher, a les unir, et cette conciliation nous aimions a la rencontrer en toi'

But it would hardly be fair to expect the same elevation of thought and feeling from smaller minds, least of all from those whose pretensions Mohl had occasionally to check, or whose interests he had sometimes to cross Mohl, though he seems to have been a welcome guest at several courts, had never learnt to be a courtier Life to him was not worth having, if it required any economising with truth All his friends agree that there was a certain *brusqueness* in him, which he could never overcome to the end of his life, and which they kindly ascribed to his German blood M Barbier de Meynard says of him —

'L'amour du vrai, l'horreur du charlatanisme et de l'intrigue donnaient à son abord ce je ne sais quoi de réservé et de brusque qui ne permettait pas d'apprecier du premier coup d'œil tout ce qu il y avait en lui de bonté naturelle et de chaleureuse sympathie'

That brusqueness, however, was not merely a national peculiarity, it had a deeper source, it arose from his sense of the sacredness of science The *profanum vulgus* never forgave him for that

M Laboulaye says of him with perfect truth —

'Mohl avait au plus haut degré le sentiment de la responsabilité qui pesait sur nous, pour lui, la science etait une religion, et il voulait écarter du temple tous les profanes'

M Renan speaks in the strongest language of the influence which Mohl exercised in all elections, whether at the Institute, the Collège de France, or elsewhere, simply because it was known that to him science was sacred, and no personal feelings would ever sway his vote —

'Le grand titre de M Mohl à la reconnaissance des savants est cependant, avant tout, l'influence qu'il a exercée Il sut présider à nos études avec une solidité de jugement et un esprit philosophique qui seuls peuvent donner de la valeur a des travaux épars et sans lien apparent Ce lien, il le créait par sa judicieuse et savante critique, son autorité aidait les amis de la vérité à distinguer le mérite serieux des succes faciles qu'on trouve souvent aupres du public en flattant ses goûts superficiels Par la M Mohl a occupé dans nos études une place de premier ordre, le vide qu'il a laissé ne sera pas de sitôt rempli Ami du vrai et du solide en toutes choses, il ne faisait aucun part à la vanité, a l'envie de briller Sa direction a été aussi efficace qu'éclairée M Mohl était pour nous tous une des raisons que nous avions de vivre et de bien faire'

How true it is to say of such men as Mohl, 'They

make us live and do well' They keep us from making concessions, from taking what is called an easier view of life, from making to ourselves friends by the mammon of unrighteous praise That his friends at Paris should have allowed him to maintain that independent position through life, that they should have yielded to his silent influence, that they should not have resented his occasional reproofs, reflects the highest credit on the French character No doubt, it was but human nature that Frenchmen who found themselves opposed by Mohl should sometimes, when all other arguments had failed, be heard to murmur grumblingly, *Ah, cet Allemand!* Frenchmen would not be Frenchmen, Englishmen would not be Englishmen Germans would not be Germans, if they did not think that on some point or other they were better judges than anybody else There were the *dii minorum gentium* in Paris too, who shrugged their shoulders when Mohl's Rapport was out, and thought it very hard that the censorship of Oriental studies in France should have fallen into the hands of *cet Allemand* But when we read these annual Reports now, after the lapse of many years, and compare them with the reports or presidential addresses of other academies or learned societies, we shall be better able to understand the influence which their high judicial and moral tone exercised at the time Nowhere do we see any traces of *communiqués*, but thinly veiled by the honoured name of a president or secretary Nowhere is there a sign of his yielding to that great temptation of saying a kind word of our friends, or passing a slur on our or their opponents It was because every one felt that the Secretary of the

Société Asiatique was a man of honour, most sensitive and jealous for the good name of his Society, and still more for the honour of science, that his addresses were listened to and his judgments accepted by the whole world. It was because in other cases that charge has been committed to men of less sensitive minds and less clean hands, to men who look upon scientific studies as a mere amusement or a road to social distinction, that the honour of this or that learned society has been tarnished and sacrificed to the petty ambitions and the impotent jealousies of a small *clique*. When we read through the long list of Mohl's 'Rapports' without meeting with one single line that could be traced to personal favour or personal spite, one word of blame or praise that would make the members of the Société Asiatique regret having entrusted their honour to their German assistant-secretary, secretary, and president, we shall be better able to understand what M. Renan meant when saying of Mohl, 'Il était une des raisons que nous avions de vivre et de bien faire.'

But we should carry away a very false impression of Mohl if we thought of him only as the stern censor. Among his more intimate friends Mohl was full of kindliness and humour, though later in life there was a cloud of melancholy that threw a shadow over the twinkle of his bright and piercing eyes. Mohl spoke three languages,—German, French, and English,—and it might be said of him what was said of Ennius, that he had three hearts, or rather that he had a large heart, large enough to appreciate and love all that was good and noble in the German, the French, and the English character, strong enough to despise and

shun all that was bad and mean, whether German, French, or English He was German by nature, French by taste, English by love, and he had true friends in every one of these countries He had learnt more particularly from his own personal experience how the French and German characters might supplement each other in their strong and weak points, and during the whole of his life he looked forward to a future when these two nations should better understand and appreciate each other, should forget their vulgar military rivalry, and work together for the highest achievements in literature and art There was a time when that dream seemed more than half-realised, and there can be no doubt that the silent but never-ceasing influence of such men as Mohl did much towards the realisation of such a dream During Louis Philippe's reign the spirit of German science might be felt in the best works of French scholarship, literature, and art There was a *Revue Germanique* published in Paris, intended to show to the more fastidious French public that there was solid gold to be found in the crude ore of German science, while in Germany the name of Humboldt alone is sufficient to show how German science had begun to be quickened by French *esprit* These happy days came to an end almost from the beginning of the Napoleonic *régime* If there was a place where Louis Napoleon was hated with an unwavering hatred, it was the *Institut de France* One might have written over its portals, 'No Bonapartist need apply' When Leverrier was forced upon the Institut, Biot, the veteran astronomer, was heard to say in a bluff voice, '*Qui est cet homme là?*' and when told that it was Leverrier, he muttered

to his friends, '*J'ai connu Laplace, je ne connais pas Leverrier* When about the same time Napoleon insisted on having the name of the *Institut de France* changed into *Institut Impérial de France*, Villemain was chosen to draw up an historical memoir, showing how under the most glorious kings of France, during the Republic, and during the reign of the *great* Napoleon, the Institut had always been called simply *Institut de France*, and if a change was now required the Minister was requested to send his architect to erase the golden letters placed on the façade of the *Palais de l'Institut* by the architect of Richelieu

Nor was there among the *Membres de l'Institut* one who saw and dreaded the fatal influence of the Napoleonic rule more than the one German member of that illustrious assembly, Mohl. No political successes no outward splendour, no offers of patronage to literature and science, could dazzle his eyes His conviction remained unshaken from first to last, that the system of government introduced by Louis Napoleon and his court must ruin France, and through the ruin of France ruin the peaceful development of the whole of Europe He lived to see his prophecies come true The last years of his life were passed in deepest sorrow at the utter destruction of the fairest dream of his youth, the union and friendship of France and Germany, as the champions of the intellectual freedom of the future His friends in Paris, though their ranks had been thinned by death, remained loyal to him, and to the honour of French men of science it should always be remembered that even in those darkest days, when all that was German was detested in France, Mohl was able to occupy his chair at the

Institute without one single member of the Academy forgetting the respect they owed to him, to themselves, and to the noble traditions of the place in which they were assembled It was he who wished to retire and to withdraw himself from society, and though he patiently and silently continued his useful work, no one who knew his happy countenance before the days of 1848 would have known him again after the days of 1871 His house, however, continued what it had been for many years, a kind of free port, open to all who came to Paris to see what was most worth seeing there During the days of the Empire it happened sometimes that Royal visitors, staying at the Tuileries, came to the Rue du Bac to make the acquaintance of men whom neither the Empress could tempt nor the Emperor command When the storms of the *Commune* had subsided, the old free port was open again, and many of his English friends will long preserve the recollection of pleasant hours spent with him during the last years of his life, though chiefly talking over old days and mourning over old friends What the charm of his society was, all his friends know No one has a better right to bear his testimony than he with whose words we shall close this tribute of respect and gratitude '*Sa maison, grâce au tact et à la profonde connaissance de la societe française que possede Mme Mohl, continuait les meilleures traditions d'un monde plein d'esprit et de charme, qui n'est plus qu'un souvenir Tous les etrangers de distinction s'y rencontraient, toutes les opinions s'y donnaient la main*'

NOTE

I WROTE on pp 282, 283, in my article on Julius Mohl 'If one asked any educated Englishman, supposing he cared at all about Oriental antiquities, who it was that discovered the bulls at Nineveh, he would answer, Sir Austen Layard And if he were asked who first deciphered the cuneiform inscriptions, he would say, Sir Henry Rawlinson Yet both these statements are utterly and entirely wrong, and we have the less hesitation in saying so, because Sir Austen Layard's merits in bringing the Nineveh bulls and many other antiquities to light, and Sir Henry Rawlinson's merits in copying and translating some of the most important cuneiform inscriptions, are so great that they are the very last persons who would wish to see themselves bedecked with feathers not their own' This sentence has led to a lamentable controversy between Sir H Rawlinson and myself I ask any one in his right senses, what is the true meaning of the above sentence? Could it have been meant to imply that these two eminent men themselves had ever claimed any merit which was not their own? Was it not clearly meant to imply that their real merits were so preeminently great that they would justly feel offended at having the discoveries of other scholars placed to their account? Sir Austen Layard never was in doubt as to what I meant, nor anybody else to whom I have shown my article But Sir Henry Rawlinson, who had formerly spoken so frankly, nay, so modestly of his own share in the first decipherment of the Persian cuneiform letters, was so blinded by what I can only call overweening pride, that he would not see the real drift of my remarks, but sent off a most offensive letter to the *Athenaeum* which no one in future will regret more than he himself In it he did not contradict my statements, but rather his own former statements He totally misrepresented my article on *Julius Mohl*, which was simply meant to give an abstract of the annual reports of Prof Julius Mohl in his now famous *Rapports faits à la Société Asiatique de Paris* de 1840 à 1867 He had evidently forgotten what he had written in his better days in 1846 'that the only identifications (of Persian cuneiform letters) which

he presumed were essentially different from those which are universally received at present are *t* and *m* He naturally said nothing about the rearrangement of the nasals How does that differ from what I had said, 'One letter only, the *m* remained to be determined by Rawlinson' For even the letter *t* had been read as *th* by Grotefend, as *t*' *th*, or *dh* by Lassen, and in the end turned out to be not *t* at all, but *t* before *u* That the discovery of the inherent vowels was first made and first announced by the Rev Dr Hincks Sir H Rawlinson himself seems no longer inclined to deny, for priority of discovery is always settled by priority of publication Readers who take an interest in the true history of the decipherment of the cuneiform alphabet will find all the facts in my letters to the *Athenaeum* Nov 15 and Nov 29 1884 Sir H Rawlinson expressed a hope that I would alter what I have written I am not able to alter a single word, and he would be sorry if I did I doubt whether there is anybody in England or abroad who has bestowed more unstinted praise on his real discoveries, and who has never said an unkind word of him Nor have I altered what I had written of Sir H Rawlinson's splendid work, both as an explorer and as a decipherer I have never joined his detractors and even now, though I regret his unworthy behaviour on several occasions during the last years, my appreciation of the work done by him will remain the same as ever *O, si tacuisses!*

BUNSEN[1]

(1791-1860)

OURS is, no doubt, a forgetful age. Every day brings new events rushing in upon us from all parts of the world, and the hours of real rest, when we might ponder over the past, recall pleasant days, gaze again on the faces of those who are no more, are few indeed. Men and women disappear from this busy stage, and though for a time they had been the radiating centres of social, political, or literary life, their places are soon taken by others—'the place thereof shall know them no more.' Few only appear again after a time, claiming once more our attention, through the memoirs of their lives, and then either flitting away for ever among the shades of the departed, or assuming afresh a power of life, a place in history, and an influence on the future often more powerful even than that which they exercised on the world while living in it. To call the great and good thus back from the grave is no easy task; it requires not only the power of a *vates sacer*, but the heart of a loving friend. Few men live great and good lives, still fewer can write them; nay, often, when they

[1] 'A Memoir of Baron Bunsen, by his widow, Baroness Bunsen.' 2 vols. 8vo. Longmans, 1868.

'Christian Carl Josias Freiherr von Bunsen. Aus seinen Briefen und nach eigener Erinnerung geschildert, von seiner Wittwe. Deutsche Ausgabe, durch neue Mittheilungen vermehrt von Friedrich Nippold.' Leipzig, 1868.

have been lived and have been written, the world passes by unheeding, as crowds will pass without a glance by the portraits of a Titian or a Van Dyke Now and then, however, a biography takes root, and then acts as a lesson as no other lesson can act Such biographies have all the importance of an *Ecce Homo*, showing to the world what man can be, and permanently raising the ideal of human life It was so in England with the life of Dr Arnold, it was so more lately with the life of Prince Albert, it will be the same with the life of Bunsen

It seems but yesterday that Bunsen left England, yet it was in 1854 that his house in Carlton-terrace ceased to be the refreshing oasis in London life which many still remember, and that the powerful, thoughtful, beautiful, loving face of the Prussian Ambassador was seen for the last time in London society Bunsen then retired from public life, and after spending six more years in literary work, struggling with death, yet revelling in life, he died at Bonn on the 28th of November, 1860 His widow has devoted the years of her solitude to the noble work of collecting the materials for a biography of her husband, and we have now in two large volumes all that could be collected, or, at least, all that could be conveniently published, of the sayings and doings of Bunsen, the scholar, the statesman, and, above all, the philosopher and the Christian Throughout the two volumes the outward events are sketched by the hand of the Baroness Bunsen, but there runs, as between wooded hills, the main stream of Bunsen's mind, the outpourings of his heart, which were given so freely and fully in his letters to his friends When such materials

exist there can be no more satisfactory kind of biography than that of introducing the man himself, speaking unreservedly to his most intimate friends on the great events of his life This is an autobiography, in fact, free from all drawbacks Here and there that process, it is true, entails a greater fulness of detail than is acceptable to ordinary readers, however highly Bunsen's own friends may value every line of his familiar letters But general readers may easily pass over letters addressed to different persons, or treating of subjects less interesting to themselves, without losing the thread of the story of the whole life, while it is sometimes of great interest to see the same subject discussed by Bunsen in letters addressed to different people One serious difficulty in these letters is that they are nearly all translations from the German, and in the process of translation some of the original charm is inevitably lost The translations are very faithful, and they do not sacrifice the peculiar turn of German thought to the requirements of strictly idiomatic English Even the narrative itself betrays occasionally the German atmosphere in which it was written, but the whole book brings back all the more vividly to those who knew Bunsen the language and the very expressions of his English conversation The two volumes are too bulky, and one's arms ache while holding them, yet one is loth to put them down, and there will be few readers who do not regret that more could not have been told us of Bunsen's life

All really great and honest men may be said to live three lives —there is one life which is seen and

accepted by the world at large, a man's outward life, there is a second life which is seen by a man's most intimate friends, his household life, and there is a third life, seen only by the man himself and by Him who searcheth the heart, which may be called the inner or heavenly life Most biographers are and must be satisfied with giving the two former aspects of their hero's life—the version of the world and that of his friends Both are important, both contain some truth, though neither of them the whole truth But there is a third life, a life led in communion with God, a life of aspiration rather than of fulfilment,—that life which we see, for instance, in St Paul, when he says, 'The good that I would I do not but the evil which I would not, that I do' It is but seldom that we catch a glimpse of those deep springs of human character which cannot rise to the surface even in the most confidential intercourse, which in everyday life are hidden from a man's own sight, but which break forth when he is alone with his God in secret prayer—aye, in prayers without words Here lies the charm of Bunsen's life Not only do we see the man, the father, the husband, the brother that stands behind the Ambassador, but we see behind the man his angel beholding the face of his Father which is in heaven His prayers, poured forth in the critical moments of his life, have been preserved to us, and they show us what the world ought to know, that our greatest men can also be our best men, and that freedom of thought is not incompatible with sincere religion Those who knew Bunsen well know how that deep, religious undercurrent of his soul was constantly bubbling up and

breaking forth in his conversations, startling even the mere worldling by an earnestness that frightened away every smile It was said of him that he could drive out devils, and he certainly could with his solemn, yet loving, voice soften hearts that would yield to no other appeal, and see with one look through that mask which man wears but too often in the masquerade of the world Hence his numerous and enduring friendships, of which these volumes contain so many sacred relics Hence that confidence reposed in him by men and women who had once been brought in contact with him To those who can see with their eyes only, and not with their hearts, it may seem strange that Sir Robert Peel, shortly before his death, should have uttered the name of Bunsen To those who know that England once had Prime Ministers who were found praying on their knees before they delivered their greatest speeches, Sir Robert Peel s recollection, or, it may be, desire of Bunsen in the last moments of his life has nothing strange Bunsen s life was no ordinary life, and the memoirs of that life are more than an ordinary book That book will tell in England and in Germany far more than in the Middle Ages the life of a new Saint, nor are there many Saints whose real life, if sifted as the life of Bunsen has been, would bear comparison with that noble character of the nineteenth century

Bunsen was born in 1791 at Corbach, a small town in the small principality of Waldeck His father was poor, but a man of independent spirit, of moral rectitude, and of deep religious convictions Bunsen, the son of his old age, distinguished himself at school,

and was sent to the University of Marburg at the age of seventeen All he had then to depend on was an Exhibition of about £7 a year, and a sum of £15, which his father had saved for him to start him in life This may seem a small sum, but if we want to know how much of paternal love and self-denial it represented we ought to read an entry in his father's diary 'Account of cash receipts, by God's mercy obtained for transcribing law documents between 1793 and 1814—sum total 3020 thalers 23 groschen,' that is to say, about £22 per annum Did any English Duke ever give his son a more generous allowance—more than two thirds of his own annual income? Bunsen began by studying divinity, and actually preached a sermon at Marburg, in the church of St Elizabeth Students in divinity are required in Germany to preach sermons as part of their regular theological training, and before they are actually ordained Marburg was not then a very efficient University, and, not finding there what he wanted, Bunsen after a year went to Gottingen, chiefly attracted by the fame of Heyne He soon devoted himself entirely to classical studies, and in order to support himself—for £7 per annum will not support even a German student—he accepted the appointment of assistant teacher of Greek and Hebrew at the Gottingen gymnasium, and also became private tutor to a young American, Mr Astor, the son of the rich American merchant He was thus learning and teaching at the same time, and he acquired by his daily intercourse with his pupil a practical knowledge of the English language While at Gottingen he carried off, in 1812, a prize for an Essay on 'The Athenian Law of Inheritance,' which attracted

more than usual attention, and may, in fact be looked upon as one of the first attempts at Comparative Jurisprudence In 1813 he writes from Gottingen —

'Poor and lonely did I arrive in this place Heyne received me, guided me, bore with me, encouraged me, showed me in himself the example of a high and noble energy and indefatigable activity in a calling which was not that to which his merit entitled him, he might have superintended and administered and maintained an entire kingdom'

The following passage from the same letter deserves to be quoted as coming from the pen of a young man of twenty-two —

'Learning annihilates itself, and the most perfect is the first submerged, for the next age scales with ease the height which cost the preceding the full vigour of life'

After leaving the University Bunsen travelled in Germany with young Astor, and made the acquaintance of Frederic Schlegel at Vienna, of Jacobi, Schelling and Thiersch at Munich He was all that time continuing his own philological studies, and we see him at Munich attending lectures on Criminal Law, and making his first beginning in the study of Persian When on the point of starting for Paris with his American pupil, the news of the glorious battle of Leipsic (October, 1813) disturbed their plans, and he resolved to settle again at Gottingen till peace should have been concluded Here, while superintending the studies of Mr Astor, he plunged into reading of the most varied character He writes (p 51) —

'I remain firm and strive after my earliest purpose in life, more felt, perhaps than already discerned,—

viz to bring over into my own knowledge and into my own Fatherland the language and the spirit of the solemn and distant East I would for the accomplishment of this object even quit Europe, in order to draw out of the ancient well that which I find not elsewhere'

This is the first indication of an important element in Bunsen's early life, his longing for the East, and his all but prophetic anticipation of the great results which a study of the ancient language of India would one day yield, and the light it would shed on the darkest pages in the ancient history of Greece, Italy, and Germany The study of the Athenian law of inheritance seems first to have drawn his attention to the ancient codes of Indian law, and he was deeply impressed by the discovery that the peculiar system of inheritance which in Greece existed only in the petrified form of a primitive custom, sanctioned by law, disclosed in the laws of Manu its original purport and natural meaning This one spark excited in Bunsen's mind that constant yearning after a knowledge of Eastern and more particularly of Indian literature, which very nearly drove him to India in the same adventurous spirit as Anquetil Duperron and Czoma de Koros We are now familiar with the great results that have been obtained by a study of the ancient languages and religion of the East, but in 1813 neither Bopp nor Grimm had begun to publish, and Frederic Schlegel was the only one who in his little pamphlet, 'On the Language and the Wisdom of the Indians' (1808), had ventured to assert a real intellectual relationship between Europe and India One of Bunsen's earliest friends, Wolrad

Schumacher, related that even at school Bunsen's mind was turned towards India 'Sometimes he would let fall a word about India, which was unaccountable to me, as at that time I connected only a geographical conception with that name' (p 17)

While thus engaged in his studies at Gottingen, and working in company with such friends as Brandis the historian of Greek philosophy, Lachmann the editor of the New Testament, Lucke the theologian, Ernst Schulze the poet, and others, Bunsen felt the influence of the great events that brought about the regeneration of Germany, nor was he the man to stand aloof, absorbed in literary work, while others were busy doing mischief difficult to remedy The Princes of Germany and their friends, though grateful to the people for having at last shaken off with fearful sacrifices the foreign yoke of Napoleon, were most anxious to maintain for their own benefit that convenient system of police government which for so long had kept the whole of Germany under French control 'It is but too certain,' Bunsen writes, 'that either for want of goodwill or of intelligence our Sovereigns will not grant us freedom such as we deserve And I fear that, as before, the much-enduring German will become an object of contempt to all nations who know how to value national spirit' His first political essays belong to that period Up to August, 1814, Bunsen continued to act as private tutor to Mr Astor, though we see him at the same time, with his insatiable thirst after knowledge, attending courses of lectures on astronomy, mineralogy, and other subjects apparently so foreign to the main current of his mind When Mr Astor left him to return to America, Bunsen

went to Holland to see a sister to whom he was deeply attached, and who seems to have shared with him the same religious convictions which in youth, manhood, and old age formed the foundation of Bunsen's life. Some of Bunsen's detractors have accused him of professing Christian piety in circles where such professions were sure to be well received. Let them read now the annals of his early life, and they will find to their shame how boldly the same Bunsen professed his religious convictions among the students and professors of Gottingen, who either scoffed at Christianity or only tolerated it as a kind of harmless superstition. We shall only quote one instance:—

'Bunsen, when a young student at Gottingen, once suddenly quitted a lecture in indignation at the unworthy manner in which the most sacred subjects were treated by one of the professors. The professor paused at the interruption, and hazarded the remark that "some one belonging to the Old Testament had possibly slipped in unrecognised." That called forth a burst of laughter from the entire audience, all being as well aware as the lecturer himself who it was that had mortified him.'

During his stay in Holland Bunsen not only studied the language and literature of that country, but his mind was also much occupied in observing the national and religious character of this small but interesting branch of the Teutonic race. He writes:—

'In all things the German, or, if you will, the Teutonic, character is worked out into form in a manner more decidedly national than anywhere else.

This journey has yet more confirmed my decision to become acquainted with the entire Germanic race, and then to proceed with the development of my governing ideas—(i e the study of Eastern languages in elucidation of Western thought) For this purpose I am about to travel with Brandis to Copenhagen to learn Danish, and, above all, Icelandic '

And so he did The young student, as yet without any prospects in life, threw up his position at Gottingen, declined to waste his energies as a schoolmaster, and started, we hardly know how, on his journey to Denmark There, in company with Brandis, he lived and worked hard at Danish, and then attacked the study of the ancient Icelandic language and literature with a fervour and with a purpose that shrank from no difficulty He writes (p 79) —

'The object of my research requires the acquisition of the whole treasures of language, in order to complete my favourite linguistic theories, and to inquire into the poetry and religious conceptions of German-Scandinavian heathenism, and their historical connexion with the East '

When his work in Denmark was finished, and when he had collected materials, some of which, as his copy taken of the 'Voluspa,' a poem of the Edda, were not published till forty years later, he started with Brandis for Berlin 'Prussia,' he writes on the 10th of October, 1815, 'is *the true* Germany ' Thither he felt drawn, as well as Brandis, and thither he invited his friends, though, it must be confessed, without suggesting to them any settled plan of how to earn their daily bread He writes as if he had been even then at the head of affairs in Berlin, though he

was only the friend of a friend of Niebuhr's, Niebuhr himself being by no means all powerful in Prussia, even in 1815. This hopefulness was a trait in Bunsen's character that remained through life. A plan was no sooner suggested to him and approved by him than he took it for granted that all obstacles must vanish, and many a time did all obstacles vanish before the joyous confidence of that magician, a fact that should be remembered by those who used to blame him as sanguine and visionary. One of his friends, Lucke, writes to Ernst Schulze, the poet, whom Bunsen had invited to Denmark, and afterwards to Berlin:—

'In the enclosed richly-filled letter you will recognise Bunsen's power and splendour of mind, and you will also not fail to perceive his thoughtlessness in making projects. He and Brandis are a pair of most amiable speculators, full of affection, but one must meet them with the *ne quid nimis*.'

However, Bunsen in his flight was not to be scared by any warning or checked by calculating the chances of success or failure. With Brandis he went to Berlin, spent the glorious winter from 1815 to 1816 in the society of men like Niebuhr and Schleiermacher, and became more and more determined in his own plan of life, which was to study Oriental languages in Paris, London, or Calcutta, and then to settle at Berlin as Professor of Universal History. A full statement of his literary labours, both for the past and for the future, was drawn up by him, to be submitted to Niebuhr, and it will be read even now with interest by those who knew Bunsen when he tried to take up forty years later the threads that

had slipped from his hand at the age of four-and-twenty

Instead of being sent to study at Paris and London by the Prussian Government, as he seems to have wished, he was suddenly called to Paris by his old pupil, Mr Astor, who, after two years absence, had returned to Europe, and was anxious to renew his relations with Bunsen Bunsen's object in accepting Astor s invitation to Paris was to study Persian, and great was his disappointment when, on arriving there, Mr Astor wished him at once to start for Italy This was too much for Bunsen, to be turned back just as he was going to quench his thirst for Oriental literature in the lectures of Sylvestre de Sacy A compromise was effected Bunsen remained for three months in Paris, and promised then to join his friend and pupil in Italy How he worked at Persian and Arabic during the interval must be read in his own letters —

'I write from six in the morning till four in the afternoon, only in the course of that time having a walk in the garden of the Luxembourg, where I also often study, from four to six I dine and walk, from six to seven sleep, from seven to eleven work again I have overtaken in study some of the French students who had begun a year ago God be thanked for this help! Before I go to bed I read a chapter in the New Testament, in the morning on rising one in the Old Testament, yesterday I began the Psalms from the first'

As soon as he felt that he could continue his study of Persian without the aid of a master, he left Paris Though immersed in work he had made several

acquaintances, among others that of Alexander von Humboldt, 'who intends in a few years to visit Asia, where I may hope to meet him He has been beyond measure kind to me, and from him I shall receive the best recommendations for Italy and England, as well as from his brother, now Prussian Minister in London Lastly, the winter in Rome may become to me, by the presence of Niebuhr, more instructive and fruitful than in any other place Thus has God ordained all things for me for the best, according to His will, not mine, and far better than I deserve'

These were the feelings with which the young scholar, then twenty-four years of age, started for Italy, as yet without any position, without having published a single work, without knowing, as we may suppose, where to rest his head And yet he was full, not only of hope, but of gratitude, and he little dreamt that before seven years had passed he would be in Niebuhr's place, and before twenty-five years had passed in the place of William von Humboldt, the Prussian Ambassador at the Court of St James

The immediate future, in fact, had some severe disappointments in store for him When he arrived at Florence to meet Mr Astor, the young American had received peremptory orders to return to New York, and as Bunsen declined to follow him, he found himself really stranded at Florence, and all his plans thoroughly upset Yet, though at that very time full of care and anxiety about his nearest relations who looked to him for support when he could hardly support himself, his God-trusting spirit did not break

down. He remained at Florence, continuing his Persian studies, and making a living by private tuition. A Mr Cathcart seems to have been his favourite pupil, and through him new prospects of eventually proceeding to India seemed to open. But, at the same time, Bunsen began to feel that the circumstances of his life became critical. 'I feel,' he says, 'that I am on the point of securing or losing the fruit of my labours for life.' Rome and Niebuhr seemed the only haven in sight, and thither Bunsen now began to steer his frail bark. He arrived in Rome on the 14th of November, 1816. Niebuhr, who was Prussian Minister, received him with great kindness, and entered heartily into the literary plans of his young friend. Brandis, Niebuhr's secretary, renewed in common with his old friend his study of Greek philosophy. A native teacher of Arabic was engaged to help Bunsen in his Oriental studies. The necessary supplies seem to have come partly from Mr Astor, partly from private lessons for which Bunsen had to make time in the midst of his varied occupations. Plato, Firdusi, the Koran, Dante, Isaiah, the Edda are mentioned by himself as his daily study.

From an English point of view that young man at Rome, without a status, without a settled prospect in life, would have seemed an amiable dreamer, destined to wake suddenly, and not very pleasantly, to the stern realities of life. If anything seemed unlikely, it was that an English gentleman, a man of good birth and of independent fortune, should give his daughter to this poor young German at Rome. Yet this was the very thing which a kind Providence, that Providence in which Bunsen trusted

amid all his troubles and difficulties, brought to pass Bunsen became acquainted with Mr Waddington, and was allowed to read German with his daughters In the most honourable manner he broke off his visits when he became aware of his feelings for Miss Waddington He writes to his sister —

'Having, at first, believed myself quite safe (the more so as I cannot think of marrying without impairing my whole scheme of mental development—and, least of all, could I think of pretending to a girl of fortune), I thought there was no danger'

A little later he writes to Mrs Waddington to explain to her the reason for his discontinuing his visits But the mother—and, to judge from her letters, a high-minded mother she must have been—accepted Bunsen on trust, he was allowed to return to the house, and on the 1st of July, 1817, the young German student, then twenty-five years of age, was married at Rome to Miss Waddington What a truly important event this was for Bunsen, even those who had not the privilege of knowing the partner of his life may learn from the work before us Though little is said in these memoirs of his wife, the mother of his children, the partner of his joys and sorrows, it is easy to see how Bunsen's whole mode of life became possible only by the unceasing devotion of an ardent soul and a clear head consecrated to one object—to love and to cherish, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death us do part—ay, and even after death! With such a wife the soul of Bunsen could soar on its wings, the small cares of life were removed, an independence was secured, and, though the Indian plans had to be surrendered, the

highest ambition of Bunsen's life, a professorship in a German University, seemed now easy of attainment. We should have liked a few more pages describing the joyous life of the young couple in the heyday of their life; we could have wished that he had not declined the wish of his mother-in-law, to have his bust made by Thorwaldsen, at a time when he must have been a model of manly beauty. But if we know less than we could wish of what Bunsen then was in the eyes of the world, we are allowed an insight into that heavenly life which underlay all the outward happiness of that time, and which shows him to us as but one eye could then have seen him. A few weeks after his marriage he writes in his journal:—

'Eternal, omnipresent God! enlighten me with Thy Holy Spirit, and fill me with Thy heavenly light! What in childhood I felt and yearned after, what throughout the years of youth grew clearer and clearer before my soul,—I will now venture to hold fast, to examine, to represent the revelation of Thee in man's energies and efforts; Thy firm path through the stream of ages I long to trace and recognise, as far as may be permitted to me even in this body of earth. The song of praise to Thee from the whole of humanity, in times far and near,—the pains and lamentations of men, and their consolations in Thee,—I wish to take in, clear and unhindered. Do Thou send me Thy Spirit of Truth, that I may behold things earthly as they are, without veil and without mask, without human trappings and empty adornment, and that in the silent peace of truth I may feel and recognise Thee. Let me not

falter, nor slide away from the great end of knowing Thee Let not the joys or honours, or vanities of the world enfeeble and darken my spirit, let me ever feel that I can only perceive and know Thee in so far as mine is a living soul, and lives, and moves, and has its being in Thee'

Here we see Bunsen as the world did not see him, and we may observe how then, as ever, his literary work was to him hallowed by the objects f which it was intended 'The firm path of God through the stream of ages' is but another title for one of his last works, 'God in History,' planned with such youthful ardour, and finished under the lengthening shadow of death

The happiness of Bunsen's life at Rome may easily be imagined Though anxious to begin his work at a German University, he stipulated for three more years of freedom and preparation Who could have made the sacrifice of the bright spring of life, of the unclouded days of happiness at Rome with wife and children, and with such friends as Niebuhr and Brandis? Yet this stay at Rome was fraught with fatal consequences It led the straight current of Bunsen's life, which lay so clear before him, into a new bed, at first very tempting, for a time smooth and sunny, but alas! ending in waste of energy for which no outward splendour could atone The first false step seemed very natural and harmless When Brandis went to Germany to begin his professorial work, Bunsen took his place as Niebuhr's secretary at Rome He was determined, then, that nothing should induce him to remain in the diplomatic career (p 130), but the current of that mill-stream was too

strong even for Bunsen How he remained as Secretary of Legation, 1818, how the King of Prussia Frederick William III, came to visit Rome, and took a fancy to the young diplomatist, who could speak to him with a modesty and frankness little known at Courts, how, when Niebuhr exchanged his embassy for a professorial chair at Bonn, Bunsen remained as Chargé d'Affaires, how he went to Berlin 1827–8, and gained the hearts of the old King and of everybody else, how he returned to Rome and was fascinated by the young Crown Prince of Prussia, afterwards Frederick William IV, whom he had to conduct through the antiquities and the modern life of the world city, how he became Prussian Minister, the friend of popes and cardinals, the centre of the best and most brilliant society, how, when the difficulties began between Prussia and the Papal Government, chiefly with regard to mixed marriages, Bunsen tried to mediate, and was at last disowned by both parties in 1838—all this may now be read in the open memoirs of his life His letters during these twenty years are numerous and full, particularly those addressed to his sister, to whom he was deeply attached They are the most touching and elevating record of a life spent in important official business, in interesting social intercourse, in literary and antiquarian researches, in the enjoyment of art and nature, and in the blessedness of a prosperous family life, and throughout in an unbroken communion with God There is hardly a letter without an expression of that religion in common life, that constant consciousness of a Divine Presence, which made his life a life in God To many readers this free outpouring

of a God-loving soul will seem to approach too near to that abuse of religious phraseology which is a sign of superficial rather than of deep-rooted piety But, though through life a sworn enemy of every kind of cant, Bunsen never would surrender the privilege of speaking the language of a Christian, because that language had been profaned by the thoughtless repetition of shallow pietists

Bunsen has frequently been accused of pietism, particularly in Germany, by men who could not distinguish between pietism and piety, just as in England he was attacked as a freethinker by men who never knew the freedom of the children of God Christianity is ours, not theirs,' he would frequently say of those who made religion a mere profession, and imagined they knew Christ because they held a crozier and wore a mitre We can now watch the deep emotions and firm convictions of that true-hearted man, in letters of undoubted sincerity, addressed to his sister and his friends, and we can only wonder with what feelings they have been perused by those who in England questioned his Christianity or who in Germany suspected his honesty

From the time of his first meeting with the King of Prussia at Rome, and still more, after his stay at Berlin in 1827, Bunsen's chief interest with regard to Prussia centred in ecclesiastical matters The King, after effecting the union of the Lutheran and Calvinistic branches of the Protestant Church, was deeply interested in drawing up a new Liturgy for his own national, or, as it was called, Evangelical Church The introduction of his liturgy, or *Agenda*, particularly as it was carried out, like everything else

in Prussia, by Royal decree, met with considerable resistance. Bunsen, who had been led independently to the study of ancient liturgies, and who had devoted much of his time at Rome to the collection of ancient hymns and hymn tunes, could speak to the King on these favourite topics from the fulness of his heart. The King listened to him, even when Bunsen ventured to express his dissent from some of the Royal proposals, and when he, the young attaché, deprecated any authoritative interference with the freedom of the Church. In Prussia the whole movement was unpopular, and Bunsen, though he worked hard to render it less so, was held responsible for much which he himself had disapproved. Of all these turbulent transactions there remains but one bright and precious relic, Bunsen's 'Hymn and Prayer-book.'

The Prussian Legation on the Capitol was during Bunsen's day not only the meeting-place of all distinguished Germans, but, in the absence of an English Embassy, it also became the recognised centre of the most interesting portion of English society at Rome. Among the Germans, whose presence told on Bunsen's life, either by a continued friendship or by common interests and pursuits, we meet the names of Ludwig, King of Bavaria, Baron von Stein, the great Prussian statesman, Radowitz, the less fortunate predecessor of Bismarck, Schnorr, Overbeck, and Mendelssohn. Among Englishmen, whose friendship with Bunsen dates from the Capitol, we find Thirlwall, Philip Pusey, Arnold, and Julius Hare. The names of Thorwaldsen, too, of Leopardi, Lord Hastings, Champollion, Sir Walter Scott, Chateaubriand occur again

and again in the memoirs of that Roman life which teems with interesting events and anecdotes The only literary production of that eventful period are Bunsen's part in Platner s 'Description of Rome,' and the 'Hymn and Prayer-book' But much material for later publications had been amassed in the meantime The study of the Old Testament had been prosecuted at all times, and in 1824 the first beginning was made by Bunsen in the study of hieroglyphics, afterwards continued with Champollion, and later with Lepsius The Archæological Institute and the German Hospital, both on the Capitol, were the two permanent bequests that Bunsen left behind when he shook off the dust of his feet, and left Rome on the 29th of April, 1838, in search of a new Capitol

At Berlin, Bunsen was then in disgrace He had not actually been dismissed the service, but he was prohibited from going to Berlin to justify himself, and he was ordered to proceed to England on leave of absence To England, therefore, Bunsen now directed his steps with his wife and children, and there, at least, he was certain of a warm welcome, both from his wife's relations and from his own very numerous friends When we read through the letters of that period, we hardly miss the name of a single man illustrious at that time in England As if to make up for the injustice done to him in Italy, and for the ingratitude of his country, people of all classes and of the most opposite views vied in doing him honour Rest he certainly found none, while travelling about from one town to another, and staying at friends houses, attending meetings, making speeches

writing articles, and as usual, amassing new information wherever he could find it He worked at Egyptian with Lepsius, at Welsh while staying with Lady Hall, at Ethnology with Dr Prichard He had to draw up two State papers—one on the Papal aggression, the other on the law of divorce He plunged, of course, at once into all the ecclesiastical and theological questions that were then agitating people's minds in England, and devoted his few really quiet hours to the preparation of his own 'Life of Christ' With Lord Ashley he attended Bible meetings, with Mrs Fry he explored the prisons, with Philip Pusey he attended agricultural assemblies, and he spent night after night as an admiring listener in the House of Commons He was presented to the Queen and the Duke of Wellington, was made a D C L at Oxford, discussed the future with J H Newman, the past with Buckland, Sedgwick, and Whewell Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell invited him to political conferences, Maurice and Keble listened to his fervent addresses, Dr Arnold consulted the friend of Niebuhr on his own 'History of Rome,' and tried to convert him to more liberal opinions with regard to Church reform Dr Holland, Mrs Austin, Ruskin, Carlyle, Macaulay, Gaisford, Dr Hawkins, and many more, all greeted him, all tried to do him honour, and many of them became attached to him for life The architectural monuments of England, its castles, parks, and ruins, passed quickly through his field of vision during that short stay But he soon calls out 'I care not now for all the ruins of England, it is her life that I like'

Most touching is his admiration, his real love of Gladstone. Thirty years have since passed, and the world at large has found out by this time what England possesses in him. But it was not so in 1838, and few men at that early time could have read Gladstone's heart and mind so truly as Bunsen. Here are a few of his remarks:—

'Last night, when I came home from the Duke, Gladstone's book was on my table, the second edition having come out at seven o'clock. It is the book of the time, a great event—the first book since Burke that goes to the bottom of the vital question; far above his party and his time. I sat up till after midnight, and this morning I continued until I had read the whole, and almost every sheet bears my marginal glosses, destined for the Prince, to whom I have sent the book with all despatch. Gladstone is the first man in England as to intellectual powers, and he has heard higher tones than any one else in this island.'

And again (p. 493):—

'Gladstone is by far the first living intellectual power on that side. He has left his schoolmasters far behind him, but we must not wonder if he still walks in their trammels; his genius will soon free itself entirely, and fly towards heaven with its own wings. . . . I wonder Gladstone should not have the feeling that he is moving on an *inclined plane*, or sitting down among ruins, as if he were settled in a well-stored house.'

Of Newman, whom he had met at Oxford, Bunsen says:—

'This morning I have had two hours at breakfast

with Newman O! it is sad,—he and his friends are truly intellectual people, but they have lost their ground, going exactly *my way*, but stopping short in the middle It is too late There has been an amicable change of ideas and a Christian understanding Yesterday he preached a beautiful sermon A new period of life begins for me, may God s blessing be upon it!'

Oxford made a deep impression on Bunsen's mind He writes —

'I am luxuriating in the delights of Oxford There has never been enough said of this Queen of all cities'

But what as a German he admired and envied most was, after all, the House of Commons —

'I wish you could form an idea of what I felt I saw for the first time *man*, the member of a true Germanic State, in his highest, his proper place defending the highest interests of humanity with the wonderful power of speech-wrestling, but with the arm of the spirit, boldly grasping at or tenaciously holding fast power, in the presence of his fellow-citizens, submitting to the public conscience the judgment of his cause and of his own uprightness I saw before me the empire of the world governed, and the rest of the world controlled and judged, by this assembly I had the feeling that, had I been born in England, I would rather be dead than not sit among and speak among them I thought of my own country and was thankful that I *could* thank God for being a German and being myself But I felt also, that we are all children on this field in comparison with the English, how much they, with their

discipline of mind, body, and heart, can effect even with but moderate genius, and even with talent alone! I drank in every word from the lips of the speakers, even those I disliked'

More than a year was thus spent in England in the very fulness of life 'My stay in England in 1838-39,' he writes at a later time, the 22nd of September, 1841, 'was the poetry of my existence as a man, this is the prose of it There was a dew upon those fifteen months, which the sun has dried up, and which nothing can restore' Yet even then Bunsen could not have been free from anxieties for the future He had a large family growing up, and he was now again, at the age of forty-seven without any definite prospects in life In spite, however, of the intrigues of his enemies, the personal feelings of the King and the Crown Prince prevailed at last, and he was appointed in July, 1839, as Prussian Minister in Switzerland, his secret and confidential instructions being 'to do nothing' These instructions were carefully observed by Bunsen, as far as politics were concerned He passed two years of rest at the Hubel, near Berne, with his family, devoted to his books, receiving visits from his friends, and watching from a distance the coming events in Prussia

In 1840 the old King died, and it was generally expected that Bunsen would at once receive an influential position at Berlin Not till April, 1841, however, was he summoned to the Court, although, to judge from the correspondence between him and the new King, Frederick William IV, few men could have enjoyed a larger share of royal confidence and love than Bunsen The king was hungering and thirsting

after Bunsen, yet Bunsen was not invited to Berlin The fact is that the young king had many friends and those friends were not the friends of Bunsen They were satisfied with his honorary exile in Switzerland, and thought him best employed at a distance in doing nothing The king, too, who knew Bunsen's character from former years, must have known that Berlin was not large enough for him, and he therefore left him in his Swiss retirement till an employment worthy of him could be found This was to go on a special mission to England with a view of establishing, in common with the Church of England, a Protestant Bishopric at Jerusalem In Jerusalem the king hoped that the two principal Protestant Churches of Europe would, across the grave of the Redeemer, reach to each other the right hand of fellowship Bunsen entered into this plan with all the energy of his mind and heart It was a work thoroughly congenial to himself, and if it required diplomatic skill, certainly no one could have achieved it more expeditiously and successfully than Bunsen He was then a *persona grata* with Bishops and Archbishops, and Lord Ashley—not yet Lord Shaftesbury—gave him all the support his party could command English influence was then so powerful at Constantinople that all difficulties due to Turkish bigotry were quickly removed At the end of June, 1841, he arrived in London, on the 6th of August he wrote 'All is settled,' and on the 7th of November the new Bishop of Jerusalem was consecrated Seldom was a more important and more complicated transaction settled in so short a time Had the discussions been prolonged, had time been given to the leaders of the

Romanising party to recover from their surprise, the Bill that had to be passed through both Houses would certainly have been defeated People have hardly yet understood the real bearing of that measure, nor appreciated the germ which it may still contain for the future of the Reformed Church, One man only seems to have seen clearly what a blow this first attempt at a union between the Protestant Churches of England and Germany was to his own plans and to the plans of his friends, and we know now from Newman's 'Apologia,' that the Bishopric of Jerusalem drove him to the Church of Rome This may have been for the time a great loss to the Church of England, it marked, at all events, a great crisis in her history

In spite, however, of his great and unexpected success, there are traces of weariness in Bunsen's letters of that time, which show that he was longing for more congenial work 'Oh, how I hate and detest diplomatic life!' he wrote to his wife, 'and how little true intellectuality is there in the high society here as soon as you cease to speak of English national subjects and interests, and the eternal hurricanes, whirling, urging, rushing, in this monster of a town! Even with you and the children life would become oppressive under the diplomatic burden I can pray for our country life, but I cannot pray for a London life, although I dare not pray against it, *if it must be*'

Bunsen's observations of character amidst the distractions of his London season are very interesting and striking, particularly at this distance of time He writes —

'Mr Gladstone has been invited to become one of the trustees of the Jerusalem Fund He is beset with scruples, his heart is with us, but his mind is entangled in a narrow system He awaits salvation from another code, and by wholly different ways from myself Yesterday morning I had a letter from him of twenty-four pages, to which I replied early this morning by eight

'The Bishop of London constantly rises in my estimation He has replied admirably to Mr Gladstone, closing with the words 'My dear Sir, my intention is not to limit and restrict the Church of Christ, but to enlarge it"'

A letter from Sir Robert Peel, too, must here be quoted in full —

'WHITEHALL
October 10, 1841

'My dear Mr Bunsen,—My note merely conveyed a request that you would be good enough to meet Mr Cornelius at dinner on Friday last

'I assure you that I have been amply repaid for any attention I may have shown to that distinguished artist, in the personal satisfaction I have had in the opportunity of making his acquaintance He is one of a noble people distinguished in every art of war and peace The union and patriotism of that people, spread over the centre of Europe, will contribute the surest guarantee for the peace of the world, and the most powerful check upon the spread of all pernicious doctrines injurious to the cause of religion and order, and that liberty which respects the rights of others

'My earnest hope is that every member of this illustrious race, while he may cherish the particular

country of his birth as he does his home, will extend his devotion beyond its narrow limits, and exult in the name of a German and recognise the claim of Germany to the love and affection and patriotic exertions of all her sons

'I hope I judge the feelings of every German by those which were excited in my own breast (in the breast of a foreigner and a stranger) by a simple ballad, that seemed, however, to concentrate the will of a mighty people, and said emphatically,

"They shall not have the Rhine '

'*They* will not have it—and the Rhine will be protected by a song, if the sentiments which that song embodies pervade, as I hope and trust they do, every German heart

'You will begin to think that I am a good German myself—and so I am, if hearty wishes for the union and welfare of the German race can constitute one

'Believe me, most faithfully yours,

'ROBERT PEEL'

When Bunsen was on the point of leaving London he received the unexpected and unsolicited appointment of Prussian Envoy in England, an appointment which he could not bring himself to decline, and which again postponed for twelve years his cherished plans of an *otium cum dignitate* What the world at large would have called the most fortunate event in Bunsen's life proved indeed a real misfortune It deprived Bunsen of the last chance of fully realising the literary plans of his youth, and it deprived the

world of services that no one could have rendered so well in the cause of freedom of thought, of practical religion, and in teaching the weighty lessons of antiquity to the youth of the future. It made him waste his precious hours in work that any Prussian baron could have done as well, if not better, and did not set him free until his bodily strength was undermined, and the joyful temper of his mind saddened by sad experiences.

Nothing could have been more brilliant than the beginning of Bunsen's diplomatic career in England. First came the visit of the King of Prussia, whom the Queen had invited to be godfather to the Prince of Wales. Soon after the Prince of Prussia came to England under the guidance of Bunsen. Then followed the return visit of the Queen at Stolzenfels, on the Rhine. All this, no doubt, took up much of Bunsen's time, but it gave him also the pleasantest introduction to the highest society of England, for, as Baroness Bunsen shrewdly remarks, 'there is nothing like standing within the Bude-light of Royalty to make one conspicuous, and sharpen perceptions and recollections' (II. p. 8.) Bunsen complained, no doubt, now and then, about excessive official work, yet he seemed on the whole reconciled to his position, and up to the year 1847 we hear of no attempts to escape from diplomatic bondage. In a letter to Mrs. Fry he says:—

'I can assure you I never passed a more quiet and truly satisfactory evening in London than the last, in the Queen's house in the midst of the excitement of the season. I think this is a circumstance for which one ought to be thankful; and it has much reminded

me of hours that I have spent at Berlin and Sans Souci with the King and the Queen and the Princess William, and, I am thankful to add, with the Princess of Prussia, mother of the future King. It is a striking and consoling and instructive proof that what is called the world, the great world, is not necessarily worldly in itself, but only by that inward worldliness which, as rebellion against the spirit, creeps into the cottage as well as into the palace, and against which no outward form is any protection. Forms and rules may prevent the outbreak of wrong, but cannot regenerate right and may quench the spirit and poison inward truth. The Queen gives hours daily to the labour of examining into the claims of the numberless petitions addressed to her, among other duties to which her time of privacy is devoted.'

The Queen's name and that of Prince Albert occur often in these memoirs, and a few of Bunsen's remarks and observations may be of interest, though they contain little that can now be new to the readers of the 'Life of the Prince Consort' and of the 'Queen's Journal.'

First, a graphic description, from the hand of Baroness Bunsen, of the Queen opening Parliament in 1842:—

'Last, the procession of the Queen's entry, and herself, looking worthy and fit to be the converging point of so many rays of grandeur. It is self-evident that she is not tall, but were she ever so tall she could not have more grace and dignity, a head better set, a throat more royally and classically arching, and one advantage there is in her not being taller, that when she casts a glance it is of necessity upwards and not

downwards, and thus the effect of the eyes is not thrown away—the beam and effluence not lost The composure with which she filled the throne, while awaiting the Commons, was a test of character—no fidget and no apathy Then, her voice and enunciation could not be more perfect In short, it could not be said that *she did well*, but she *was* the Queen—she was, and felt herself to be, the acknowledged chief among grand and national realities' (Vol II p 10)

The next is an account of the Queen at Windsor Castle on receiving the Princess of Prussia, in 1846 —

'The Queen looked well and *rayonnante*, with that expression that she always has when thoroughly pleased with all that occupies her mind, which you know I always observe with delight, as fraught with that truth and reality which so essentially belong to her character, and so strongly distinguish her countenance, in all its changes, from the *fixed mask* only too common in the Royal rank of society' (Vol II p 115)

After having spent some days at Windsor Castle, Bunsen writes in 1846 —

'The Queen often spoke with me about education, and in particular of religious instruction Her views are very serious, but at the same time liberal and comprehensive She (as well as Prince Albert) hates all formalism The Queen reads a great deal, and has done my book on 'The Church of the Future' the honour to read it so attentively, that the other day, when at Cashiobury, seeing the book on the table, she looked out passages which she had approved in order to read them aloud to the Queen-Dowager' (Vol II p 121)

And once more —

The Queen is a wife and a mother as happy as the happiest in her dominions, and no one can be more careful of her charges She often speaks to me of the great task before her and the Prince in the education of the Royal children, and particularly of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal'

Before the troubles of 1847 and 1848, Bunsen was enabled to spend part of his time in the country, away from the turmoil of London, and much of his literary work dates from that time After his 'Church of the Future,' the discovery of the genuine epistles of Ignatius by the late Dr Cureton led Bunsen back to the study of the earliest literature of the Christian Church, and the results of these researches were published in his 'Ignatius' Lepsius stay in England and his expedition to Egypt induced Bunsen to put his own materials in order and to give to the world his long-matured views on 'The Place of Egypt in Universal History' The later volumes of this work led him into philological studies of a more general character, and at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford, in 1847, he read before the brilliantly-attended ethnological section his paper 'On the results of the recent Egyptian researches in reference to Asiatic and African Ethnology, and the Classification of Languages, published in the 'Transactions' of the Association, and separately under the title, 'Three Linguistic Dissertations, by Chevalier Bunsen, Dr Charles Meyer, and Dr Max Muller' 'Those three days at Oxford,' he writes, 'were a time of great distinction to me both in my public and private capacity' Everything important in literature and

art attracted not only his notice, but his warmest interest, and no one who wanted encouragement, advice, or help in literary or historical researches, knocked in vain at Bunsen's door. His table at breakfast and dinner was filled by ambassadors and professors, by bishops and missionaries, by dukes and poor scholars, and his evening parties offered a kind of neutral ground, where people could meet who could have met nowhere else, and where English prejudices had no jurisdiction. That Bunsen, holding the position which he held in society, but still more being what he was apart from his social position, should have made his presence felt in England, was not to be wondered at. He would speak out whenever he felt strongly, but he was the last man to meddle or to intrigue. He had no time even if he had had taste for it. But there were men in England who could never forgive him for the Jerusalem Bishopric, and who resorted to the usual tactics for making a man unpopular. A cry was soon raised against his supposed influence at Court, and doubts were thrown out as to his orthodoxy. Every Liberal bishop that was appointed was said to have been appointed through Bunsen. Dr Hampden was declared to have been his nominee—the fact being that Bunsen did not even know of him before he had been made a bishop. As his practical Christianity could not well be questioned, he was accused of holding heretical opinions, because his chronology differed from that of Jewish Rabbis and Bishop Usher. It is extraordinary how little Bunsen himself cared about these attacks, though they caused acute suffering to his family. He was not surprised that he should be hated by those whose

theological opinions he considered unsound, and whose ecclesiastical politics he had openly declared to be fraught with danger to the most sacred interests of the Church Besides, he was the personal friend of such men as Arnold, Hare, Thirlwall, Maurice, Stanley, and Jowett He had even a kind word to say for Froude's 'Nemesis of Faith' He could sympathise no doubt, with all that was good and honest whether among the High Church or Low Church party, and many of his personal friends belonged to the one as well as to the other, but he could also thunder forth with no uncertain sound against everything that seemed to him hypocritical, pharasaical, unchristian Thus he writes (II p 81) —

'I apprehend having given the ill disposed a pretext for considering me a semi-Pelagian, a contemner of the Sacraments, or denier of the Son, a perverter of the doctrine of justification, and therefore a crypto-Catholic theosophist, heretic, and enthusiast, deserving of all condemnation I have written it because I felt compelled in conscience to do so'

Again (II p 87) —

'In my letter to Mr Gladstone, I have maintained the lawfulness and the apostolic character of the German Protestant Church You will find the style changed in this work, bolder and more free'

Attacks, indeed, became frequent and more and more bitter, but Bunsen seldom took any notice of them He writes —

'Hare is full of wrath at an attack made upon me in the "Christian Remembrancer"—in a very Jesuitical way insinuating that I ought not to have so much influence allowed me Another article execrates the

Bishopric of Jerusalem as an abomination This zeal savours more of hatred than of charity'

But though Bunsen felt far too firmly grounded in his own Christian faith to be shaken by such attacks upon himself, he too could be roused to wrath and indignation when the poisoned arrows of theological Fijians were shot against his friends When speaking of the attacks on Arnold, he writes —

Truth is nothing in this generation except a means, in the best case, to something good, but never, like virtue, considered as good, as the good—the object in itself X dreams away in twilight Y is sliding into Puseyism Z (the Evangelicals) go on thrashing the old straw I wish it were otherwise, but I love England, with all her faults I write to you, now only to you, all I think All the errors and blunders which make the Puseyites a stumbling-block to so many—the rock on which they split is no other than what Rome split upon—self-righteousness, out of want of understanding justification by faith, and hovering about the unholy and blasphemous idea of atoning for our sins, because they feel not, understand not, indeed believe not, *the Atonement*, and therefore enjoy not the glorious privileges of the children of God—the blessed duty of the sacrifice of thanksgiving through Him who atoned for them Therefore no sacrifice—therefore no Christian priesthood—no Church By our fathers these ideas were fundamentally acknowledged, they were in abeyance in the worship of the Church, but not on the domestic altar and in the hymns of the spirit With the Puseyites, as with the Romanists, these ideas are cut off at the roots O when will the Word of God be brought up against them? What a

state this country is in! The land of liberty rushing into the worst slavery, the veriest thraldom!'

To many people it might have seemed as if Bunsen during all this time was so much absorbed in English interests, political, theological, and social, that he had ceased to care for what was passing in his own country. His letters, however, tell a different tale. His voluminous correspondence with the King of Prussia, though not yet published, will one day bear witness to Bunsen's devotion to his country, and his enthusiastic attachment to the house of Hohenzollern. From year to year he was urging on the King and his advisers the wisdom of liberal concessions, and the absolute necessity of action. He was working at plans for constitutional reforms, he went to Berlin to rouse the King, to shame his Ministers, to insist in season and out of season on the duty of acting before it was too late. His faith in the King is most touching. When he goes to Berlin in 1844, he sees everywhere how unpopular the King is, how even his best intentions are misunderstood and misrepresented. Yet he goes on working and hoping, and he sacrifices his own popularity rather than oppose openly the suicidal policy that might have ruined Prussia, if Prussia could have been ruined. Thus he writes in August, 1845:—

'To act as a statesman at the helm, in the Fatherland, I consider not to be in the least my calling; what I believe to be my calling is to be mounted high before the mast, to observe what land, what breakers, what signs of coming storm, there may be, and then to announce them to the wise and practical steersman. It is the same to me whether my own nation shall

know in my lifetime or after my death, how faithfully I have taken to heart its weal and woe, be it in Church or State, and borne it on my heart as my nearest interest, as long as life lasted. I give up the point of making myself understood in the present generation. Here (in London) I consider myself to be upon the right spot. I seek to preserve peace and unity, and to remove dissatisfaction, wherever it is possible.'

Nothing, however, was done. Year after year was thrown away, like a Sibylline leaf, and the penalty for the opportunities that had been lost became heavier and heavier. The King, particularly when he was under the influences of Bunsen's good genius, was ready for any sacrifice. 'The commotion,' he exclaimed, in 1845, 'can only be met and overcome by freedom, absolute freedom.' But when Bunsen wanted measures, not words, the King himself seemed powerless. Surrounded as he was by men of the most opposite characters and interests, and quite capable of gauging them all—for his intellect was of no common stamp—he could agree with all of them to a certain point, but could never bring himself to go the whole length with any one of them. Bunsen writes from Berlin:—'My stay will certainly not be a long one; the King's heart is like that of a brother towards me, but our ways diverge. The die is cast, and he reads in my countenance that I deplore the throw. He too fulfils his fate, and we with him.'

When, at last, in 1847, a Constitution was granted by the King, it was too late. Sir Robert Peel seems to have been hopeful, and in a letter of twenty-two pages to Bunsen he expressed an opinion that the

Prussian Government might still be able to maintain the Constitution, if only sincere in desiring its due development, and prepared in mind for that development. To the King, however, and to the party at Court, the Constitution, if not actually hateful, was a mere plaything, and the idea of surrendering one particle of his independence never entered the King's mind. Besides, 1848 was at the door, and Bunsen certainly saw the coming storm from a distance, though he could not succeed in opening the eyes of those who stood at the helm in Prussia. Shortly before the hurricane broke loose, Bunsen had once more determined to throw up his official position, and retire to Bonn. But with 1848 all these hopes and plans were scattered to the winds. Bunsen's life became more restless than ever, and his health was gradually giving way under the constant tension of his mind. 'I feel,' he writes in 1848, to Archdeacon Hare, 'that I have entered into a new period of life. I have given up all private concerns, all studies and researches of my own, and live entirely for the present political emergencies of my country, to stand or to fall by and with it.'

With his love for England he deeply felt the want of sympathy on the part of England for Prussia in her struggle to unite and regenerate the whole of Germany. 'It is quite entertaining,' he writes with a touch of irony very unusual in his letters, 'to see the stiff unbelief of the English in the future of Germany. Lord John is merely uninformed. Peel has somewhat staggered the mind of the excellent Prince by his unbelief; yet he has a statesmanlike good-will towards the *Germanic* nations, and even for the

German nation Aberdeen is the greatest sinner He believes in God and the Emperor Nicholas!' The Schleswig-Holstein question embittered his feelings still more, and in absence of all determined convictions at Berlin, the want of moral courage and political faith among those in whose hands the destinies of Germany had been placed, roused him to wrath and fury, though he could never be driven to despair of the future of Prussia For a time, indeed, he seemed to hesitate between Frankfort, then the seat of the German Parliament, and Berlin, and he would have accepted the Premiership at Frankfort if his friend Baron Stockmar had accepted the Ministry of Foreign Affairs But very soon he perceived that, however paralyzed for the moment, Prussia was the only possible centre of life for a regeneration of Germany, that Prussia could not be merged in Germany, but that Germany had to be resuscitated and reinvigorated through Prussia His patriotic nominalism, if we may so call his youthful dreams of a united Germany, had to yield to the force of that political realism which sacrifices names to things, poetry to prose, the ideal to the possible What made his decision easier than it would otherwise have been to a heart so full of enthusiasm was his personal attachment to the King and to the Prince of Prussia, For a time, indeed, though for a short time only, Bunsen, after his interview with the King in January, 1849, believed that his hopes might still be realised, and he seems actually to have had the King's promise that he would accept the Crown of a United Germany, without Austria But as soon as Bunsen had left Berlin new influences began to work on the King's brain, and when

Bunsen returned, full of hope, he was told by the King himself that he had never repented in such a degree of any step as that which Bunsen had advised him to take, that the course entered upon was a wrong to Austria, that he would have nothing to do with such an abominable line of politics, but would leave that to the Ministry at Frankfort. Whenever the personal question should be addressed to him, then would he reply as one of the Hohenzollern, and thus live and die as an honest man. Bunsen, though mourning over the disappointed hopes that had once centred in Frederick William IV, and freely expressing the divergence of opinion that separated him from his Sovereign, remained throughout a faithful servant and a loyal friend. His buoyant spirit, confident that nothing could ruin Prussia, was looking forward to the future, undismayed by the unbroken succession of blunders and failures of Prussian statesmen—nay, enjoying with a prophetic fervour, at the time of the deepest degradation of Prussia at Olmutz, the final and inevitable triumph of that cause which counted among its heroes and martyrs such names as Stein, Gneisenau, Niebuhr, Arndt, and, we may now add, Bunsen.

After the reaction of 1849 Bunsen's political influence ceased altogether, and as Minister in England he had almost always to carry out instructions of which he disapproved. More and more he longed for rest and freedom, for 'leisure for reflection on the Divine which subsists in things human, and for writing, if God enables me to do so. I live as one lamed, the pinions that might have furthered my progress are bound,—yet not broken.' Yet he would

not give up his place as long as his enemies at Berlin did all they could to oust him He would not be beaten by them nor did he altogether despair of better days His opinion of the Prince of Prussia (the present King) had been raised very high since he had come to know him more intimately, and he expected much in the hour of need from his soldier-like decision and sense of honour The negotiations about the Schleswig-Holstein question soon roused again all his German sympathies, and he exerted himself to the utmost to defend the just cause of the Schleswig-Holsteiners, which had been so shamefully misrepresented by unscrupulous partisans The history of these negotiations cannot yet be written but it will some day surprise the student of history when he finds out in what way public opinion in England was dosed and stupified on that simple question He found himself isolated and opposed by nearly all his English friends One statesman only, but the greatest of English statesmen, saw clearly where the right and where the wrong was but even he could only dare to be silent On the 31st of July, 1850, Bunsen writes —

'Palmerston had yielded, when in a scrape, first to Russia, then to France, the prize has been the protocol, the victim, Germany They shall never have my signature to such a piece of iniquity and folly'

However, on the 8th of May, 1852, Bunsen had to sign that very piece of iniquity It was done, machinelike, at the King's command, yet, if Bunsen had followed his own better judgment, he would not have signed, but sent in his resignation 'The first cannon-shot in Europe,' he used to say, 'will tear this Prag-

matic Sanction to tatters,' and so it was, but alas! he did not live to see the Nemesis of that iniquity One thing, however, is certain, that the humiliation inflicted on Prussia by that protocol was never forgotten by one brave soldier, who, though not allowed at that time to draw his royal sword, has ever since been working at the reform of Prussia's army, till on the field of Sadowa the disgrace of the London protocol and the disgrace of Olmutz were wiped out together, and German questions can no longer be settled by the Great Powers of Europe, 'with or without the consent of Prussia'

Bunsen remained in England two years longer, full of literary work, delighted by the success of Prince Albert's Great Exhibition, entering heartily into all that interested and agitated English society, but nevertheless carrying in his breast a heavy heart Prussia and Germany were not what he wished them to be At last the complications that led to the Crimean War held out to his mind a last prospect of rescuing Prussia from her Russian thraldom If Prussia could have been brought over to join England and France, the unity of Northern Germany might have been her reward, as the unity of Italy was the reward of Cavour's alliance with the Western Powers Bunsen used all his influence to bring this about, but he used it in vain, and in April, 1854, he succumbed and his resignation was accepted

Now, at last, Bunsen was free He writes to a son —

'You know how I struggled, almost desperately, to retire from public employment in 1850 Now the cord is broken, and the bird is free The Lord be praised!'

But sıxty-two years of hıs lıfe were gone The foundatıons of lıterary work whıch he had laıd as a young man were dıfficult to recover, and ıf anythıng was to be fınıshed ıt had to be fınıshed ın haste Bunsen retıred to Heıdelberg, hopıng there to realıse the ıdeal of hıs lıfe, and realısıng ıt, too, ın a certaın degree—ı e as long as he was able to forget hıs sıxty-two years, hıs shaken health, and hıs blasted hopes Hıs new edıtıon of 'Hıppolytus,' under the tıtle of 'Chrıstıanıty and Mankınd,' had been fınıshed ın seven volumes before he left England At Heıdelberg hıs prıncıpal work was the new translatıon of the Bıble, and hıs 'Lıfe of Chrıst,' an enormous undertakıng, enough to fill a man's lıfe, yet wıth Bunsen by no means the only work to whıch he devoted hıs remaınıng powers Egyptıan studıes contınued to ınterest hım whıle superıntendıng the Englısh translatıon of hıs 'Egypt' Hıs anger at the machınatıons of the Jesuıts ın Church and State would rouse hım suddenly to address the German natıon ın hıs 'Sıgns of the Tımes' And the prayer of hıs early youth, 'to be allowed to recognıse and trace the firm path of God through the stream of ages,' was fulfilled ın hıs last work, 'God ın Hıstory' There were many blessıngs ın hıs lıfe at Heıdelberg, and no one could have acknowledged them more gratefully than Bunsen 'Yet,' he wrıtes,—

'I mıss John Bull, the sea, *The Tımes* ın the mornıng, and, besıdes, some dozens of fellow-creatures The learned class has greatly sunk ın Germany, more than I supposed, all behındhand Nothıng appears of any ımportance, the most wretched trıfles are crıed up'

Though he had bid adieu to politics, yet he could not keep entirely aloof. The Prince of Prussia and the noble Princess of Prussia consulted him frequently, and even from Berlin baits were held out from time to time to catch the escaped eagle. Indeed, once again Bunsen was enticed by the voice of the charmer, and a pressing invitation of the King brought him to Berlin to preside at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in September, 1857. His hopes revived once more, and his plans of a liberal policy in Church and State were once more pressed on the King—in vain, as every one knew beforehand, except Bunsen alone, with his loving, trusting heart. However, Bunsen's hopes, too, were soon to be destroyed, and he parted from the King, the broken idol of all his youthful dreams—not in anger, but in love, 'as I wish and pray to depart from this earth, on the calm, still evening of a long, beautiful summer's day.' This was written on the 1st of October, on the 3rd the King's mind gave way, though his bodily suffering lasted longer than that of Bunsen. Little more is to be said of the last years of Bunsen's life. The difficulty of breathing from which he suffered became often very distressing, and he was obliged to seek relief by travel in Switzerland, or by spending the winter at Cannes. He recovered from time to time, so as to be able to work hard at the 'Bible-work,' and even to make short excursions to Paris or Berlin. In the last year of his life he executed the plan that had passed before his mind as the fairest dream of his youth—he took a house at Bonn, and he was not without hope that he might still, like Niebuhr, lecture in the University, and give to the young men the fruits of his studies

and the advice founded on the experience of his life This, however, was not to be, and all who watched him with loving eyes knew but too well that it could not be The last chapter of his life is painful beyond expression as a chronicle of his bodily sufferings, but it is cheerful also beyond expression as the record of a triumph over death in hope, in faith—nay, one might almost say, in sight—such as has seldom been witnessed by human eyes He died on the 28th of November, 1860, and was buried on the 1st of December in the same churchyard at Bonn where rests the body of his friend and teacher, Niebuhr

Thoughts crowd in thick upon us when we gaze at that monument, and feel again the presence of that spirit as we so often felt it in the hours of sweet counsel When we think of the literary works in which, later in life and almost in the presence of death, he hurriedly gathered up the results of his studies and meditations, we feel, as he felt himself when only twenty-two years of age, that 'learning annihilates itself, and the most perfect is the first submerged, for the next age scales with ease the height which cost the preceding the full vigour of life' It has been so, and always will be so Bunsen's work, particularly in Egyptian philology and in the philosophy of language, was to a great extent the work of a pioneer, and it will be easy for others to advance on the roads which he has opened, and to approach nearer to the goal which he has pointed out Some of his works, however, will hold their place in the history of scholarship, and particularly of theological scholarship The question of the genuineness of the original epistles of Ignatius can hardly be

opened again after Bunsen's treatise, and his discovery that the book on 'All the Heresies,' ascribed to Origen, could not be the work of that writer, and that most probably it was the work of Hippolytus, will always mark an epoch in the study of early Christian literature. Either of those works would have been enough to make the reputation of a German professor, or to found the fortune of an English bishop. Let it be remembered that they were the outcome of the leisure hours of a hard-worked Prussian diplomatist, who, during the London season, could get up at five in the morning, light his own fire, and thus secure four hours of undisturbed work before breakfast.

Another reason why some of Bunsen's works will prove more mortal than others is their comprehensive character. Bunsen never worked for work's sake, but always for some higher purpose. Special researches with him were a means, a ladder to be thrown away as soon as he had reached his point. The thought of exhibiting his ladders never entered his mind. Occasionally, however, Bunsen would take a jump, and being bent on general results, he would sometimes neglect the objections that were urged against him. It has been easy, even during his lifetime, to point out weak points in his arguments, and scholars who have spent the whole of their lives on one Greek classic have found no difficulty in showing to the world that they know more of that particular author than Bunsen. But even those who fully appreciate the real importance of Bunsen's labours—labours that were more like a shower of rain fertilising large acres than like the artificial irrigation which supports one greenhouse

plant—will be the first to mourn over the precious time that was lost to the world by Bunsen's official avocations. If he could do what he did in his few hours of rest, what would he have achieved if he had carried out the original plan of his life! It is almost incredible that a man with his clear perception of his calling in life so fully expressed in his earliest letters, should have allowed himself to be drawn away by the siren voice of diplomatic life. His success, no doubt, was great at first, and the kindness shown him by men like Niebuhr, the King, and the Crown Prince of Prussia was enough to turn a head that sat on the strongest shoulders. It should be remembered, too, that in Germany the diplomatic service has always had far greater charms than in England, and that the higher members of that service enjoy often the same political influence as members of the Cabinet. If we read of the brilliant reception accorded to the young diplomatist during his first stay at Berlin, the favours showered upon him by the old King, the friendship offered him by the Crown Prince, his future King, the hopes of usefulness in his own heart, and the encouragement given him by all his friends, we shall be less surprised at his preferring, in the days of his youth, the brilliant career of a diplomatist to the obscure lot of a professor. And yet what would Bunsen have given later in life if he had remained true to his first love! Again and again his better self bursts forth in complaints about a wasted life, and again and again he is carried along against his will. During his first stay in England he writes (November 18, 1838):—

'I care no more about my external position than

about the mountains in the moon, I know God's will will be done, in spite of them all, and to my greatest benefit What that is He alone knows Only one thing I think I see clearly My whole life is without sense and lasting use, if I squander it in affairs of the day, brilliant and important as they may be'

The longer he remained in that enchanted garden the more difficult it became to find a way out, even after he had discovered by sad experience how little he was fitted for Court life or even for public life in Prussia When he first appeared at the Court of Berlin he carried everything by storm, but that very triumph was never forgiven him, and his enemies were bent on 'showing this young doctor his proper place' Bunsen had no idea how he was envied, for the lesson that success breeds envy is one that men of real modesty seldom learn until it is too late And he was hated not only by chamberlains, but, as he discovered with deepest grief, even by those whom he considered his truest friends, who had been working in secret conclave to undermine his influence with his Royal friend and master Whenever he returned to Berlin, later in life, he could not breathe freely in the vitiated air of the Court, and the wings of his soul hung down lamed, if not broken Bunsen was not a courtier Away from Berlin, among the ruins of Rome, and in the fresh air of English life, he could speak to Kings and Princes as few men have spoken to them, and pour out his inmost convictions before those whom he revered and loved But at Berlin, though he might have learnt to bow and to smile and to use Byzantine phraseology, his voice faltered and was drowned by noisy declaimers, the diamond was

buried under a heap of beads, and his rays could not shine forth where there was no heavenly sunlight to call them out King Frederick William IV was no ordinary King that one can see even from the scanty extracts from his letters given in 'Bunsen s Memoirs' Nor was his love of Bunsen a mere passing whim He loved the man, and those who knew the refreshing and satisfying influence of Bunsen's society will easily understand what the King meant when he said, 'I am hungry and thirsty for Bunsen' But what constitution can resist the daily doses of hyperbolical flattery that are poured into the ears of Royalty, and how can we wonder that at last a modest expression of genuine respect does sound like rudeness to Royal ears, and to speak the truth becomes synonymous with insolence? In the trickeries and mimicries of Court life Bunsen was no adept, and nothing was easier than to outbid him in the price that is paid for Royal favours

But if much has thus been lost of a life far too precious to be squandered among Royal servants and messengers, this prophet among the Sauls has taught the world some lessons which he could not have taught in the lecture-room of a German University People who would scarcely have listened to the arguments of a German professor sat humbly at the feet of an ambassador and of a man of the world That a professor should be learned and that a bishop should be orthodox was a matter of course, but that an ambassador should hold forth on hieroglyphics and the antiquity of man rather than on the *chronique scandaleuse* of Paris, that a Prussian statesman should spend his mornings on the Ignatian

Epistles rather than in writing gossiping letters to ladies in waiting at Berlin and Potsdam, that this learned man, 'who ought to know,' should profess the simple faith of a child and the boldest freedom of a philosopher, was enough to startle society, both high and low How Bunsen inspired those who knew him with confidence, how he was consulted, and how he was loved may be seen from some of the letters addressed to him, though few only of such letters have been published in his 'Memoirs' That his influence was great in England we know from the concurrent testimony both of his enemies and his friends, and the seeds that he has sown in the minds and hearts of men have borne fruit, and will still bear richer fruit, both in England and in Germany Nor should it be forgotten how excellent a use he made of his personal influence in helping young men who wanted advice and encouragement His sympathy, his condescension, his faith when brought in contact with men of promise, were extraordinary they were not shaken, though they have been abused more than once In all who loved Bunsen his spirit will live on, imperceptibly, it may be, to themselves, imperceptibly to the world, but not the less really It is not the chief duty of friends to honour the departed by idle grief, but to remember their designs, and to carry out their mandates (Tac Ann II 71)

CHARLES KINGSLEY[1].

(Translated from German)

(1820-1875)

'OF the dead nothing but what is good' is an old and beautiful saying, of more profound truth than is commonly supposed Though at first sight it may seem to convey no more than that it is unchivalrous to speak evil of those who can no longer defend themselves, it discloses a far deeper meaning if we look at it more intently Let us remember that of most people we know, as of the moon, one side only, the side which they present to us as we pass them by in the throng of life We may try to complete and correct our own impressions by the favourable or unfavourable impressions which the same people have left on others But most of these too judge by outward appearance only, and how little is that compared with what lies hidden in the soul of man, which never rises to the surface, nay which in our society, as it now is, never can rise to the surface And what is stranger still, most people are inclined to believe evil rather than good report Even if we hear nothing but good of a man, we often hesitate in our judgment, as if we could not believe that any one

[1] Charles Kingsley, his Letters and Memories of Life Edited by his Wife

could be so good, so much better than we ourselves We wish to be cautious, we wish to wait and see, for after all we do not even trust ourselves, but only hope that we may be as good as we seem to be Thus life passes away, and during the whole of it we probably give our perfect trust, our full love to five or six people only Of these we never believe anything evil, whatever the evil world may say of them And happy the man who out of the small number of those whom he called his own, has never lost one! Happy the man who never had cause to rue the bestowal of his unbounded confidence!

Very often such disappointments and losses are our own fault We can all understand our own faults, and explain them and thereby more or less excuse them, but with regard to the faults of others we seldom practise the same advocacy If we see the smallest spot on the surface, we quickly conclude that the whole fruit must be rotten to the core, and yet how often are these spots but traces of the heat of the day on the bloom of the peach, while the flesh is sound, the sap fresh, and the flavour of the whole fruit pure and delicious!

Such thoughts often pass through the mind when we are standing by the grave of a friend, or when we read the biography of a man whom we have known well, or whom we have often met on our way through life We can then hardly believe that our eyes have been so blind, and it is only when it is too late that we learn that there may be on earth angels without wings When we examine a life-like portrait or read a beautiful biography, the good points often seem too prominent, the weak ones too

much veiled, but by the side of a closing grave we suddenly learn the art how to discover what is good and how to understand what is bad, in man. At the grave the old human love breaks through at last. The scales fall from our eyes, and we need not ask what scales they are that so often prevent us seeing what is good and beautiful in man. Certain it is that as our life is at present, we really do not know men truly till they have joined the company of saints.

Such thoughts were rising again in my mind when reading the Biography of my old, lately departed friend, Charles Kingsley. In England this work seems to have produced this spring the same wide and deep impression which was made some years ago by the Life of Prince Albert and the Life of Bunsen. In a few months five large editions were sold. Our newspapers and journals are full of it, and though during the season and during the session the Eastern Question threw every other question into the background, the Life of Charles Kingsley has held its own, and has become what is called in England 'the book of the season.'

What hard judgments had been uttered of these three men, Prince Albert, Bunsen, and Charles Kingsley, during their life-time! There was a certain similarity between them all, and they were well acquainted with each other. It would really be a useful undertaking to make a selection from all the attacks which appeared against these three men in the newspapers and journals, and preserve them for posterity as an appendix to their biographies. It might be of use to coming generations. I do not

mean to say that all these attacks proceeded from malice, hatred, and ill-will. On the contrary, some of them, I know, come from men who were as good as those whom they attacked. But this very fact, that good men may misunderstand, hate, and persecute good men, would be the best lesson to posterity. No one would venture to say that these three men, whom I have here mentioned together, were entirely free from weaknesses and faults. But what is strange is that, during their life-time, we heard constantly of their weaknesses and faults, while all that is good and beautiful and noble in them was taken as a matter of course. Only when death has lifted the veil from our eyes, do we begin to see clearly, and recognise, when it is too late, the pure, and beautiful, and noble image of man, aye, the long-despised master-work of a divine art.

Among Kingsley's works, Hypatia is probably the one most widely known and appreciated, not only in England, but in Germany, France, and Italy also. Though a mere novel, it represents the struggle of the old Greek world with the new powers of Christendom with truly dramatic art. What Bunsen thought of Hypatia may be seen from what he wrote in a preface to the German translation of it. 'I do not hesitate to recognise these two works, Hypatia and the Saint's Tragedy, as the two most important and most perfect creations of his genius. It is in them that I find the justification of a hope which I here venture to express, namely, that Kingsley should continue Shakespeare's historical plays. For many years I have freely confessed that Kingsley seems to me the genius called upon in our century to

place by the side of the greatest modern dramatic Epos, beginning with King John and ending with Henry VIII, a second series of national plays, beginning with Edward VI and ending with the landing of William of Orange It is the only phase in European history which combines all vital elements of dramatic poetry, and which we might watch on the stage without overpowering pain The tragedy of Saint Elizabeth shows that Kingsley not only knows how to write a novel but that he has mastered the more severe rules of the drama also, while his Hypatia proves that he can discover in the history of the past all that is truly human and eternal, and place it full of life before our eyes All his works testify to his ability to catch the fresh tone of the life of the people, and to make broad humour a powerful ingredient for dramatic effect And why should he not do it? There is a time when the poet, the true prophet of our time, must forget the unpoetical events of the day, which seem important only because they are so near, and say to himself, Let the dead bury their dead! Kingsley it seems to me has arrived at that point, and he ought to decide'

In England Kingsley has been loved and revered for many years as a writer and a poet But he has been much more than that He formed part and parcel of the people, nay, one might say he formed part of the English conscience He was one of the men of whom one thought at once, whenever a social, or a religious, or a great political question stirred the people If there are in England the 'Upper Ten Thousand' who are the leaders of what is called society, there are also the 'Upper Hundred,' the

leaders of public opinion, whose judgment on the great questions of the day is really asked for and cared for by the people at large. A man belongs to these *Centumviri*, not because he is a minister, a member of parliament, a bishop, a professor, or a *millionaire*, but because he is believed to be true, honest, clear-sighted, free from prejudice, unselfish, and independent of party. They are the true salt of the English people. Kingsley was one of these Hundred; nay, English papers went so far as to call him one of the Twelve who during the last generation have most powerfully impressed and guided the thoughts and feelings of the English nation. This does not mean that his judgment was always trusted or his advice always followed. On the contrary, he was often called a dreamer; yet people wished to know what he would feel, think, and say about matters which lay within the sphere of his interests, because they knew that he would always say what he felt and thought. His correspondence now shows how many telegraphic wires, not only from England, but from the English Colonies and from America, ended in the quiet rectory at Eversley, and how many electric pulsations radiated from the large heart which beat in the breast of a simple and thoroughly honest country clergyman. People abroad have no idea of the minute organisation of public feeling in England. If newspapers represent the muscles of the social body, the personal relations between men of mark and the thousands who look up to them, form the nervous system from which alone the muscles receive life and vigour.

This close intellectual organisation is favoured in England by many circumstances. The number of

Public Schools is limited Of Universities there are, or there were till lately, two only Most men of note are acquainted with each other from school or from university, and whoever has gained the trust and love of his friends at Eton or Oxford, retains it mostly through life Besides though everything in England is on a grand scale, there is also something which in Germany would be called *Klein-stadtisch* Almost everybody knows everybody, and the great families, and clans and counties hold so closely together that whenever two Englishmen meet abroad they soon find out that they are either distantly related or have at least some friends in common Add to this the innumerable societies, clubs, charitable institutions, political associations, and last, not least, the central hearth in London, Parliament, where everybody appears from time to time, if only to have a warm shaking of hands with old friends and acquaintances, and you will understand that England hangs more closely together and knows itself better than any other country in Europe As a natural result of all this, there is a very sharp control A man who has once attracted public attention is not easily lost sight of Each man feels this, and this produces a sense of responsibility, or, what the French call, solidarity, which forms the safest foundation of a political organisation True, Kingsley was only a writer and country-clergyman, but from his earliest appearance we see that he is conscious of belonging to a great people He knew he could not hide himself, but that his convictions must out, however offensive they might sound to that class of society in which he moved, nay, however opposed they might seem to

be to the interests of the clergy to which he himself was proud to belong

Kingsley came of a good, old family, and moved in the best society But when in the year 1849 the socialistic agitation of the working men frightened not only the thoughtless, but even the thoughtful statesmen of England, he wrote his novel, Alton Locke, Tailor, and declared himself openly a Chartist, in the truest sense of the word He was then known everywhere under the name of Parson Lot, much criticised, abused, and even threatened, but never troubled for one moment in his conviction that Chartism had its justification, and that it was the duty of every true statesman and patriot to recognise the good elements in socialism, and with their help to keep down its dangerous elements Much as he was blamed for the part he took, all, even those whom Kingsley attacked most fiercely, felt that his action was entirely unselfish, and that by his advocacy of the extreme views of the working classes he forfeited all chance of Church preferment He sacrificed not only his time, but his money also (of which he had very little at the time), in order to help in improving the condition of the labouring classes, not only by word, but by deed also What would people have said in Germany, if he had thundered into their ears that whosoever does not devote at least one tenth part of his time and one tenth part of his annual income to public and charitable purposes belongs to the most dangerous class and fosters the growth of social democracy!

Thus he marched on, straight as an arrow Though devoted heart and soul to the English Church, he

stepped forward as the defender of Frederick Maurice when the Bishops deprived him of his professorship at King's College, because he denied the doctrine of Eternal Punishment

When, during long-continued rain, the Bishops ordered a general prayer for sunshine, he declined to read it from the pulpit, first, because even his limited knowledge of the laws of nature told him that much rain was necessary, secondly, because with his limited knowledge of the laws of nature he would not criticise the decrees of the Highest Wisdom

At the end of a sermon which he had been asked to preach in London, the clergyman to whom the church belonged rose and warned the congregation against the heresies to which they had had to listen This was something quite unheard-of, and the excitement became threatening Kingsley bowed in silence, pacified the people who had gathered round the church, published his sermon, and succeeded in making the Bishop of the diocese acknowledge that there was nothing in his sermon in any way opposed to the true spirit of old and genuine Christianity

At the time when nearly the whole of what is called Good Society declared in favour of the Southern States of America, Kingsley remained true to the North, not because he did not admire the heroism of the rebels, but because he clung to one simple principle, that slavery is wrong, and that the victory of the South would have been the victory of slavery

In the year 1866, when but few Englishmen saw the true meaning of the war of Prussia against Austria, Kingsley wrote to me (Letters, vol ii p 238) —

'MY DEAR MAX,

What great things have happened for Germany, and what great men your Prussians have shown themselves Much as I was wroth with them about Schleswig-Holstein, I can only see in this last campaign a great necessary move for the physical safety of every North German household, and the honour of every North German woman To allow the possibility of a second 1807–1812 to remain, when it could be averted by any amount of fighting, were sin and shame, and had I been a Prussian, I would have gone down to Sadowa as a sacred duty to wife and child and fatherland'

Again, when towards the close of the Franco-German War the sympathies of nearly all the most eminent men in England, and particularly of the Liberal party, went over from Germany to France, he remained faithful to the end Knowing how my best friends had then turned against me, he wrote to me (Letters, ii p 323) —

'EVERSLEY,
August 8 1870

'Accept my loving congratulations to you and your people The day which dear Bunsen used to pray, with tears in his eyes, might not come till the German people were ready, has come, and the German people are ready Verily, God is just, and rules too, whatever the press may think to the contrary My only fear is, lest the Germans should think of Paris, which cannot concern them, and turn their eyes away from that which does concern them,—the re-taking Elsass (which is their own), and leaving the French-

man no foot of the Rhine-bank To make the Rhine a word not to be mentioned by the French henceforth, ought to be the one object of wise Germans, and that alone In any case, I am yours, full of delight and hope for Germany '

Later on there follows another letter, in which he pours out his whole heart on the Franco-German war —

'*August* 31

'And now a few words on this awful war I confess to you that were I a German, I should feel it my duty to my country to send my last son, my last shilling, and after all, my own self to the war, to get that done which must be done, done so that it will never need doing again I trust that I should be able to put vengeance out of my heart—to forget all that Germany has suffered for two hundred years past, from that vain, greedy, restless nation, all even which she suffered, women as well as men, in the late French war though the Germans do not forget it, and some of them, for their mothers' or aunts sakes, ought not But the average German has a right to say, "Property, life, freedom, has been insecure in Germany for two hundred years, because she has been divided The French kings have always tried to keep her divided that they might make her the puppet of their ambition Since the French Revolution, the French people (all of them who think and act, viz the army and the educated classes) have been doing the same They shall do so no longer We will make it impossible for her to interfere in the internal affairs of Germany We will make it an offence on her part—after Alfred de Musset s brutal

song—to mention the very name of the Rhine." As for the present war, it was inevitable, soon or late. The French longed for it. They wanted to revenge 1813–15, ignoring the fact that Germany was then avenging—and very gently—1807. Bunsen used to say to me—I have seen the tears in his eyes as he said it—that the war must come; that he only prayed God that it might not come till Germany was prepared and had recovered from the catastrophe of the great French war. It has come, and Germany is prepared; and would that the old man were alive to see the "battle of Armageddon," as he called it, fought, not as he feared on German but on French soil. It must have come. The Germans would have been wrong to begin it; but when the French began, they would have been "niddering" for ever not to have accepted it. If a man persists for years in brandishing his fist in your face, telling you that he will thrash you some day, and that you dare not fight him; a wise man will, like Germany, hold his tongue till he is actually struck; but he will, like Germany, take care to be ready for what *will* come. As for Prussia's being prepared for war, being a sort of sin on her part—a proof that she intended to attack France—such an argument only proves the gross ignorance of history, especially of German history, which I remark in average Englishmen. Gross ignorance, too, or willing oblivion of all that the French have been threatening for years past, about "rectifying their frontier." The Germans had fair warning from the French that the blow would be struck some day. And now that it is struck, to turn the other cheek in meekness may be very "Christian" towards a man's

self, but most unchristian, base, and selfish towards his women, his children, and his descendants yet unborn. There can be no doubt that the French programme of this war was, to disunite Germany once more, and so make her weak and at the mercy of France. And a German who was aware of that—as all sensible Germans must have been aware—had to think, not of the text which forbids us to avenge private injuries, but of that which says, "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword," not of the bodily agony and desolation of the war, but of Him who said, "Fear not them that can kill the body," and after that have nothing left to do, but fear him—the demon of selfishness, laziness, anarchy, which ends in slavery, which can kill both body and soul in the hell of moral and political degradation. As for this being a "dynastic war," as certain foolish working men are saying—who have got still in their heads the worn-out theory that only kings ever go to war—it is untrue. It is not dynastic on the part of Germany. It is the rising of a people from the highest to the lowest, who mean to be a people, in a deeper sense than any republican democrat, French or English, ever understood that word. It is not dynastic on the part of France. The French Emperor undertook it to save his own dynasty, but he would never have done so, if he had not been of opinion (and who knows the French as well as he?) that it would not be a dynastic war, but a popular one. Else, how could it save his throne? What could it do but hasten his fall, by contravening the feelings of his people? But it did not contravene them. Look back at the papers, and you will find that Paris and the

army (which between them, alas! constitute now the French people) received the news of war with a delirium of insolent joy

'The Emperor was mistaken in spite of all his cunning He fancied that after deceiving the French people—after governing them by men who were chosen because they could and dared deceive—that these minions of his, chosen for their untruthfulness, would be true, forsooth, to him alone, that they would exhibit, unknown, in a secret government, virtues of honesty, economy, fidelity, patriotism, which they were forbidden to exercise in public, where their only function was, to nail up the hand of the weather-glass, in order to ensure fine weather, as they are doing to this day in every telegram So he is justly punished, as all criminals are, by his own crimes, and God's judgments are, as always, righteous and true'

On September 5, 1870, he wrote again —

'EVERSLEY,
Sept 5

'Since Waterloo, there has been no such event in Europe I await with awe and pity the Parisian news of the next few days As for the Emperor, whilst others were bowing down to him, I never shrank from expressing my utter contempt of him His policy is now judged, and he with it, by fact, which is the 'voice of God revealed in things," as Bacon says, and I at least, instead of joining the crowd of curs who worry where they lately fawned, shall never more say a harsh word against him Let the condemned die in peace if possible, and he will not, I hear, live many months'

In this manner Kingsley spoke, wrote, and acted throughout the whole of his life, always the sworn enemy of all hypocrisy, meanness, and selfishness, always the open friend of all who meant well, who professed openly whatever they had discovered to be true, and who lived for others rather than for themselves He was by nature the defender of all who were unjustly persecuted, or borne down by the Juggernaut of public opinion That such a man should have enemies, and bitter enemies, was but natural, but in all the battles which he had to fight he proved himself, not only a brave, but likewise a generous antagonist The rules of chivalrous courtesy were sacred to him, and to a German reader his courtesy and modesty may sometimes seem carried too far But this modesty was part of Kingsley's nature, and in some sense the respect which he showed to others arose from self-respect, and the modesty with which he spoke of his own achievements, prove only his truthfulness towards himself He was in this respect a true nobleman, one of nature's true gentlemen We remember one case only where he seems to have forgotten himself He had been shamefully attacked and maligned Then, instead of saying quietly that his opponent had stated the opposite of what was the fact, he allowed himself to imitate an old Father of the Church, and to fell his enemy to the ground, with the words, *Impudentissime mentiris*

His most famous controversy was that with John Henry Newman, the High Church theologian, who ended by becoming a Roman Catholic The controversy was the old controversy, whether it is allowable within the Christian Church to suppress truth from respect for

authority To Kingsley that ecclesiastical policy was not only unchristian, but simply inhuman, and, with all due respect for the historical importance of the papal church-government, he often spoke with the strongest indignation against what he called the un-English character of the Roman priesthood This called the learned and clever theologian, John Henry Newman, into the arena, as the defender of his new co-religionists, and led to a literary duel which will retain an historical character, if only by having called forth Newman's *Apologia pro vita mea* Strange to say, public opinion was in favour of Newman He was the cleverer, sharper, more sarcastic fencer, and while Kingsley came down with heavy blows, his opponent inflicted many painful wounds

In spite of his secession Newman enjoys great popularity in England He is loved and esteemed, because after all he is looked upon as a martyr to his convictions The Roman Catholics themselves fear him, or at least do not quite trust him, and he who has done more for the Roman Church than any other English convert, has never been admitted to an influential position in the Church[1] Personal sympathies and a certain delight in his swordsmanship secured the sympathy of most newspapers and journals in favour of Newman, and Kingsley himself, in his frank, honest way, confessed openly that 'he had crossed swords with a man too strong for him' And yet, whoever is able to separate the outward shell from the real kernel of the question, will easily see that Kingsley defended a strong position badly, while Newman defended a weak position

[1] Written before he was made a Cardinal

cleverly Kingsley fought with his heart, Newman with his tongue The one cared for truth, the other for victory

During this long controversy in the years 1864 and 1865, Kingsley's friends observed the first symptoms of decreasing force and health, and it required his iron will during the last ten years of his life to produce so much and to sustain throughout the glow of his thoughts and the splendour of his language But he was weary Nay, through the whole of his life, full of work as it was, we can hear a deep note of sadness and of longing for peace and rest in the grave Even in his first work, the 'Saint s Tragedy,' he sang his touching song —

> 'O that we two lay sleeping
> In our nest in the churchyard sod
> With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth s breast,
> And our souls at home with God!'

His lot on earth could hardly have been happier But in the midst of all his happiness as husband, father, friend, teacher, preacher, and poet, his eyes seem always lifted beyond the earth towards the Eternal He has died young, and of his life, if we mean by that a chain of great events, there is little to relate He was a country-clergyman, a Professor of History at Cambridge, then Canon of Chester and Westminster, and died on the 23rd of January, 1875, in the fifty-fifth year of his life The interest of the two volumes in which his wife and his friends have collected his letters and the memoirs of his life centres entirely in the man himself, in the magnificent human soul that speaks to us on every page

Whoever wants to know England and its real strength, should read these volumes

But the book has also a charm of its own, and whoever can watch a beautiful sun, setting in the west after a glorious course and illuminating by its refracted rays the whole sky with its clouds, and the whole earth with its mountains and valleys, will delight in watching the glorious course and the beautiful setting of a human soul which in life has warmed, nourished, strengthened and gladdened many a heart, and which was never more grand and glorious than in its death

In conclusion, I add a few extracts from a preface which I was asked to write soon after Kingsley's death for a new edition of his 'Roman and Teuton '—

'Never shall I forget the moment when for the last time I gazed upon the manly features of Charles Kingsley, features which Death had rendered calm, grand, sublime The constant struggle that in life seemed to allow no rest to his expression, the spirit, like a caged lion, shaking the bars of his prison, the mind striving for utterance, the soul wearying for loving response,—all that was over There remained only the satisfied expression of triumph and peace, as of a soldier who had fought a good fight, and who, while sinking into the stillness of the slumber of death, listens to the distant sounds of music and to the shouts of victory One saw the ideal man, as Nature had meant him to be, and one felt that there is no greater sculptor than Death

As one looked on that marble statue which only some weeks ago had so warmly pressed one's hand,

his whole life flashed through one's thoughts. One remembered the young curate and the Saint's Tragedy, the chartist parson and Alton Locke, the happy poet and the Sands of Dee, the brilliant novel-writer and Hypatia and Westward-Ho, the Rector of Eversley and his Village Sermons, the beloved professor at Cambridge, the busy canon at Chester, the powerful preacher in Westminster Abbey. One thought of him by the Berkshire chalk-streams and on the Devonshire coast, watching the beauty and wisdom of Nature, reading her solemn lessons, chuckling too over her inimitable fun. One saw him in town-alleys, preaching the Gospel of godliness and cleanliness, while smoking his pipe with soldiers and navvies. One heard him in drawing-rooms, listened to with patient silence, till one of his vigorous or quaint speeches bounded forth, never to be forgotten. How children delighted in him! How young, wild men believed in him, and obeyed him too! How women were captivated by his chivalry, older men by his genuine humility and sympathy!

'All that was now passing away—was gone. But as one looked on him for the last time on earth, one felt that greater than the curate, the poet, the professor, the canon, had been the man himself, with his warm heart, his honest purposes, his trust in his friends, his readiness to spend himself, his chivalry and humility, worthy of a better age.

'Of all this the world knew little,—yet few men excited wider and stronger sympathies.

'Who can forget that funeral on the 28th Jan., 1875, and the large sad throng that gathered round his grave? There was the representative of the Prince

of Wales, and close by the gipsies of the Eversley common, who used to call him their Patrico-rai, their Priest-King There was the old Squire of his village, and the labourers, young and old, to whom he had been a friend and a father There were Governors of distant Colonies, officers, and sailors, the Bishop of his diocese, and the Dean of his abbey, there were the leading Nonconformists of the neighbourhood, and his own devoted curates, Peers and Members of the House of Commons, authors and publishers, and outside the churchyard, the horses and the hounds and the huntsman in pink, for though as good a clergyman as any, Charles Kingsley had been a good sportsman too, and had taken in his life many a fence as bravely as he took the last fence of all, without fear or trembling All that he had loved, and all that had loved him were there, and few eyes were dry when he was laid in his own yellow gravel bed, the old trees which he had planted and cared for waving their branches to him for the last time, and the grey sunny sky looking down with calm pity on the deserted rectory, and on the short joys and the shorter sufferings of mortal men

‘All went home feeling that life was poorer, and every one knew that he had lost a friend who had been, in some peculiar sense, his own Charles Kingsley will be missed in England, in the English colonies, in America, where he spent his last happy year, aye, wherever Saxon speech and Saxon thought is understood He will be mourned for, yearned for, in every place in which he passed some days of his busy life As to myself, I feel as if another cable had snapped that tied me to this hospitable shore

'When an author or a poet dies, the better part of him it is often said, is left in his works So it is in many cases But with Kingsley his life and his works were one All he wrote was meant for the day when he wrote it That was enough for him He hardly gave himself time to think of fame and the future Compared with a good work done, with a good word spoken, with a silent grasp of the hand from a young man he had saved from mischief, or with a "Thank you, Sir," from a poor woman to whom he had been a comfort, he would have despised what people call glory, like incense curling away in smoke He was, in one sense of the word, a careless writer He did his best at the time and for the time He did it with a concentrated energy of will which broke through all difficulties Though the perfection and classical finish which can be obtained by a sustained effort only, and by a patience which shrinks from no drudgery, may be wanting in many of his works, he has but few equals, if any, in the light and fire of his language, in the boldness of his imagination, and in the warmth of his heart

'He cared little for fame, but fame has come to him His bust will stand in Westminster Abbey, in the Chapel of St John the Baptist, by the side of his friend Frederick Maurice, and in the Temple of Fame which will be consecrated to the period of Victoria and Albert, there will be a niche for Charles Kingsley, the author of Alton Locke and Hypatia'

WILHELM MULLER[1].

'Ich liebe keinen Liederdichter ausser Goethe so sehr wie Wilhelm Muller —H HEINE

1794–1827

SELDOM has a poet in a short life of thirty-three years engraven his name so deeply on the memorial tablets of the history of German poetry as Wilhelm Muller Although the youthful efforts of a poet may be appreciated by the few who are able to admire what is good and beautiful, even although they have never before been admired by others yet in order permanently to win the ear and heart of his people a poet must live with the people and take part in the movements and struggles of his age Thus only can he hope to stir and mould the thoughts of his contemporaries, and to remain a permanent living power in the memory of his countrymen Wilhelm Muller died at the very moment when the rich blossoms of his poetic genius were developing into fruit, and after he had warmed and quickened the hearts of the youth of Germany with the lyric

[1] Preface to a new edition of Wilhelm Muller's poems, published in 1868, in the 'Bibliothek der deutschen Nationalliteratur des achtzehnten und neunzehnten Jahrhunderts' Leipzig, Brockhaus Translated from the German by G A M

songs of his youth, only a short span of time was granted him to show the world, as he did more especially in his 'Greek Songs' and 'Epigrams,' the higher goal towards which he aspired. In these his last works it is easy to see that his poetry would not merely have reflected the happy dreams of youth, but that he could also perceive the poetry of life in its sorrows as clearly as in its joys, and depict it in true and vivid colours.

One may, I think divide the friends and admirers of Wilhelm Muller into two classes: those who rejoice and delight in his fresh and joyous songs, and those who admire the nobleness and force of his character as shown in the poems celebrating the war of Greek independence, and in his epigrams. All poetry is not for every one, nor for every one at all times. There are critics and historians of literature who cannot tolerate songs of youth, of love, and of wine. They always ask why? and wherefore? and they demand in all poetry, before any thing else, high or deep thoughts. No doubt there can be no poetry without thought, but there are thoughts which are poetical without being drawn from the deepest depths of the heart and brain, nay, which are poetical just because they are as simple and true and natural as the flowers of the field or the stars of heaven. There is a poetry for the old, but there is also a poetry for the young. The young demand in poetry an interpretation of their own youthful feelings, and first learn truly to understand themselves through poets who can speak for them as they would speak for themselves, had nature endowed them with melody of thought and harmony of diction. Youth is and

will remain the majority of the world, and will let no gloomy cynic rob it of its poetic enthusiasm for young love and old wine. True, youth is not over-critical; true, it does not know how to speak or write in learned phrases of the merits of its favourite poets. But for all that, where is the poet who would not rather live in the warm recollection of the never-dying youth of his nation, than in voluminous encyclopaedias, or even in the marble Walhallas of Germany? The story and the songs of a miller's man, who loves his master's daughter, and of a miller's daughter, who loves a huntsman better, may seem very trivial, commonplace, and unpoetical to many a man of forty or fifty. But there are men of forty and fifty who have never lost sight of the bright but now far-off days of their own youth, who can still rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with those that weep, and love with those that love—aye, who can still fill their glasses with old and young, and in whose eyes everyday life has not destroyed the poetic bloom that rests everywhere on life so long as it is lived with warm and natural feelings. Songs which like the 'Beautiful Miller's Daughter,' and the 'Winter Journey,' could so penetrate and again spring forth from the soul of their musical composer, Franz Schubert, may well stir the very depths of our own hearts, without the need of fearing the wise looks of those who possess the art of saying nothing in many words. Why should poetry be less free than painting to seek for what is beautiful wherever a human eye can discover, wherever human art can imitate it? No one blames the painter if, instead of giddy peaks or towering waves, he delineates on

his canvas a quiet narrow valley, filled with a green mist, and enlivened only by a grey mill and a dark-brown mill-wheel, from which the spray rises like silver dust, and then floats away, and vanishes in the rays of the sun. Is what is not too common for the painter, too common for the poet? Is an idyll in the truest, warmest, softest colours of the soul, like the 'Beautiful Miller's Daughter,' less a work of art than a landscape by Ruysdael? And observe in these songs how the execution suits the subject; their tone is thoroughly popular, and reminds many of us, perhaps even too much, of the popular songs collected by Arnim and Brentano in 'Des Knaben Wunderhorn.' But this could not be helped. Theocritus could not write his idylls in grand Attic Greek; he needed the homeliness of the Boeotian dialect. It was the same with Wilhelm Muller, who must not be blamed for expressions which now perhaps, more than formerly, may sound to fastidious ears too homely or commonplace.

His simple and natural conception of nature is shown most beautifully in the 'Wanderer's Songs,' and in the 'Spring Wreath from the Plauen Valley.' Nowhere do we find a laboured thought or a laboured word. The lovely spring world is depicted exactly as it is, but over all is thrown the light that radiates from the poet's eye and the poet's mind. That mind alone is able to perceive and to give utterance to what others fail to see and silent nature cannot utter. It is this recognition of the beautiful in what is insignificant, of greatness in what is small, of the marvellous in ordinary life; yes, this perception of the divine in every earthly enjoyment, which gives

its own charm to each of Wilhelm Muller's smallest poems, and endears them so truly to those who, amidst the hurry of life, have not forgotten the delight of absorption in nature, who have never lost their faith in the mystery of the divine presence in all that is beautiful, good, and true on earth. We need only read the 'Fruhlingsmahl' or 'Pfingsten' to see how a whole world, aye, a whole heaven, may be mirrored in the tiniest drop of dew.

And as enjoyment of nature finds so clear an echo in the poetry of Wilhelm Muller, so also does the delight which man should have in man. Drinking songs and table songs do not belong to the highest flights of poetry, but if the delights of friendly meetings and greetings belong to some of the brightest moments of human happiness, why should a poet hold them to be unworthy of his muse? There is something especially German in all drinking songs, and no other nation has held its wine in such honour. Can one imagine English poems on port or sherry? or has a Frenchman much to tell us of his Bordeaux, or even of his Burgundy? The reason that the poetry of wine is unknown in England and France is, that in these countries people know nothing of what lends its poetry to wine, namely, the joyous consciousness of mutual pleasure, the outpouring of hearts, the feeling of common brotherhood, which makes learned professors and divines, generals and ministers, men once more at the sound of the ringing glasses. This purely human delight in the enjoyment of life, in the flavour of the German wine, and in the yet higher flavour of the German Symposium, finds its happiest expression in the drinking songs of Wilhelm Muller.

They have often been set to music by the best masters, and have long been sung by the happy and joyous. The name of the poet is often forgotten, whilst many of his songs have become popular songs, just because they were sung from the heart and soul of the German people, as the people were fifty years ago, and as the best of them still are, in spite of many changes in the Fatherland.

It is easy to see that a serious tone is not wanting even in the drinking songs. The wine was good, but the times were bad. Those who, like Wilhelm Muller, had shared in the great sufferings and the great hopes of the German people, and who then saw that, after all the sacrifices that had been made, all was in vain, all was again as bad or even worse than before, could with difficulty conceal their disaffection, however helpless they felt themselves against the brutalities of those in power. Many who, like Wilhelm Muller, had laboured to reanimate German popular feeling, who, like him, had left the University to sacrifice as common soldiers their life and life's happiness to the freedom of the country, and who then saw how the dread of their own deliverers felt by the scarcely rescued princes, and the fear cherished by foreign nations of an united and strong Germany, combined to destroy the precious seed sown in blood and tears,—could not always suppress their gloomy anger at such faint-hearted, weak-minded policy. On January 1, 1820, Wilhelm Muller wrote thus in the dedication of the second part of his 'Letters from Rome' to his friend Atterbom, the Swedish poet, with whom he had but a short time before passed the Carnival time in Italy joyfully and carelessly. 'And thus

I greet you in your old sacred Fatherland, not jokingly and merrily, like the book, whose writer seems to have become a stranger to me, but earnestly and briefly, for the great fast of the European world, expecting the passion, and waiting for deliverance, can endure no indifferent shrug of the shoulders and no hollow compromises and excuses. He who cannot act at this time, can yet rest and mourn!' For such words, veiled as they were, resigned as they were, the fortress of Mayence was at that time the usual answer:

> 'Deutsch und frei und stark und lauter
> In dem deutschen Land
> Ist der Wein allein geblieben
> An des Rheines Strand.
> Ist der nicht ein Demagoge,
> Wer soll einer sein?
> Mainz du stolze Bundesfeste,
> Sperr ihn nur nicht ein.[1]

That Wilhelm Muller escaped the petty and annoying persecutions of the then police system, he owed partly to the retired life he led in his little native country, partly to his own good spirits, which prevented him from entirely sinking the man in the politician. He had some enemies in the little court, whose Duke and Duchess were personally attached to him. A prosperous life such as his could not fail to attract envy, and his frank guileless character

[1] 'Free, and strong and pure, and German
On the German Rhine
Nothing of that name is worthy,
Nothing but our wine;
If the wine is not a rebel,
Then no more are we;
Mainz, thou proud and frowning fortress
Let him wander free!'

gave plenty of occasion for suspicion. But the only answer which he vouchsafed to his detractors was —

> 'Und lasst mir doch mein volles Glass,
> Und lasst mir meinen guten Spass,
> Mit unsrer schlechten Zeit!
> Wer bei dem Weine singt und lacht
> Den thut ihr Herrn nicht in die Acht!
> Ein Kind ist Frohligkeit.[1]

Wilhelm Muller evidently felt that when words are not deeds, or do not lead to deeds, silence is more worthy of a man than speech. He never became a political poet, at least never in his own country. But when the rising of the Greeks appealed to those human sympathies of Christian nations which can never be quite extinguished, and when here, too, the faint-hearted policy of the great powers played and bargained over the great events in the East of Europe instead of trusting to those principles which alone can secure the true and lasting well-being of states, as well as of individuals, then the long accumulated wrath of the poet and of the man burst forth and found utterance in the songs on the Greek war of Independence. Human, Christian, political, and classical sympathies stirred his heart, and breathed that life into his poems, which most of them still possess. It is astonishing how a young man in a small isolated town like Dessau, almost shut out from intercourse with the

[1] 'The times are evil: so leave me still
My brimming glass, my wit at will,
My frolic fancies wild!
Who laughs and quaffs, and loves good cheer,
Of him, my masters, have no fear!
Mirth is a very child.'
Translation by Sir Theodore Martin.

great world, could have followed step by step the events of the Greek revolution, seizing on all the right, the beauty, the grandeur of the struggle, making himself intimately acquainted with the dominant characters whilst he at the same time mastered the peculiar local colouring of the passing events Wilhelm Muller was not only a poet, but he was intimately acquainted with classic antiquity He *knew* the Greeks and the Romans And just as during his stay in Rome he recognised everywhere the old in what was new, and everywhere sought to find what was eternal in the eternal city, so now with him the modern Greeks were inseparably joined with the ancient A knowledge of the modern Greek language appeared to him the natural completion of the study of old Greek, and it was his acquaintance with the popular songs of modern as well as of ancient Hellas that gave the colour which imparted such a vivid expression of truth and naturalness to his own Greek songs It was thus that the 'Griechen-Lieder' arose, which appeared in separate but rapid numbers, and found great favour with the people But even these 'Griechen-Lieder' caused anxiety to the paternal governments of those days —

'Ruh' und Friede will Europa—warum hast du sie gestort?
Warum mit dem Wahn der Freiheit eigenmachtig dich bethort?
Hoff' auf keines Herren Hulfe gegen eines Herren Frohn
Auch des Turkenkaisers Polster nennt Europa einen Thron[1]'

His last poems were suppressed by the Censor,

[1] 'Europe wants but peace and quiet why hast thou disturbed her rest?
How with silly dreams of freedom dost thou dare to fill thy breast?
If thou rise against thy rulers, Hellas, thou must fight alone,
Ev'n the bolster of a Sultan loyal Europe calls a throne'

as well as his 'Hymn on the death of Raphael Riego' Some of these were first published long after his death, others must have been lost whilst in the Censor's hands

Two of the Greek songs, 'Mark Bozzari,' and 'Song before Battle,' may help the English reader to form his own opinion both of the poetical genius and of the character of Wilhelm Muller —

MARK BOZZARI[1]

Oeffne deine hohen Thore, Missolunghi, Stadt der Ehren,
Wo der Helden Leichen ruhen, die uns frohlich sterben lehren,
Oeffne deine hohen Thore, offne deine tiefen Grufte,
Auf, und streue Lorberreiser auf den Pfad und in die Lufte,
Mark Bozzari's edlen Leib bringen wir zu dir getragen,
Mark Bozzari's! Wer darf's wagen, solchen Helden zu beklagen?
Willst zuerst du seine Wunden oder seine Siege zahlen?
Keinem Sieg wird eine Wunde keiner Wund' ein Sieg hier fehlen
Sieh auf unsern Lanzenspitzen sich die Turbanhaupter drehen,
Sieh, wie uber seiner Bahre die Osmanenfahnen wehen,
Sieh, o sieh die letzten Werke, die vollbracht des Helden Rechte
In dem Feld von Karpinissi wo sein Stahl im Blute zechte!
In der schwarzen Geisterstunde rief er unsre Schar zusammen
Funken spruhten unsre Augen durch die Nacht wie Wetterflammen,
Uebers Knie zerbrachen wir jauchzend unsrer Schwerter Scheiden
Um mit Sensen einzumahen in die feisten Turkenweiden,
Und wir druckten uns die Hande, und wir strichen uns die Barte
Und der stampfte mit dem Fusse, und der rieb an seinem Schwerte
Da erscholl Bozzari's Stimme 'Auf, ins Lager der Barbaren!
Auf, mir nach! Verirrt euch nicht Bruder in der Feinde Scharen!
Sucht ihr mich, im Zelt des Paschas werdet ihr mich sicher finden,
Auf, mit Gott! Er hilft die Feinde, hilft den Tod auch uber
 winden!'
Auf! Und die Trompete riss er hastig aus des Blasers Handen
Und stiess selbst hinein so hell, dass es von den Felsenwanden
Heller stets und heller musste sich verdoppelnd widerhallen,
Aber heller widerhallt es doch in unsern Herzen allen

[1] I am enabled through the kindness of Sir Theodore Martin to supply an excellent translation of these two poems.

Wie des Herren Blitz und Donner aus der Wolkenburg der Nachte
Also traf das Schwert der Freien die Tyrannen und die Knechte,
Wie die Tuba des Gerichtes wird dereinst die Sunder wecken,
Also scholl durchs Turkenlager brausend dieser Ruf der Schrecken
"Mark Bozzari! Mark Bozzari! Sulioten! Sulioten!"
Solch ein guter Morgengruss ward den Schlafern da entboten
Und sie ruttelten sich auf, und gleich hirtenlosen Schafen
Rannten sie durch alle Gassen, bis sie aneinander trafen
Und, bethort von Todesengeln, die durch ihre Schwarme gingen,
Bruder sich in blinder Wuth stürzten in der Bruder Klingen
Frag die Nacht nach unsern Thaten, sie hat uns im Kampf gesehen—
Aber wird der Tag es glauben, was in dieser Nacht geschehen?
Hundert Griechen, tausend Turken also war die Saat zu schauen
Auf dem Feld von Karpinissi als das Licht begann zu grauen
Mark Bozzari, Mark Bozzari, und dich haben wir gefunden—
Kenntlich nur an deinem Schwerte kenntlich nur an deinen Wunden,
An den Wunden die du schlugest, und an denen, die dich trafen—
Wie du es verheissen hattest, in dem Zelt des Paschas schlafen

Oeffne deine hohen Thore, Missolunghi, Stadt der Ehren,
Wo der Helden Leichen ruhen die uns frohlich sterben lehren
Oeffne deine tiefen Grufte dass wir in den heil'gen Statten
Neben Helden unsern Helden zu dem langen Schlafe betten!—
Schlafe bei dem deutschen Grafen, Grafen Normann, Fels der Ehren,
Bis die Stimmen des Gerichtes alle Graber werden leeren

MARK BOZZARI

'Open wide, proud Missolonghi, open wide thy portals high,
Where repose the bones of heroes, teach us cheerfully to die!
Open wide thy lofty portals open wide thy vaults profound
Up, and scatter laurel garlands to the breeze and on the ground!
Mark Bozzari's noble body is the freight to thee we bear
Mark Bozzari's! Who for hero great as he to weep will dare?
Tell his wounds, his victories over! Which in number greatest be?
Every victory hath its wound, and every wound its victory!
See a turban'd head is grimly set on all our lances here!
See, how the Osmanli's banner swathes in purple folds his bier!
See, oh, see the latest trophies which our hero's glory seal'd,
When his glaive with gore was drunken on great Karpinissi's field!

In the murkiest hour of midnight did we at his call arise,
Through the gloom like lightning flashes flash'd the fury from our eyes
With a shout, across our knees we snapp'd the scabbards of our swords,
Better down to mow the harvest of the mellow Turkish hordes
And we clasp'd our hands together, and each warrior stroked his beard,
And one stamp'd the sward, another rubb'd his blade, and vow'd its weird
Then Bozzari's voice resounded 'On, to the barbarian's lair!
On, and follow me, my brothers see you keep together there!
Should you miss me, you will find me surely in the Pasha's tent!
On with God! Through Him our foemen death itself through Him is shent!
On!' And swift he snatch'd the bugle from the hands of him that blew
And himself awoke a summons that o'er dale and mountain flew,
Till each rock and cliff made answer clear and clearer to the call,
But a clearer echo sounded in the bosom of us all!
As from midnight's battlemented keep the lightnings of the Lord
Sweep so swept our swords, and smote the tyrants and their slavish horde,
As the trump of doom shall waken sinners in their graves that lie,
So through all the Turkish leaguer thunder'd his appalling cry
"Mark Bozzari! Mark Bozzari! Suliotes, smite them in their lair!"
Such the goodly morning greeting that we gave the sleepers there
And they stagger'd from their slumber, and they ran from street to street,
Ran like sheep without a shepherd striking wild at all they meet,
Ran, and frenzied by Death's angels, who amidst their myriads stray'd
Brother, in bewilder'd fury, dash'd and fell on brother's blade
Ask the night of our achievements! It beheld us in the fight,
But the day will never credit what we did in yonder night
Greeks by hundreds, Turks by thousands, there like scatter'd seed they lay,
On the field of Karpinissi, when the morning broke in grey
Mark Bozzari, Mark Bozzari, and we found thee gash'd and mown
By thy sword alone we knew thee knew thee by thy wounds alone,

By the wounds thy hand had cloven, by the wounds that seam'd
thy breast,
Lying as thou hadst foretold us, in the Pasha's tent at rest!

Open wide, proud Missolonghi, open wide thy portals high,
Where repose the bones of heroes, teach us cheerfully to die!
Open wide thy vaults! Within their holy bounds a couch we'd
make,
Where our hero, laid with heroes, may his last long slumber take!
Rest beside that Rock of Honour, brave Count Normann, rest thy
head
Till, at the archangel's trumpet, all the graves give up their
dead!'

LIED VOR DER SCHLACHT

'Wer fur die Freiheit kampft und fallt, dess Ruhm wird bluhend
stehn,
Solange frei die Winde noch durch freie Lufte wehn
Solange frei der Baume Laub noch rauscht im grunen Wald,
Solang' des Stromes Woge noch frei nach dem Meere wallt,
Solang' des Adlers Fittich frei noch durch die Wolken fleugt
Solang' ein freier Odem noch aus freiem Herzen steigt

Wer fur die Freiheit kampft und fallt, dess Ruhm wird bluhend
stehn,
Solange freie Geister noch durch Erd' und Himmel gehn
Durch Erd und Himmel schwebt er noch der Helden Schatten
reihn,
Und rauscht um uns in stiller Nacht, in hellem Sonnenschein,
Im Sturm, der stolze Tannen bricht, und in dem Luftchen auch,
Das durch das Gras auf Grabern spielt mit seinem leisen Hauch,
In ferner Enkel Hause noch um alle Wiegen kreist
Auf Hellas' heldenreicher Flur der freien Ahnen Geist,
Der haucht in Wunderträumen schon den zarten Saugling an
Und weiht in seinem ersten Schlaf das Kind zu einem Mann,
Den Jüngling lockt sein Ruf hinaus mit nie gefühlter Lust
Zur Statte, wo ein Freier fiel, da greift er in die Brust
Dem Zitternden, und Schauer ziehn ihm durch das tiefe Herz,
Er weiss nicht, ob es Wonne sei, ob es der erste Schmerz
Herab, du heil'ge Geisterschar, schwell' unsre Fahnen auf,
Beflugle unsrer Herzen Schlag und unsrer Füsse Lauf,
Wir ziehen nach der Freiheit aus, die Waffen in der Hand,
Wir ziehen aus auf Kampf und Tod fur Gott, furs Vaterland!

Ihr seid mit uns, ihr rauscht um uns, eu r Geisterodem zieht
Mit zauberischen Tonen hin durch unser Jubellied,
Ihr seid mit uns, ihr schwebt daher, ihr aus Thermopyla,
Ihr aus dem grunen Marathon, ihr von der blauen See,
Am Wolkenfelsen Mykale, am Salaminerstrand,
Ihr all' aus Wald, Feld, Berg und Thal im weiten Griechenland!

Wer fur die Freiheit kampft und fallt dess Ruhm wird blühend
stehn,
Solange frei die Winde noch durch freie Lufte wehn,
Solange frei der Baume Laub noch rauscht im grünen Wald,
Solang' des Stromes Woge noch frei nach dem Meere wallt,
Solang' des Adlers Fittich frei noch durch die Wolken fleugt,
Solang' ein freier Odem noch aus freiem Herzen steigt'

SONG BEFORE BATTLE

'Whoe'er for freedom fights and falls, his fame no blight shall know,
As long as through heaven s free expanse the breezes freely blow,
As long as in the forest wild the green leaves flutter free,
As long as rivers mountain-born, roll freely to the sea,
As long as free the eagle s wing exulting cleaves the skies,
As long as from a freeman's heart a freeman s breath doth rise

Whoe'er for freedom fights and falls, his fame no blight shall know,
As long as spirits of the free through earth and air shall go,
Through earth and air a spirit-band of heroes moves always
'Tis near us at the dead of night, and in the noontide s blaze,
In the storm that levels towering pines, and in the breeze that wave
With low and gentle breath the grass upon our fathers' graves
There s not a cradle in the bounds of Hellas broad and fair,
But the spirit of our free born sires is surely hovering there
It breathes in dreams of fairyland upon the infant s brain,
And in his first sleep dedicates the child to manhood's pain,
Its summons lures the youth to stand, with new born joy possess'd,
Where once a freeman fell, and there it fires his thrilling breast,
And a shudder runs through all his frame, he knows not if it be
A throb of rapture, or the first sharp pang of agony
Come, swell our banners on the breeze, thou sacred spirit band,
Give wings to every warrior's foot, and nerve to every hand
We go to strike for freedom, to break the oppressor s rod,
We go to battle and to death for our country and our God
Ye are with us, we hear your wings, we hear in magic tone
Your spirit voice the Paean swell and mingle with our own

Ye are with us, ye throng around,—you from Thermopylae,
You from the verdant Marathon, you from the azure sea,
By the cloud capp'd rocks of Mykale, at Salamis—all you
From field and forest, mount and glen the land of Hellas through!

Whoe'er for freedom fights and falls, his fame no blight shall know,
As long as through heaven's free expanse the breezes freely blow,
As long as in the forest wild the green leaves flutter free,
As long as rivers, mountain born, roll freely to the sea,
As long as free the eagle's wing exulting cleaves the skies,
As long as from a freeman's heart a freeman's breath doth rise

There is a poem on Konstantin Kanares published by Wilhelm Muller in his 'Neueste Lieder der Griechen,' 1824, and translated by Professor Aytoun in his 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers and other poems[1]' It was probably written soon after the second fireship exploit of Kanares which took place in November, 1822[2] Kanares lived to be Prime Minister of Greece, and died in 1877, while the poet who wrote his epitaph died fifty years before

EPITAPH ON KONSTANTIN KANARI

'Konstantin Kanari heiss' ich, der ich lieg in dieser Gruft,
Zwei Osmanenflotten hab ich fliegen lassen in die Luft,
Bin auf meinem Bett gestorben in dem Herrn, als guter Christ
Nur ein Wunsch von dieser Erde noch mit mir beerdigt ist

Dass ich mit der dritten Flotte unsrer Feind' auf hohem Meer
Mitten unter Blitz und Donner in den Tod geflogen war'!
Hier in freier Erde haben meinen Leib sie eingesenkt—
Gieb mein Gott, dass frei sie bleibe, bis mein Leib sie wieder sprengt!'

AYTOUN'S TRANSLATION

'I am Constantine Kanares,
I, who lie beneath this stone,
Twice into the air in thunder
Have the Turkish galleys blown

[1] 20th ed 1868, p 324
[2] See Finlay, 'History of Greece,' vi 301

In my bed I died a Christian,
Hoping straight with Christ to be,
Yet one earthly wish is buried
Deep within the grave with me—

That upon the open ocean,
When the third Armada came,
They and I had died together,
Whirled aloft on wings of flame

Yet 'tis something that they've laid me
In a land without a stain
Keep it thus, my God and Saviour,
Till I rise from earth again

When we remember all that was compressed into the poet's short life, we might well believe that this ceaseless acquiring and creating must have tired and weakened and injured both body and mind Such, however, was not the case All who knew the poet agree in stating that he never overworked himself, and that he accomplished all he did with the most perfect ease and enjoyment Let us only remember how his life as a student was broken into by his service during the war, how his journey to Italy occupied several years of his life, how later in Dessau he had to follow his profession as Teacher and Librarian, and then let us turn our thoughts to all the work of his hands and the creations of his mind, and we are astonished not only at the amount of work done, but still more at the finished form which distinguishes all his works He was one of the first who with Zeune, von der Hagen, and the brothers Grimm, laboured to reawaken an interest in ancient and mediaeval German literature He was a favourite pupil of Wolf, and his 'Homerische Vorschule' did more than any other work at that time to propagate the ideas of Wolf He had explored the modern languages

of Europe,—French, Italian, English, and Spanish, and his critiques in all these fields of literature show how intimately acquainted he was with the best authors of these nations. Besides all this he worked regularly for journals and encyclopaedias, and was engaged as co-editor of the great Encyclopaedia of Arts and Sciences by Ersch and Gruber. He also undertook the publication of a 'Library of the German Poets of the Seventeenth Century,' and all this, over and above his poems and novels, in the short space of thirty-three years.

I almost forget that I am speaking of my father, for indeed I hardly knew him, and when his scientific and poetic activity reached its end, he was far younger than I am now. I do not believe, however, that a natural affection and veneration for the man deprives us of the right of judging of the poet. It is well said that love is blind, but love also strengthens and sharpens the dull eye, so that it sees beauty where thousands pass by unmoved. If one reads most of our critical writings, it would almost seem as if the chief duty of the reviewer were to find out the weak points and faults of every work of art. Nothing has so injured the art of criticism as this prejudice. A critic is a judge, but a judge, though he is no advocate, should never be a mere prosecutor. The weak points of any work of art betray themselves only too soon, but in order to discover its beauties, not only a sharp but also an experienced eye is needed; but more necessary than all are love and a sympathetic spirit. It is the heart that makes the true critic, and not the head only. It is well known how many of the most beautiful spots in Scotland, and Wales, and Cornwall, were not many years ago described as

wastes and wildernesses Richmond and Hampton Court were admired, people travelled also to Versailles and admired the often admired blue sky of Italy But poets such as Walter Scott and Wordsworth discovered the beauties of their native land Where others had only lamented over bare and dreary hills, they saw the battle-fields and burial-places of the primaeval Titan struggles of nature Where others saw nothing but barren moors full of heather and broom, the land in their eyes was covered as with a carpet softer and more variegated than the most precious products of the looms of Turkey Where others lost their temper at the grey cold fog, they marvelled at the silver veil of the bride of the morning and the gold illumination of the departing sun Now every cockney can admire the smallest lake in Westmoreland or the barest moor in the Highlands Why is this? Because few eyes are so dull that they cannot see what is beautiful after it has been pointed out to them, and when they know that they need not feel ashamed of admiring it It is the same with the beauties of poetry as with the beauties of nature We must first discover what is beautiful in poetry, and when it is discovered show how and why it is beautiful, otherwise the authors of Scotch ballads are but strolling singers, and the Niebelungen songs are, as Frederick the Great said, not worth powder and shot The trade of fault-finding is quickly learnt, the art of admiration is a difficult art, at least for little minds, narrow hearts, and timid souls, who prefer treading broad and safe paths Thus many critics and literary historians have rushed by the poems of Wilhelm Muller, just

like travellers, who go on in the beaten track, passing by on the right hand and on the left the most beautiful scenes of nature, and who only stand still and open both eyes and mouth when their Murray tells them there is something they ought to admire Should an old man who is at home there, meet them on their way and counsel the travellers to turn for a moment from the high road and accompany him through a shady path to a mill, many may feel at first full of uneasiness and distrust But when they have refreshed themselves in the dark green valley with its lively mill stream and delicious wood fragrance, they no longer blame their guide for having called somewhat loudly to them to pause in their journey It is such a pause that I have tried in these few introductory lines to enforce on the reader, and I believe that I too may reckon on pardon, if not on thanks, from those who have followed my sudden call

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A NATIONAL MONUMENT OF WILHELM MULLER, ERECTED AT DESSAU, SEPT 1891

DESSAU, the native place of the poet Wilhelm Muller, is the capital of the Duchy of Anhalt The monument erected there by a national subscription was unveiled on September 30, 1891 The following account of the ceremony appeared in the German papers, and in a volume published by Dr W Hosaeus, the Librarian of the Ducal Library

'It was a good omen for the unveiling of the monument that, after a long spell of rain, the most magnificent autumnal weather had set in People

of the town and from the neighbourhood were on the alert, looking forward to the festive day Their H H the reigning Duke and Duchess, Prince Edward, Prince Aribert with his young wife (the granddaughter of the Queen of England and daughter of Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein), and the Princess Alexandra arrived from Ballenstedt in the Harz mountains The previous evening the whole town was decorated to receive the Prince and Princess Aribert, who, after their marriage in England on July 6, made on this occasion their first appearance in Dessau Professor Max Muller, the son of the poet, had come from England with his family, and excited lively interest among all classes of his native town The sun shone brightly from a cloudless sky, and flags and streamers fluttered merrily in the fresh autumnal wind The gaily decorated tribunes erected in the streets were inspected by large numbers of townspeople and visitors, and the places reserved for ladies began to fill at an early hour Next arrived the deputations of the magistracy and the officers of the regiments stationed at Dessau with their military bands Representatives from far and near, and the professors and pupils of the two Government schools, stood around, whilst the whole population soon covered the reserved ground At noon punctually the Court appeared in carriages drawn by four horses with outriders, and were received by the Committee H H the reigning Duke gave the word of command, and a large chorus of male voices sang a hymn written and composed for the occasion After that Privy Councillor Dr A Rumelin delivered the following eloquent speech —

'Here, where we are assembled to day to unveil the monument of Wilhelm Muller, we feel ourselves inspired by the recollections of a memorable past, full of stirring thoughts Behind the living who are gathered here and who gratefully recall the memory of our great poet, there seem to rise unseen figures of former days, that went in and out of the old and now vanished schoolhouse [1] as if wishing to see once more the face of their genial teacher,—poets who sang with him of "Spring and Love," of "blessed golden times," "of Liberty, of manly work, of truth and sanctity [2]", masters of music, who by their melodies have planted our poet's songs deep in the hearts of the German people, brothers-in-arms who sacrificed by his side their life for the freedom of the fatherland, and foremost among them the "youth with sword and lyre" (Theodor Korner), the centenary of whose birth we celebrated here a few days ago, and from the Eurotas and the island-rock of Hydra, the valiant sons of Greece whose King and Parliament have sent the marble for the monument of the loved poet of the "Griechenlieder"

'The place, however, where the genius of the poet grew and flourished is here, in this country, whose Prince acted as his gracious friend and protector, and it was in this very town that from the cradle to the grave the greater part of his life was spent and his work done Still and peaceful was the respected burgher house which witnessed his birth, and allowed

[1] The old schoolhouse in which Wilhelm Muller taught has been demolished, and a new one has been built, in front of which stands the monument of the poet

[2] All these are quotations from W Muller's poems and other popular songs

full play to the boy's spirits and thoughts, still and peaceful was the land of his childhood under the patriarchal government of the mild and wise Duke Franz The young heart could take root with all its fibres in the wonders of the surrounding nature which had been made more wonderful by the creative genius of the reigning Prince It was here that the birds of the forest took his thoughtful mind captive with their songs, it was here that God's bright sunshine sank deep into his soul, from whence, when the hour had come, sprang up his fragrant "Songs of Spring" And bound up with this wonderful nature were the dramatic characters, the huntsman in his green dress and the feather in his hat, the miller listening to the music of the rivulet and the mill-wheel, the organ-grinder passing through the village, and the roving youth before whose eyes the image of his beloved was always moving The Muse, who met him in the gardens and parks of the friend and patron of Winkelmann[1] and Erdmannsdorf[2], looked on him with her bright eyes, and became his guide through the world of classical beauty, the languages of which he had mastered as if in play

'On this peaceful life, however, there broke the thunder of the cannons of Jena, Germany lay prostrate The boy, only twelve years old, saw the French conqueror in his native town, saw the young soldiers of his fatherland forced to follow the command of the tyrant He heard the cry of an enslaved people, and then the fire first began to burn within

[1] The Duke of Dessau, who during his travels in Italy was on friendly terms with Winkelmann, the great archaeologist

[2] Erdmannsdorf was the Duke's friend and adviser

his breast which afterwards burst forth, stirring and consuming, in the songs of the man, when he saw the noble people of Greece trodden under foot and struggling for freedom against their oppressors And even before the time when these immortal songs sprang from his lyre, the youth himself had grasped his sword to fight for his own fatherland At the time when Theodor Korner with Lutzow's bold warriors appeared here in Dessau, Wilhelm Muller, then a student at Berlin, had entered the Prussian army as a volunteer, and had fought bravely on many a battlefield

'And now we see the bud growing into the flower It opened in the enchanted garden of the Romantic School, whose members looked up to the royal seer of Weimar Art and science, with poetry in the van, were striving then to unite with the life of the people, to draw life from it, and to return life to it The past of the German people, the middle ages with their Minne song, where poetry and reality seemed to embrace each other, was brought to life again People began to study the origin, the growth and spirit of language and poetry, of nations and states, in order to bring what seemed lost to the service of the delivered fatherland United with the brothers Grimm, the founders of the science and history of the German language, men like F A Wolf and A Bockh laboured, the one to discover the origin of the Homeric poems, the other to explain the organism of the Athenian state At their feet sat Wilhelm Muller, and how sedulously he followed them has been shown by his later works At the same time he was powerfully attracted by the newly recovered treasures of Old

German poetry. The "Wunderhorn" of Brentano[1] sounded through the windows of his study amid the stirring notes of popular poetry which had so long been despised. It was while moving in this enchanted garden that Gustav Schwab, his friend and afterwards the editor of his collected works, saw and described him, his face in the bloom of youth, the quickly changing colour on his cheek, the eye bright with the consciousness of the growing poet, the high forehead crowned with fair locks, the very image of strong-nerved genius. He hardly knew as yet where to turn, so many high-strung interests divided his mind. When on the point of devoting himself to the study of the Old German Language and Literature and entering on an academic career, he was chosen by the Berlin Academy to accompany a rich patron of classical archaeology to Greece and Egypt. But Wilhelm Muller, full of a desire kindled by Goethe, to see Italy, succeeded in persuading his friend to travel to Italy first, and then separated from him in order to remain there, his heart full of the impressions of the eternal city and of the sunny south, looking, with his Virgil open before him, from the Alban hills over the surrounding country, recognising Horatian descriptions in the scenes of Roman life, collecting popular Italian songs, and after having been the head of a poetical circle in the northern capital (Berlin), now becoming himself a real poet.

'Many of his poems had then appeared in German journals. And when after spending a year and a half in Italy, and publishing his first book, "Rom

[1] An early collection of German popular songs, published by Brentano under that title.

Romer und Romerinnen," a description in glowing colours of his experiences in Italy, he published his "Seventy-seven poems from the papers of a travelling Waldhornist," Wilhelm Muller stood before his contemporaries as a lyrical poet whose poems could never be forgotten, but would hold an abiding place in the history of German literature, and, what is more, in the heart of the German people He was a true disciple of Goethe, an admirer of Uhland, but his thoughts and feelings were never imitative, always his own, and therefore, clear and impressive We feel carried along with the movement of his Wanderlieder, we hear the voice of the rivulet as if talking to ourselves In his heart's longing finding and losing, the poet, whether joyful as if in heaven, or sad unto death [1], makes us sharers of his own joy, his own despair Whether he weaves a wreath of lyric songs, as in his "Schone Mullerin," "Johannes and Esther "and the "Winterreise,' or gives us a single song, his words breathe forth the feelings of the moment so fully and clearly, that each poem by itself becomes a favourite The full maturity and beauty displayed in what he calls "Lyrische Spaziergange," published in the last years of his life, meet us already in the first poems of the ' Waldhornist '

'The sweet bird-song, "A bullfinch sat on a lilac bough, and sang [2]," with its joyful call, ' Now cast the

[1] All these are allusions to well known German poems

[2] THE BULLFINCH'S GREETING

'A bullfinch sat on a lilac bough,
And sang
Thick warbling notes, and this is how
They rang

winter out of door, away!' dazzles us with the same joy of spring, and appeals to our ear with the same tones caught from nature as the splendid "Spring-songs" which he composed in the house of his friend Count Kalkreuth, in the Plauensche Grund near Dresden We willingly obey their call, "Open the windows and open the hearts, quick, quick!" Whoever wants to feel how nature pervades the poet's songs, let him follow his 'Winterreise," in which the last

"Now cast the winter out of door,
  Away!
May May good folks, is here once more,
  Sweet May!

A gay green overcoat has he
  Of grass,
With buttons sheen, right fair to see,
  Of glass

The springald has a great wide eye
  Of blue
Allwheres it pierces, low and high,
  Clean through

His breath bedews, so fresh and pure,
  The air
Perfumed all o er must be, I m sure,
  His hair

A winning way with maidens' moods
  Has he
Him too young lads delight in woods
  To see

He brings the children toys galore,
  But whence?
From Nurnberg, from the Flower Smith's store
  Yes! thence!

And how will 't be with the humdrum Goths?
  Oh, they
Find sport in catching flies and moths
  All day!"'

THEODORE MARTIN

when he too was allowed, what he had envied in others, to make his song an inspiration to deeds of valour. It was strange, that he, the pupil of F. A. Wolf, he, the collector and translator of modern popular Greek songs, should thus have been drawn, though "on the wings of song" only, towards the country of the Greeks which, on his travels as a youth, he had sacrificed in favour of Italy. Hellenic patriotism had burst forth, and the heroic struggle of a people enslaved for centuries, and left to their fate by a pitiless world, began in earnest. Then Wilhelm Muller's "Greek Songs" sounded like a trumpet through the country, roused the sleeping, stirred up the indifferent, and spoke in words of indignant condemnation to the heartless statesmen of Europe. He then thought no longer of love and spring and wine; the heart of the poet was stirred to its very depth, filled with that true enthusiasm which is rare, but which when uttered with the voice of a prophet, never fails, but fires and warms, and at last carries the world triumphantly along with it. These "Greek Songs" mark in the history of literature that powerful movement of Philhellenism which was shared by the best spirits in Germany. Some people afterwards ridiculed the idea that a country, so divided and weak as Germany then was, should have expressed her enthusiasm for this struggle for freedom on the part of a foreign nation. But would it have been worthy of the German people, which claims the peculiar privilege of admiring whatever is noble and elevating in other nations, to remain indifferent towards the fate of an unhappy and brave people? Did not the enthusiasm for the Greek war of freedom mirror the

fire that was burning in the poet's heart for the rights of the German people? That heart indeed must be cold which could dwell on the stirring pictures of the Greek war unrolled before our eyes by Wilhelm Muller, without being moved. He asks the friends of classical antiquity whether they who profess to admire the spark in the ashes of antiquity, are afraid of the bright flames of the love of freedom which have risen from those very ashes? We listen to the wailing voice of the Phanariot, when he says:

"My father, my mother, they have sunk them in the sea,
Through the streets they dragg'd their bodies, that were sacred things to me;
My sister, my fair sister, they did from her chamber chase,
And they sold her virgin beauty on the public market place!
When I hear the billows roar, then, methinks, I hear a cry,
'Tis my parents calling to me from the wide deep where they lie;
'Avenge!' they cry—and in the sea I hurl Turks' heads until
My vengeance has been glutted, till the raging waves are still.
But when around my temples plays the cooling evening gale,
Ah, in my ears its sighs are like a low beseeching wail;
In shameful bondage sunk my sister sighs to me,
'Oh, brother, set your sister from these loathsome fetters free!'
Oh, that I were an eagle—might hover high in air,
And might with swift and piercing glance look round me everywhere,
Till I should find my sister, and from our foeman's hand
Should bear her in my talons free to our free Grecian land![1]!"

We see the sacred army which "reddens with their blood the dawn of liberty," we follow with admiring eyes the hero Marco Bozzari, we share in the hopes and fears, the disappointments and the discord, the shrieks of despair and the joy of victory, of heroes now forgotten by the world. We recognise the Spartan woman in the Mainotte mother who adorns herself with her bridal wreath when standing by the

[1] Translation by Sir Theodore Martin.

dead body of her husband, and who wishes to see her sons victorious or dead, we recognise the warriors of Salamis in the modern Athenians who, when driven from the land, built themselves a wooden town on the sea, and we see the descendants of the companions of Leonidas in the brave soldiers who fell again near Thermopylae The poet throws fire into the souls of his heroes, and they stand before us alive The playful arrows which formerly he let fly so gracefully at folly and conceit, are now changed into burning arrows, arrows aimed at Albion for deserting the Akropolis and at Prince Metternich, who in his own journal, the *Osterreichische Beobachter*, had dared to call the Greeks rebels

'His firm hope, 'With us, with us is God the Lord [1],"

[1] SONG OF CONSOLATION

'With us, with us is God the Lord! Then, brothers, hold not back,
Though o'er our heads the storm shall burst through thunderous clouds and black,
Though it shoot down lightning shafts on us, and vomit fiery hail!
With us, with us is God the Lord! This is no time to quail

If 'neath such shocks the Paynim, too, are stricken to the ground,
With fists close clench'd, with streaming hair, with wild eyes glaring round,
If they stamp and writhe as low they lie, and bite the sodden grass
And curse the lying spirit brought them to such direful pass,
Who promised triumph, Paradise if for the moon they fought,
And now hath wounds, and shame, and death for their requital brought,
It is not with us Christians so, though gash'd our hands may be,
Yet we together fold them in our last death agony,
Down to the earth if we be struck yet on our knees we rise,
And even as they close in death, heaven opens on our eyes

did not play him false, and as true poetic enthusiasm is always prophetic, it was so with the poet of the "Greek Songs" Who could have dreamed at that time of what we see to-day—the free Greek nation sending the marble for the monument of the German poet—nay, the daughter and sister of a German Emperor giving her hand to the heir of the Greek throne!

'In our old Churchyard, close to the tomb of the poet's father, a simple stone adorns his grave and that of his wife, recording only their names, and the days of their birth and death Above it stands a lyre in white marble, and on a scroll across the strings we read the words "Griechenlieder" As the poet of these songs his name has been carried far beyond the frontiers of Anhalt, and of Germany, and wherever the songs of "Alexander Ypsilanti" and of "The Little Hydriot" are heard, the heart of the German youth is filled with love for Greece

'At the time when Wilhelm Muller wrote these songs, he was surrounded by a cheerful and happy home at Dessau In the grand-daughter of Basedow, the founder of popular education in Germany, he had found the wife of his heart, the graceful partner of his work, and he might well sing

> "Vor der Thure meiner Lieben
> Hang ich auf den Wanderstab,
> Was mich durch die Welt getrieben,
> Leg ich ihr zu Fussen ab"

With us, with us is God the Lord! We kiss the hand low bent,
That joy and victory, pain and death, hath down upon us sent
"Suffer or die, the dawn is nigh!" Be that our battle call
If not before, there, there on high we shall all be free, yes, all!'

THEODORE MARTIN

'The favour of a noble prince gave him, in his double employment at the public school of his native town and at the Ducal Library, grateful occupation, and yet such full measure of freedom and leisure as he, not made for narrow barriers, required. The sovereign kept his protecting hand over the poet, and when he fell ill and felt tired, he granted him in his own park near Dessau a villa to rest and get strong in, for which the poet expressed his gratitude to Duke Leopold in one of his poems.

'His memory lives on in the hearts of all who were his pupils at Dessau. Till a few years ago a venerable old man was seen among us whose eyes beamed whenever he spoke of his master, to whom he himself had dedicated a beautiful poem at his grave. With excellent friends near and far a constant correspondence was kept up, and in his own house music was often heard, and friends were assembled round a hospitable board. His work was always varied. His essays on ancient and modern literature published in German journals are still delightful to read. How delicately and accurately he portrays Uhland, Ruckert, Justinus Kerner; how powerfully, both condemning and admiring, the English poet Lord Byron, to whose death he devotes one of his best Greek songs. Whether the idea of accepting a Germanistic professorship remained while he wrote these papers, and edited the "Library of the Poets of the Seventeenth Century," is not known. He was inspired by a powerful desire to gain a thorough knowledge of the classical languages and literatures of the world.

'After he had travelled with his wife over many parts of Germany, and gathered flowers of poetry

everywhere, his health began to fail. He sought healing from the springs of Bohemia, made a pilgrimage to the house of Jean Paul, saw Goethe face to face at Weimar, was the guest of Gustav Schwab and Justinus Kerner, but returned home full of thoughts of death. While asleep the angel of death touched him, and on an autumnal evening in the year 1827 he was carried away from his children and from his wife (whose noble face many of us still remember) to his eternal rest by the light of torches and with the funeral music composed by Friedrich Schneider.

'Wilhelm Muller was a poet by the grace of God, a scholar of the most varied interests, and a true patriot. His whole character, rather resentful against external interference, sprang from a thankful and truthful heart. Earnestness and purity of thought never left him even in his merriest poetry. When consulted by a doubting friend, he gives a manly answer, showing undeviating faith in God, virtue and justice. Even when using the sharp weapon of satire, he retains a harmless and peaceful tone. Thus he has lived and thus he lives on in the remembrance of his people.

'And if now the veil is drawn from the image which the hand of a master has carved from the Greek marble, let us, young and old, gratefully remember the noble poet, and learn from him the pure delight of feeling the presence of God in nature, of devotion to the highest ideals of life, and of that love and loyalty which is ready to sacrifice all the goods of this world, nay our very life, whenever the fatherland calls.'

'Professor Max Muller, the son of the poet, then spoke

'YOUR SERENE HIGHNESS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

'After all that has just been said with so much eloquence and enthusiasm, little, I fear, is left for me to say, except to express my deep-felt thanks to His Highness, the noble Duke of Anhalt, to the members of the Committee, and to many people present here to-day, for the active sympathy they have shown for my father's monument, and at the same time to congratulate the artist on the perfect work of art with which he has adorned his native town, an honour to the poet, and an honour to himself

'A people that honours its poets honours itself, for the true poet is of the people He must know how to give perfect and permanent expression to all that is beautiful, though hidden in the heart of the people, he must know how to speak from the soul and to the soul of the people Thus only can he become the people's poet and live on in the grateful recollection of his people, as Wilhelm Muller has lived and will live What public school is there in Germany where his "Little Hydriot" and the "Bell-founding at Breslau" are not known, what festive gathering takes place where his songs are not sung?

'"On the wings of song" his poems have flown far beyond the frontiers of the German fatherland, to England and even to America You know that the Americans are going to celebrate the Jubilee of the Discovery of America in 1492 The Germans in America also mean to celebrate their own Jubilee, namely, the bi-centenary of the first planting of a German colony on American soil I had the honour

of being invited as a guest, and why ? Was it because I had published the Rig-veda ? No , allow me to quote the words of the invitation, which I received only a few days ago " Should time or circumstances prevent you from honouring our Jubilee with your presence, we still hope that you will be with us in spirit, for the spirit of your immortal father, as it breathes in his hearty songs, has followed the Germans to every part of America, and will be with us at our Jubilee also Our chief object is to encourage the Germans to hold together, in order to be better able to keep up our German language in America "

'But a poet must not only be a singer, he must be a thinker also, nay he must be a scholar He cannot do justice to the thoughts of the present unless he has himself thought the thoughts of the past Wilhelm Muller was a scholar in the best sense of the word, his spirit was quickened and warmed by the spirit of classical antiquity How well he knew ancient Greece he has shown in his "Homerische Vorschule" , how well he loved the newly-risen Greece he has proved by his " Greek Songs " In Italy also he was perfectly at home, familiar as well with the ancient as with the modern Rome, its men and its women And he had mastered not only the modern literature of Greece and Italy, but likewise, as he has proved in many learned essays, the literature of Spain, of France and England, and all this in a short life of thirty-three years, with the scanty means of a German student, and the small opportunities that a small town, like Dessau, could offer

'And yet Wilhelm Muller was not a mere bookworm He lived not for his studies only, or for his poetry

he lived for his friends and for his people Like the best of his contemporaries, he also was ready to sacrifice his life for his fatherland I remember reading in a volume of his notes taken in the lectures at Berlin "To-day Boeckh stops lecturing—to-morrow we march to Paris" And he marched to Paris, and lived to see the fall of the French conqueror and tyrant But afterwards followed the dark years of which every German patriot said, "they do not please me," the years when, as Ruckert wrote, "everything was taken away from the people, except their harp" And that harp has kept the people awake, it has said and sung, "What is, what ought to be the German's fatherland?" And what the harp has said and sung, the sword has at last dared and done, and we have again a Germany, united, strong, respected, nay feared

'But with all his enthusiasm for a great and united Germany, his heart beat warmly for his own smaller fatherland also My friend, the Privy Councillor Hosaeus, has already quoted the words in which Wilhelm Muller has so happily expressed his love of Anhalt

> "Es ist das kleinste Vaterland der grossten Liebe nicht zu klein,
> Je enger es dich rings umschlingt, je naher wirds dem Herzen sein"

'It would have been a misfortune for Germany, if in its political reorganisation it had lost its smaller states It would be easy to show, I believe, that the smaller states have done more for the greatness of Germany in science and art than the great states May they continue as centres of light and life for the whole of Germany, proud, like Anhalt, of their past, proud, like

Anhalt, of their ancient reigning family, proud, like Anhalt, of their poets

'And now as soon as our deputations, some old pupils of Wilhelm Muller, my son, my son-in-law, and other friends shall have deposited their wreaths at the foot of the monument, I call upon all here present to sing the Anhalt-song, composed by our friend Appel'

At the banquet, the first toast was that of 'The Duke of Anhalt,' proposed by the Prime Minister, His Excellency von Krosigk Then followed the toast of 'Professor Max Muller,' proposed by Professor Gerlach

Professor Max Muller replied —

'LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

'How shall I thank you for all the kindness and love which you have shown me during these days dedicated to the memory of my father? How shall I thank the last speaker for the undeserved praise which he has bestowed on me, as the son of my father?

'And yet I should know very well what I ought to say, and how I ought to express my gratitude, for through the whole of my life I have again and again had to do the same thing, that is, to thank my friends for the kindness which they have shown to me for the sake of my father, and not for any merit of my own I may well say that the old saying has proved true in my case, that the "blessing of the fathers builds houses for their children" My path through life has often been pretty hard, but from my earliest youth I have found friends who took me by the hand, who helped me by word and deed, and why? Because

they had known my father, or because they had learned to admire and to love the works of his mind and the words of his heart Allow me to refer to a few cases only which return to my memory After all, it is the best gratitude to remember and not to forget, grateful in Sanskrit is k*ri*ta*g*na, and that means simply knowing or remembering (*g*na) what has been done for us (k*ri*ta)

'While I was still at school at Dessau, I well remember some delightful private lessons which I received from a young master, Dr Honicke When I was going to pay my debt to him, he said, "No, I was your father's pupil, I accept no payment from you come to me as long as you like" I know this made a lasting impression on my young heart, and not very long ago, when I looked through my old collection of autographs, I was pleased to find a page which my teacher had written for me

> "Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis,
> Est in juvencis, est in equis patrum
> Virtus, nec imbellem feroces
> Progenerant aquilae columbam
> Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam
> Rectique cultus pectora roborant,
> Utcunque defecere mores,
> Indecorant bene nata culpae"

I was so young at that time that I could hardly construe these lines of Horace I have never seen Dr Honicke again He died very young But he was an excellent teacher, and his generous sympathy has remained deeply impressed on my memory

'When after some years I went to the University of Leipzig, Gottfried Hermann, the great Greek scholar, received me with open arms "You are the son of

Wilhelm Muller," he said, he may have meant, not of Otfried Muller, with whom he was never on the best of terms He put me in the way of gaining some scholarships, I became a member of his Seminary, and I owe to him many things that have proved useful to me in after-life Like all respectable students of that time, I also had the misfortune of passing some time in prison I had worn the black-red-golden riband, I had joined in Arndt's song, "What is the German's fatherland," and I was looked upon in consequence as a highly dangerous person, though I was only eighteen years of age and knew next to nothing of politics I belonged to the poetical youth of Germany we dreamt even then, perhaps somewhat prematurely, of what in our later years has at last become a reality The worst part of it was that I was punished by the loss of my scholarships But I went to Hermann, then Dean of the Faculty, and told him of all my misfortunes He embraced me, and said "Your name is Muller, there are many Mullers, and I do not know which of them has been sent to prison, keep your scholarship!" You see how the name of Muller, which has really ceased to be a name, a *nomen quo noscimur*, may sometimes prove useful when one does not wish to be known But the kindness of heart shown to me by the old professor, who was a truly liberal man, has never been forgotten by me

'Afterwards I went from the University of Leipzig to that of Berlin I wished to read Persian with Professor Ruckert, the great German poet Ruckert always advertised his lectures, but he did not like lecturing He had a general dispensation for the

summer, but even during the winter term he generally petitioned for leave of absence, so that the Minister of Education asked him at last, "But, dear Professor, when do you wish to lecture?" When I came to him to attend his Persian lectures, he was at first very unwilling. "Why do you want to study Persian?" he said, "you should study Arabic first." I told him that I had been studying Arabic under Professor Fleischer for a year; in fact I did not let him off, and, whether he liked it or not, he had to read the Gulistân with me and two friends of mine, for it is a rule in every German university, that *tres faciunt collegium*. One day when I brought him a metrical translation of a Sanskrit elegy, the Meghadûta, he asked me who I was, and when I told him that I was the son of the poet Wilhelm Muller, his face lighted up and he said: "Your father once saved my life. We were travelling, two poor poets, through Italy. We had to sleep in miserable inns, and had to suffer much from vermin of all kinds. A fine morning we came near a lake and settled to have a bath. We jumped in, but the lake was deeper than I thought. I could not swim, and was sinking. Your father swam towards me and brought me to shore. I then wrote my first epic poem in the style of Camoens, and called it 'The Lousiad.'" The poem was never published and is probably lost, but if it should ever turn up, what I have said here may prove a useful hint to future students of Ruckert. After this, Ruckert's lectures became more and more lively and exciting. His knowledge of Oriental literature was very great, but he was not very fond of communicating his knowledge. As he had learned everything by

himself, he thought it was better for others also to do the same Perhaps he was right The best professors are those who know how to excite our appetite, not those who feed and cram their pupils till they lose all appetite

'And thus life went on, though it became more and more serious, more and more difficult I was working at an edition of the Rig-veda I had copied and collated MSS at Paris and in London, but my supplies had come to an end, and I was on the point of returning to Germany before having finished my collations, and beginning my academic career in the University of Berlin I went to the Prussian Legation to have my passport visé Bunsen was Prussian Minister then, and he too had known my father in Rome, when he was secretary to Niebuhr Bunsen's idea was then to go to Benares with Mr Astor, in order to see whether there really existed such a book as the Rig-veda He received me most warmly, as the son of his departed friend, and as the young man who was destined to carry out what he himself had not been allowed to carry out "I see myself young in you once more," he said, 'stay in England, finish here what is necessary for your work, I advance you whatever money you will want, and I know you will pay it back by-and by" Yes, I have repaid it, but I could never repay his kindness That has remained in my memory, never to be forgotten, like so many other acts of kindness which I have received from my father's friends

'There is one more recollection which comes back to my mind just now, of a different kind, but very pleasant too I was paying a visit to Jenny Lind

She sang Schubert's composition of my father's poem, "Withered Flowers." It was difficult to keep back one's tears, and I told her when thanking her that I was the son of the poet. "What!" she cried, "you are the son of Wilhelm Muller! Now sit down," and then she went to the pianoforte, and sang the best songs of the "Schone Mullerin" from beginning to end. It was a perfect tragedy, and what she expressed with her voice, her eyes, and some slight movements of head and hands, was more than the greatest actress could have represented on the stage.

"Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, you see, in thanking you to-day I can only say again what I have so often said before. I thank you from my heart for the sympathy you have shown me to-day for my father's sake, and it shall be my endeavour in the future, as it has been during the whole past of my life, to show myself not unworthy of that sympathy, and of my father's name. I thank you with all my heart."

SHORT MEMORIAL NOTICES

I

BISHOP PATTESON

(Died 1871.)

AN appeal from the Secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has appeared in the newspapers, inviting subscriptions for a memorial of Bishop Patteson. The subscriptions were intended to supply a new ship for missionary purposes, and to build a church in the Norfolk Islands. I saw the advertisement by accident. Many of my friends never knew of it till I told them. No list of subscribers has as yet been published. I have waited from day to day, and from week to week in the hope that some one better qualified for such a task would speak; but I cannot any longer repress a feeling of regret that this memorial should not from the first have assumed a broader and truly national character. Surely there are men who, with the deepest eloquence of the heart, could have told every man, and woman, and child, what England has lost by the death of that true hearted son of hers—Bishop Patteson. His death was a national loss; it may become a national gain and blessing. As a national loss it found its place by

right in the Queen's Speech, as a national gain it should be marked by a truly national thanksgiving or thankoffering

Patteson was an Eton boy let the boys of Eton show how they loved him, and love him still

Patteson was an Oxford man let the men of Oxford show that they were proud of him, and are proud of him still

Patteson belonged to Balliol and Merton let these Colleges show that they feel the honour which his name will ever reflect on them

Patteson belonged to the Established Church let bishops and curates show their gratitude for one who has added a new English name to the noble Army of Martyrs

But Patteson belonged, in his whole character, by his heart and his mind, in his life and his death, to England, let England show that she knows how to honour her sons who have honoured her and raised her high in the eyes of the whole world

Patteson himself, no doubt, would have said that he had simply done his duty, and that England possessed hundreds and thousands of men who would have lived his life and died his death. It may be so, but it is not right for us to say so True, Patteson was not a man who struck his friends as exceptional, and as marked out for an historical career When I knew him at Oxford he was a hale, honest-looking, hard-working young fellow, always among the first, yet never envied, full of enthusiasm, yet never obtrusive, a man of strong convictions, of strict and even narrow views, yet never impatient, never overbearing, never uncharitable I saw him last at Dresden in 1853,

revelling in the treasures of ancient Italian art, working hard at Hebrew, Arabic, and German, and delighting in all that the best minds of modern Europe could supply in literature, science, and art I then thought I saw in him the future accomplished Dean or Bishop But when I heard of him next, his letters were dated Longitude and Latitude, from some unknown island in the Pacific Ocean There he has been and has worked ever since, determined from the first never to return to England, however strong the ties that bound him to those he left behind His life had become a devoted life, devoted to one great object—the laying the foundations of a Christian future among the races of the Melanesian Islands

Yet, devoted as he was to his work in that new world, he did not become estranged from the literary and scientific interests of his old home His correspondence with me was chiefly on philological subjects He had a genius for languages, and felt a deep interest in the great problems connected with the Science of Language His library will be found well supplied with the best books on comparative philology Even Sanskrit grammars he asked to have sent to him, because he felt that a knowledge of that ancient language was essential to every true scholar Every one of his letters deserves to be published, and I shall give here a few extracts

In 1857 he writes —'In almost all cases the natives are friendly, where they are not well disposed, it is owing to some outrage previously committed upon them by some whaling or trading vessel We two (he and the Bishop of New Zealand) have been among large parties of them, stark naked, armed with clubs,

bows, and arrows, with perfect security They are most docile, gentle, loveable fellows'

In 1866 he writes —'All that I can do is to learn many dialects of a given archipelago, present their existing varieties, and so work back to the original language This to some extent has been done in the Banks Group, and in the eastern part of the Solomon Islands But directly I get so far as this I am recalled to the practical necessity of using my knowledge of the several dialects rather to make known God's truth to the heathen than to inform the "literati" of the process of "dialectic variation" Do not mistake me, my dear friend, or suspect me of silly sentimentalism But you can easily understand what it is to feel, "God has given to me, and to me only of all Christian men, the power of speaking to this or that nation, and, moreover this is *the* work He has sent me to do" Often, I do not deny, I should perhaps *like* the other better It is very pleasant to shirk my evening class, and to spend the time with Sir W Martin, discussing some point of Melanesian philology But then my dear lads have lost two hours of Christian instruction, and that won't do

'The last season I have had some three or four months, during which I determined I must refuse to take so much English work, &c I sat and growled in my den, and, of course, rather vexed people, and perhaps (for which I should be most heartily grieved) my dear good friend and leader, the Bishop of New Zealand But I stuck to my work I wrote about a dozen Papers of Phrases in as many dialects, to show the mode of expressing in those dialects what we express by adverbs, prepositions, &c It is, of course,

the difficult part of a language (unwritten), for a stranger to find out I also printed three (and I have three more nearly finished in MS) vocabularies of about 600 words, with a true native scholion on each word The mere writing (for much was written twice over) took a long time And there is this gained by these vocabularies for our practical purposes These are—with more exceptions, it is true, than I intended—the words which crop up most readily in a Melanesian mind Much time I have wasted, and would fain save others from wasting, in trying to force a Melanesian mind into a given direction into which it ought, as I supposed, to have travelled easily enough, but which, nevertheless, it refused to follow

'What is perhaps of consequence is to be able to show that the languages of the whole Pacific, though I know but little of the Eastern dialects, prove the same mode of thought to prevail everywhere I am satisfied, if there could be found a man to do it, it might be proved that all the languages of the Pacific belong to the same family, so as to oblige a candid man to acknowledge that it is so I care little comparatively for identity of words, and somehow in my limited field I do not quite see why so much importance should be given to the identity of numerals as you think right But the grammatical structure of these dialects, where none but a very close observer of many dialects can detect any similarity in the words, is invariably indicative of a real affinity'

Such was the man! No doubt, but for his death, he might have passed away a hardworking, meritorious, but almost unknown missionary There are many great and good men—it may be, as great and

alive, Professor Classen, of Kiel, has given us, not, indeed, a biography, but a short survey of Niebuhr's life, with such details as were known to him from his personal intercourse with him, particularly during the years 1827–1831, when Classen lived in his house as tutor to his son Marcus. This interesting volume, entitled 'Barthold Georg Niebuhr, Eine Gedachtniss-schrift zu seinem hundertjahrigen Geburtstage, den 27 August, 1876,' published at Gotha, appears very opportunely. We possess, indeed, a very full account of the principal events of Niebuhr's life, with large extracts from his correspondence, in the three volumes of 'Lebensnachrichten,' published by his sister-in-law, Frau Dora Hensler, and translated into English by Miss S. Winkworth. But a real biography of the great scholar is still wanting, and we are glad to hear that such a work is now in preparation, and entrusted to the competent hands of Professor Nissen. In the meantime many of Niebuhr's admirers will read with deep interest the pages which Professor Classen has devoted to his memory. Though they are fragments only, they cover the whole of Niebuhr's life. They give us an explanation of several events in his political career which had been misrepresented, and required explanation, and they throw a new light on certain sides of his character which his friends had hitherto treated with unnecessary reticence. After an introduction which reproduces some articles written immediately after Niebuhr's death by Professor Classen, and published at the time in the *Allgemeine Preussische Staatszeitung*, we have a chapter on his childhood and youth extending to Easter, 1794. Professor Classen dwells on the fact

that, though born in Denmark, Niebuhr by both his parents was of thorough German descent He might have added that at the beginning of our century there existed hardly any feeling of national difference or antagonism between Danes and Germans, and that Germany certainly owes, if not the blood, at all events the education of some of her greatest men at that time to Denmark Next follows a chapter on Niebuhr's years of study and travel in Kiel, Copenhagen, London, and Edinburgh, from 1794 to 1799 After this we come to the time of his official employment in the Danish service, 1800 to 1806, which is followed by the most eventful period of his life spent in the service of the King of Prussia This period is subdivided, so that we read first an account of his official career from 1806 to 1810, chiefly devoted to financial matters, and afterwards a description of his return to office as Prussian Minister at Rome, 1816–1821 The interval between 1810 and 1814, when he was employed as Professor at Berlin, and the years from 1825 to 1830 which he spent as Professor at Bonn, are treated together, and followed by another chapter on his work and influence in the University of Bonn to his death, in 1831

Niebuhr's name is known as widely, we believe, in England as in Germany—nay, there was a time when his 'Roman History' attracted more general attention among English scholars than in his own country His work had the rare fortune of being introduced to the English public by Thirlwall and Julius Hare, of being recommended by Arnold, of being carefully criticised by Sir C Lewis, and of being made a text-book at Oxford and Cambridge during the last

generation by some of the most active and influential tutors In Germany, Niebuhr's name has never enjoyed a very wide popularity, and the study of his Roman history has always been confined to a small number of scholars only Niebuhr's spirit, however, has certainly been most active in Germany among the select circle of real students of history, and we can watch its working to the present day Niebuhr's principles of historical criticism, his method of historical research, his views on the joint treatment of history, customs and law, have been adopted by all historians of note According to Professor Classen, no one who has followed in Niebuhr's footsteps as an historian of Rome has done so with a more profound understanding of his spirit than Schwegler, in his 'Romische Geschichte,' 1867 Both by the accuracy and the extent of his knowledge, and by the carefulness and sobriety of his judgment, Schwegler, he thinks, was pre-eminently qualified to bring Niebuhr's arduous task to a successful end, if a sudden death had not cut short his brilliant career Niebuhr's work has no doubt been severely criticised by others, and many weak points have been discovered, more particularly in the linguistic and ethnological portions But even those who have criticised Niebuhr's Roman history were clearly under the influence of his spirit, and Schwegler has truly said, that his work not only forms the focus of all that had been done before, but is at the same time the true starting-point and the only safe foundation of all later researches into Roman history

What will probably at the present moment interest people most in Professor Classen's book is the account

of Niebuhr's views on the ecclesiastical policy of Prussia in its relation to the Roman Curia After the annexation of the Rhenish Provinces, which were mostly Roman Catholic, a better defined *modus vivendi* between the Prussian Government and the Pope was felt to be a necessity, and Niebuhr was selected as the fittest person to arrange the questions then pending between the Protestant King and the Papal See They chiefly related to the election of Bishops, in which the Royal *veto* was to be reserved, and to educational institutions, particularly those which were intended for the Roman Catholic clergy They were, indeed, the same questions which have turned up again, in our own more stormy times, and which for the moment seem to defy every solution, while fifty years ago, when Prussia was more yielding and the Roman Curia less exacting, it was hoped that a lasting harmony had been established between the Roman Catholic clergy in Prussia and their so called heretical King The Pope at that time was Pius VII, not Pius IX, and his adviser Cardinal Consalvi, not Cardinal Antonelli There were German Bishops then who dared to warn the Pope against the dangers which an opposition to the national instincts of the German people, even of the Roman Catholic clergy in Germany, might rouse The idea of a national German Church was at that time warmly supported by an influential party among the Roman Catholics, headed by the Vicar General of the Bishopric of Constance, J H von Wesenberg Some of the South German Governments entertained similar hopes, and placed their views on the subject before the Pope, while Niebuhr was left at Rome for a long time

without definite instructions from his temporising Government. Niebuhr himself was incredulous as to the success of this movement. He says:—

'They dream of making a new reform of the Church, simply because they wish for a change. They do not see that such undertakings cannot succeed unless the hearts are stirring, as they were in Luther's time. They themselves feel nothing in their own hearts, and no one can have his feelings aroused by what is merely a new regulation of purely external matters. They may be instruments of good, but their way is as wrong as Luther's was right.'

During his prolonged stay at Rome, Niebuhr entertained the most kindly and almost reverential feelings for the Pope and his Court. He evidently thought the whole system of the Roman Church doomed, and saw, as we do in a dying man, the good sides rather than the bad. 'The harmlessness,' he says, 'of the Roman Church in the nineteenth century can only go on increasing till it comes to its end, which, in the changes that threaten Europe, is inevitable.' In his transactions, however, with Pope Pius VII and Cardinal Consalvi, Niebuhr was very determined. *Il me faisait suer*, as the Cardinal said. The arrangements based on mutual concession were approved in 1821 both by the Pope and the Prussian Government, and Hardenberg, the then Prime Minister of Prussia, came himself to Rome, after the Congress of Laybach, to conclude the peace between Rome and Berlin. Ranke, one of the few persons who has had access to the Prussian archives of that period, writes:—

'The Roman Court consented to reduce the dioceses, as proposed by the Prussian Government, and to

abolish some of the old episcopal Sees On the other hand, we do not find on the Prussian side those harassing conditions which keep up mutual distrust The proceedings were of a grander character, as becomes the importance and dignity of the Prussian State'

Niebuhr, though full of faith in Pope Pius VII, was not blind to the dangers lurking in the future 'The Pope is weak,' he says, 'and his death will be a calamity, for there is every reason to suppose that they will elect a bigoted and obstinate successor' This was in 1822 In 1826 he writes —

'It requires much historical experience and resignation to remain quiet if one sees what is passing before our eyes The influence of arch-clerical and altogether Jesuitical Roman Catholics, particularly in matters concerning national education, is deplorable I might, perhaps, bring on a crisis if I wished, but the result is too doubtful The matter is more dangerous than the favours bestowed here in Prussia on the aristocratic nobility This may produce mischief for a generation, but cannot be permanent In France, where the political volcano seems to be extinct, the priests collect new inflammable material'

It is a pity that more could not have been published of Niebuhr's official correspondence touching these matters Though a strenuous defender of the authority of the State, and fully convinced that education in order to be efficient must be national, and in order to be national must be unsectarian, he was, nevertheless, inclined to grant to the Roman Catholic clergy a certain amount of independence in the management of their educational institutions, particularly their clerical seminaries He knew perfectly well the

mischief that was done in these seminaries, and how easily they might be converted into hotbeds of dissatisfaction, anti-national intrigue, and even treachery, but he also knew that the best part of the Roman Catholic subjects of Prussia was proof against those Ultramontane influences, and that the evil elements which exist, and always will exist, in an ambitious priesthood would do less harm if left to assume the offensive than if driven into a defensive position and surrounded by a halo of martyrdom Most touching are Niebuhr's expressions with regard to his own religious opinions The conflict between the convictions of the historian and the aspirations of the Christian continues during the whole of his life It was certainly not the fear of personal consequences which kept him from openly expressing his opinions as to the historical value of the Old and New Testaments, nor was it a mere acquiescence in established customs which made him so anxious to secure for his son a strictly religious education He was convinced of the essential truths of Christianity, and on this conviction rested the whole conduct of his life—in every sense, a truly Christian life But he was too honest towards himself to allow himself to use unmeaning words and phrases, or the formulas of what he knew to be in many cases an irreligious orthodoxy He recognised in the Protestant as in the Roman Catholic Churches the same seeds of Christian truth, but he found no satisfaction in either for the deepest wants of his soul Thus he writes in 1812 to Professor Vater —

'I frequently ask myself, What is to happen? In Roman Catholic countries the clergy is dying out,

very soon no one will have the power or the will to take orders We Protestants have names and formulas, and with them a dark foreboding that all is not right Everybody is uncomfortable, we feel like ghosts in broad daylight However, I am not afraid We shall become more true and more pure when all who do not from their heart belong to one of the many communities that will arise, are separated I would not pull down the dead Church, but if it were to fall I should not be frightened Let us trust that a Comforter can come, a new light, when we least expect it The travails of our time will lead us on to truth, if we only have the will'

In 1817, after he had gained an insight into the religious life of Italy, he writes —

'I understand even less how our religious than how our civil conditions will be bettered, unless there comes a new revelation A religion on which people cannot stand firm with their feet, but to which they cling with their hands, hanging in the air, cannot be long maintained'

When Harms and his friends tried to introduce a more rigorous system in the Protestant Church, Niebuhr expressed himself as follows in a letter dated March 7, 1818 —

'I quite agree with Harms in his indignation against a Christianity which is no Christianity—nay, even in his personal invectives against many of our theologians, but I hold it to be an error if he attempts to restrict true Christianity to the symbolical books, and if he opposes the union of Protestant communities Every one who knows the history of the Church knows that, during the first centuries at least, there

call it a satisfactory state of mind, for, in spite of the truthfulness of Niebuhr's character, he shows a want of clearness and precision which surprises us in a character otherwise so determined What is the faith the loss of which Niebuhr mourns for himself? Not a real faith in that which can be grasped by faith only, and not by sight—that living faith penetrated the whole of his being,—but simply that literal, and frequently not even literal, interpretation of the Old and New Testaments which he himself knew to be erroneous, and which, nevertheless, he wished to see implanted in his son's mind In this respect Niebuhr simply reflects the ordinary light of his time—nay, if we may judge by what we know at present of his religious and theological opinions, we should say that he was behind, rather than in advance of his time

III

FRIEDRICH WILHELM RITSCHL

(Died 1877)

THE University of Leipzig has lost its greatest ornament and one of its most powerful supports through the death of Ritschl, the editor of 'Plautus,' as he is called all over the world, but, in reality, the founder of a new era in Latin scholarship He died on November 9, in his seventy-first year, having been born on April 6, 1806 For several years he had been an invalid in body, not in mind, and he fought so bravely against his bodily ailments, that even at

the beginning of the present winter term, he advertised his lectures, wishing to die, like a true soldier, not in the hospital, but on the battle-field. A sudden attack on the lungs finished his laborious life, and his funeral drew together a large number of classical scholars, mostly his own pupils, who now fill nearly all the chairs in the principal Universities of Germany and Switzerland. At his grave, Professor Lange spoke in the name of the University, Professor Ribbeck, of Heidelberg, in the name of his numerous pupils, with a depth and warmth of feeling which moved all who were present.

Ritschl, after receiving an excellent school education, went in 1825 to Leipzig to study philology, under Gottfried Hermann. From 1826–1827 he continued his studies at Halle, chiefly under Reisig, whose disciple he may be called rather than that of Gottfried Hermann. After Reisig's death he became a *privat-docent* at Halle, was advanced to a professorship in 1832, and a year later called to Breslau, to become the successor to Passow, of Greek lexicon celebrity. The years 1836 and 1837 mark a decisive period in his life and labours. He was enabled to spend them in the libraries of Italy, of Belgium, Holland, and France, and he collected there the materials for his future work, the history of the Latin language. That work has never been finished, but it remained his ideal through life, and in nearly all his publications we may recognise the stones for a building which is now left to be finished by others. Much of Ritschl's time was given to his professorial duties, and, if we consider how, during the whole of his life, he lectured, how he taught in his *Semina-*

rium and in his Philological Society, how he performed the duties of an examiner, how he arranged museums and edited journals, we rather wonder that he could have finished so much than that he should have left something unfinished His professorial activity divides itself into two periods—the first from 1839 to 1865, when he was Professor at Bonn, the second from 1865 to 1876, when he was Professor at Leipzig Both Universities became, while he was there, the real nurseries of classical scholarship in Germany By the attraction which he exercised, the number of classical students rose both at Bonn and at Leipzig to a height never reached before, and his departure from Bonn in 1865 was felt as a misfortune from which that University has not yet recovered It is most interesting to observe the patriarchial position which a great professor occupies in a German University It is quite true that Ritschl could not do much more in his public lectures than other distinguished professors, nor did he consider the hundreds who attended his public lectures as his pupils but simply as his hearers His real pupils were those who gained access to his 'Philological Society,' or to his *Seminarium*, whose studies he personally directed who worked for him and with him both during the University career and afterwards, who contributed to his journal, who fought his battles, who formed, in fact, his school If, on his side, Ritschl felt bound to do all he could for his pupils, in recommending them to the Government for liberal support in their literary undertakings, in urging their claims to appointments in schools and Universities, he would expect from them in turn

a certain recognition of his well-earned authority He thus became the founder and leader of a great and influential school As early as 1864, when he had been lecturing for twenty-five years, he was presented by forty-three of his former pupils with a volume of 'Symbola Philologorum Bonnensium in honorem F Ritschelii collecta,' containing valuable contributions in every branch of scholarship At Leipzig the best essays of the members of his 'Philological Society' were published in the 'Acta Societatis Philologicae Lipsiensis,' of which six volumes are before us, from 1871 to 1876 Supported by such an army, Ritschl was a dangerous antagonist, and in his literary warfare not always inclined to forbearance and generosity

Ritschl's greatest merit was the introduction of an historical method into the study of Latin Not what Latin was at the time of Cicero, but how Latin became what it was, formed the object of his study Hence his patient investigations of the language as preserved to us in ancient inscriptions, hence his careful collection of every variety in spelling, in grammatical form, in syntactical arrangement Much as he valued Plautus and his comedies as an element in the early literary life of Rome, his chief interest in the Roman comic poet centred in his language and his metres Though he did not flatter himself that he could restore the text of Plautus as it came originally from his hand, he spent months over the collation of the Ambrosian palimpsest at Milan and of the Vatican MSS of Plautus in order to restore every trace of ancient Latin that might have escaped the uncritical hands of Roman *régisseurs* His 'Parerga

Plautina atque Terentiana,' 1845, formed an introduction to his edition of the comedies, 'T M Plauti Comoediae,' 1878, while his many contributions to the 'Rheinische Museum' prepared the way for his magnificent work, 'Priscae Latinitatis Monumenta Epigraphica' containing more than 100 most carefully executed copies of the most important inscriptions of ancient Rome These were his two great works The number of his smaller contributions to classical scholarship makes it impossible to mention them here, but the thirty-two volumes of the 'Rheinische Museum' will show how much the industry of one man can achieve, if it is inspired by real genius and guided by a true method

Though Ritschl has formed so large a number of highly-distinguished pupils, not only scholars by profession, but also such men as the old Catholic Bishop Reinkens, the University of Leipzig will find it difficult to fill the gap which he has left It was due to the vigilance and quick decision of Falkenstein, then Minister of Instruction in Saxony, that Ritschl, who had quarrelled with the Prussian authorities at Bonn, was at once secured for Leipzig The rise of Leipzig to its present prosperity (it counts 3,090 students) dates from the time when Ritschl was called there The present Minister of Instruction will have a most arduous task in selecting from the numerous candidates whose names suggest themselves one really worthy to be the successor of Ritschl A mistake might prove fatal to the prestige of Leipzig, which, though it counts among its professors some of the best names in Germany, must not forget that it is hard pressed in the race by other universities

Ritschl was one of the eight foreign members of the *Institut de France*, and member of most of the great academies in Europe

IV

HERMANN BROCKHAUS

(Died 1877)

THE University of Leipzig had hardly recovered from the blow it had received by the death of Ritschl when it had to mourn a new loss in the death of the great Sanskrit scholar Professor H Brockhaus Brockhaus had reached the age of seventy-one, having been born at Amsterdam in 1806 He was a son of F A Brockhaus, the founder of the great publishing firm at Leipzig While his two brothers carried on the business, he devoted himself to an academic career He was an Oriental scholar in the old sense of the word, devoting his attention, not to one language only, but acquiring a familiarity with the principal languages and literature of the East He studied Hebrew, Arabic and Persian, and though Sanskrit became afterwards his *specialite*, he was able to lecture at the same time on Pali, Zend, and even on Chinese He was likewise well versed in modern languages and general literature, being, in fact, not only a scholar by profession, but a highly cultivated gentleman, refined in his tastes, courteous in his bearing, and free from all self-assertion and rudeness in his intercourse with other scholars

He had few enemies, and many friends, not only in Germany, but in France and England also Many will remember his venerable head, and kindly expression, when in 1874, at the International Congress of Orientalists in London, he was pointed out by the President of the Aryan Section as his old master, and loudly cheered by the large assembly of Oriental scholars

His most important work was the *editio princeps* of the Kathâ-sarit-sâgara, lit 'The Ocean of the Rivers of Tales,' the large collection of Sanskrit stories made by Soma Deva in the twelfth century A D By this publication he gave the first impetus to a really scientific study of the origin and spreading of popular tales, and enabled Professor Benfey and others to trace the great bulk of eastern and western stories to an Indian, and more especially to a Buddhistic source Though the collection by Soma Deva is late, it presupposes earlier collections, some of which exist in Sanskrit, while one ascribed to the sixth century, and written in Paisâ*k*i, a Prâkrit or popular dialect—lit the dialect of devils—has lately been discovered in India by Dr Buhler

It is curious to observe the sometimes literal coincidences between the stories told in Sanskrit verse by Soma Deva in the twelfth century, and the 'Dekhan Tales' lately published by Miss Frere, which she collected from the mouth of her Indian Nurse Among Professor Brockhaus's other publications we can only mention his edition of the curious philosophical play, the Prabodha-*k*androdaya, 'The Rise of the Moon of Intelligence,' his critical edition of the 'Songs of Hafiz,' and his publication in Latin

letters of the 'Zend-Avesta' Since 1841 Brockhaus has been active as Professor of Sanskrit at Leipzig, and there his success as a teacher has been most surprising When he began to lecture, now thirty-six years ago, Sanskrit was still considered as a luxury, and the number of his pupils was seldom more than three, sometimes less But times have changed, and of late years his lectures on Sanskrit grammar at Leipzig were regularly attended by some fifty students, who, without wishing to master all the intricacies of the language, learnt at least so much as would enable them to use Sanskrit independently for the purposes of comparative philology Much of that success was due, no doubt, to the influence of Professor Curtius, who instead of warning his classical students against the charms of Sanskrit, as was the custom among classical Professors in other Universities, insisted on their acquiring at least the elements of Sanskrit grammar Leipzig, at present the best philological school in Germany, owes much of its great reputation to the combined labours of those two Professors, Brockhaus and Curtius, and it is to be hoped that the University may be as fortunate in selecting among the rising Sanskrit scholars as worthy a successor of Brockhaus, as, if report speaks true, it has been in finding a classical scholar worthy to continue the great traditions of Gottfried Hermann and Friedrich Ritschl

V

ANTON SCHIEFNER

(Died 1878.)

THE last number, which we have just received, of the *Melanges Asiatiques*, containing extracts from the *Bulletin* of the Imperial Academy of St Petersburg, possesses a mournful interest. We shall probably have seen in it for the last time the name of a laborious contributor, Anton Schiefner, a member of the Imperial Academy, and for many years its valued librarian. Schiefner's name is but little known outside the small circle of Oriental scholars, and he has not left any single work that could be called a worthy memorial of his vast acquirements. But few men have worked so hard, few men have acted as pioneers in so many unknown languages and literatures as Anton Schiefner. His life is soon told. He was born at Reval in 1817, studied law at St Petersburg, went to Berlin in 1842, where he acquired a taste for philological and Oriental studies, and after having been employed for a time as master in a public school at St Petersburg, he was elected a member and librarian of the St. Petersburg Academy, a post which he held until his death. Whatever work there was to be done at the Academy which no other member was able or willing to do, seems to have fallen to Schiefner's lot. At a time when the languages of the Caucasus and its neighbourhood had a special interest in the eyes of the Russian Government, Schiefner published grammatical

treatises on the following dialects —On the Thushian, on the Awarian, on the Udian, on the Abchasian, on the Tschetschenzian, and on the Kasikumykian When the great Northern traveller, Castrèn, died, before having had time to publish his collections, Schiefner not only edited his 'Northern Travels and Researches,' but prepared and published the following grammars —Ostiakian, Samoyedian, Tungusian, Buriatian, Koibalian and Karagassian, Jenisei-Ostiakian and Kottian In addition to these grammatical labours he translated into German verse the Finnish epic poem Kalevala, 1852, and the heroic songs of the Minussinian Tatars, 1859 And yet while doing all this more or less official work his heart was fixed elsewhere, on the language of Tibet and the immense literature of Buddhism preserved in that language He it was who most successfully continued the noble work begun by Csoma Korosi, and brought to light treasure after treasure from the rich mine which had been opened for the first time by that truly heroic Hungarian scholar It was chiefly in the columns of the *Melanges Asiatiques* that Schiefner published his translations from the Tibetan canon, and the last number contains no less than three contributions from his pen, all of real value—one, an account of a curious Tibetan manuscript, which he had copied at the India Office library, another an article on a collection of Buddhist verses, something like the Dharmapada, with the announcement that he had discovered in the Kandjur the long-looked-for Northern version of that important handbook of Buddhist ethics A third article gives a continuation of Buddhist stories, translated from the Tibetan canon, the Kandjur, many

of them supplying the original or, at all events, a very primitive version of stories and fables which, chiefly through the influence of Buddhist priests and missionaries, have made the round of the whole world. We shall give as a small specimen of what Schiefner has brought to light from the canonical books of the Buddhists two stories, both in the spirit of the story of Solomon's judgment—the one in a more rudimentary, the other in a more developed form.

'A man took off his boots and left them on the shore before he went to bathe in the river. While he was bathing another man came, took the boots, tied them round his neck, and plunged into the water. When the first had bathed, he went on shore and looked everywhere for his boots. "What are you looking for?" said the man in the water. "My boots," he replied. "Where are your boots?" the other said, "If you have any, you should tie them round your neck before you go into the water as I have done." Then the first said, "But the boots you have round your neck are my boots." Soon a fight arose, and they went before the King. The King commanded his Ministers to settle their dispute, but after sitting in judgment the whole day, they went home tired in the evening and could not settle anything. Then a clever woman, Visâkhâ by name, when she heard of the lawsuit, said, "What is the use of examining and cross-examining? Say to one man, 'Take this boot,' and to the other, 'Take that boot.' Then the real owner will say, 'Why should my pair of boots be divided?' But the thief will say, 'What shall I do with one boot?'" The King followed her advice and the thief was discovered.'

The next story approaches more closely to the judgment of Solomon, and as the matter in dispute is settled without the cruel order of the King to cut the child in two, the Buddhist may even claim a certain advantage over the Semitic story. 'A householder had married a wife, and when their marriage remained childless he married a second. When the second wife became the mother of a son, she was afraid that the first wife would hate and injure the child, and out of love for her son, she agreed with her husband that the first wife should be the reputed mother of the boy. After a time the husband died, and as the house belonged to the son, the two wives began to quarrel, which of them should live in the house with her son. At last they went before the King. The King commanded his Ministers to settle the dispute, with the usual result that the judges could make nothing of it. Then the clever woman, Visâkhâ, came in and said, "What is the use of examining and cross-examining these women? Tell them that we do not know who the real mother is, and that they must settle it for themselves. Let both lay hold of the boy and pull him with all their might, and whoever can pull hardest shall have the boy and the house." When the tussle began, the child, being pulled very hard, began to cry. Then the true mother let him go, and said, "Anyhow, if he is not torn to pieces and killed, I shall sometimes be able to see him." But the other woman tore him away with violence. Then the violent woman was beaten with a rod and the true mother was allowed to carry off her child.'

VI

THEODOR BENFEY

(Died 1881.)

IN Theodor Benfey we have lost one of the great Sanskrit scholars of our times, and if one looks at his works and at the permanent results which they represent, one feels tempted to ask, Has there ever been a single scholar in Europe who since the discovery of Sanskrit has more advanced our knowledge of the language and literature of ancient India than Benfey? There is not much to record of his life. He was born in 1809, and was, as his name shows, of Jewish descent. He was educated at the Gymnasium of Gottingen, studied at the Universities of Gottingen and Munich, and was appointed professor at Gottingen in 1834, where he has been working and lecturing till his death. It would be impossible to give a complete list of his literary labours, particularly as some of his smaller contributions in the *Gottinger Gelehrte Anzeigen* often represent work which in other hands would have assumed the proportion of volumes. Many of these, we hope, will now be rescued from their hiding-places and published in a permanent and accessible form.[1] His first *opus* was the 'Griechisches Wurzel-lexicon,' 1839–1842. To the younger generation of comparative philologists that work may chiefly be known by the frequent criticisms which it has evoked in later times, nor can there be any doubt that the

[1] This has been done in two volumes, 'Kleinere Schriften von Theodor Benfey,' 1890 and 1892.

comparative study of Greek has since advanced so rapidly as to leave to that work of Benfey an historical interest only. Still, whoever will examine its pages will be surprised to see of how many now widely-accepted theories and etymologies Benfey was really the first author. In no science does the claim of the first discoverer seem to be so little regarded as in comparative philology. It is impossible, of course, or, at least, extremely troublesome, to find out who was the first to say that *viginti*, *εἴκοσι*, and Sanskrit vi*ms*ati are the same word, or to remember who first placed that comparison on a sound, scientific basis. Hence there arises quickly a great mass of what is considered common property—nay, what is afterwards often put down to the account of the last scholar who quotes it. How often do we find the names of Fick, Curtius, and Corssen where by right the names of Bopp, Pott, or Benfey ought to stand? Benfey himself rejoiced in that kind of impersonal fame, and on a few extreme occasions only, when, not only his own discoveries were ascribed to others, but he himself was blamed for not holding his own views, did he lose patience and set himself right with posterity. To the early period in Benfey's career belongs likewise his elaborate article on India in 'Ersch und Gruber's Encyclopaedie,' which like the 'Wurzel-lexicon' is now to a great extent antiquated, but contains, nevertheless, many things *quae meminisse iuvabit*. Later in life Benfey was one of the first to contribute to that revival of Sanskrit philology which began with the study of the Vedas. In 1848 he published his text, translation, and glossary of the Sâma-veda, and he also gave at that early time a com-

plete translation of the first book of the Rig-veda He then stopped for a while, chiefly because he saw that no real progress could be made in Vedic studies before the text of the Rig veda, and, above all, before Sâya*n*a's complete commentary on the Rig veda had been published In the meantime he devoted himself to the publication of several Sanskrit grammars, in which he showed a mastery of Pâ*n*ini, very unusual at that time He also published a Sanskrit Chrestomathy, a dictionary, and other useful works But suddenly he surprised the world by a discovery in a totally new line of research—namely, by his 'Pantschatantra,' in which he established on a safe basis, not only the Indian origin of European fables, but what was even more important, the Buddhist origin of Indian fables This was a work which alone would have placed its author in the front rank of European scholars With Benfey it represented but one out of many victories in a life-long campaign We cannot dwell on all his works, on his contributions to the knowledge of Zend, his scholarlike edition of the Cuneiform Inscriptions, and many more But, as another truly monumental work his 'History of the Science of Language and Oriental Philology in Germany' (1869) has to be mentioned, showing what can be achieved by the genius and industry of *one* man, if only he has a purpose in life and possesses the unselfish devotion of the scholar The concluding years of his life were consecrated again to Vedic studies, which he resumed with all the ardour of youth and the experience of the veteran general The results of these were published from year to year in the 'Transactions of the Royal Gottingen Society' and elsewhere

In order to give an idea of the minuteness of his studies, it may be mentioned that his treatises on the single question of the prolongation of vowels in the Rig-veda occupy more than 400 pages quarto. This may seem an excess, if there can be an excess in accuracy, but it shows, at all events, what we might have expected from his long-promised Vedic grammar. Unless the materials for that work, which he has been collecting and sifting for years, have been worked up by himself, it is extremely doubtful whether any living scholar will be able to take up the tangled threads and finish the design on the scale on which Benfey conceived it.

We ought not to conclude this notice without paying a well-deserved tribute to the high character which Benfey, as a man, has always borne among Oriental scholars. Through life he seemed to care for nothing but work—true and honest work. The career of a scholar is free, no doubt, from many of the ordinary temptations of life, yet character tells here too, and often even more than learning. Through his long literary career, which has not been free from the inevitable controversies of the scientific world, not a word has ever been breathed against Benfey's independence, justice, straightforwardness and truthfulness. He never belonged to any set. He seldom praised and he seldom blamed, but, for that very reason, his praise was praise indeed, and his blame blame indeed. Science to him was a sacred thing, where no personal interests were allowed to intrude. Even in his more animated controversies he always treated his opponents with respect, while he would have resented the cheap praises of his friends or

pupils as an insult In this respect, too, he will long be missed, for the mere presence of an upright man awes and scares away mere triflers and pretenders

VII

ADALBERT KUHN

(Died 1881)

IN Adalbert Kuhn, who died at Berlin last month, Germany has lost another of the few remaining scholars, who may be said to have assisted in laying the foundations of the two new sciences of Comparative Philology and Comparative Mythology He was a pupil of Bopp, and soon became his friend and fellow-worker Being a classical scholar, and by profession a Master, and for many years Head-master at one of the public schools in Berlin, he exercised great influence in gaining a hearing for Bopp's teaching among Greek and Latin scholars at a time when 'anything comparative' was still treated with ridicule and contempt He was one of the first to show with how great advantage the method inaugurated by the Science of Language could be introduced into the first elementary teaching of Greek and Latin, and he lived long enough to witness a complete revolution in that respect, the old grammars being everywhere replaced by new ones, like that of Curtius, and every classical scholar being examined in the very subjects which many of the contemporaries of Bopp and Grimm had at first derided

Professor Kuhn himself was not a voluminous

writer, but what he has written and published has produced a great effect, and some of his small, but carefully considered, essays have told and will continue to tell when many a large volume of his contemporaries shall have been forgotten. From the very first Kuhn's labours were not confined to mere comparisons of words, to phonetic rules and etymological niceties. He cared for things rather than for words, and all his etymologies had one object only, to discover behind ancient words some of the ancient thoughts of mankind, and more particularly of the Aryan speakers. Thus he was one of the first who utilised the words shared in common by Hindus, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Germans, Celts, and Slaves as historical evidence for the earliest civilisation of the Âryas before their separation. Similar attempts had been made by Colebrooke (see Chips, Vol. II, p. 499), and by Crawford also for the Polynesian family of speech, but Kuhn's paper 'Zur ältesten Geschichte der Indo-germanischen Völker' (1845) was quite original, and opened a path which has afterwards been followed with great success by Grimm and others. Comparative Philology, as Grimm said, had to shake the bed of Ancient History, and it has certainly done so, though that bed has not always been a bed of roses. It was Kuhn also who first pointed out the great importance of Vedic as compared with later Sanskrit. Little only of the Veda was accessible at his time, but the hidden treasures which he pointed out in the language and poetry of the Vedic Rishis formed the most powerful stimulus for others to devote their life to the editing of the complete texts and the native commentaries of the Rig-Veda, the

Sâma-Veda, the Yagur-Veda, and the Atharva-Veda. As time went on his attention became more and more concentrated on the great problem of mythology, and while studying its most ancient formations in the Veda, in Greece, in Italy and Germany, he devoted much of his free time to the collecting of folk-lore from the mouth of old men and old women in various parts of Germany, 'Markische Forschungen' (1841), 'Markische Sagen und Mahrchen' (1843), 'Norddeutsche Sagen, Mahrchen und Gebrauche' (1848), 'Sagen, Gebrauche und Mahrchen aus Westfalen' (1859). In collecting this detritus of mythological lore he was one of the few who were thoroughly conscientious and careful. Nothing was added, nothing omitted, nothing was done to polish or beautify the old popular heirlooms. We know how great this temptation is, and how many eminent collectors have more or less succumbed to it. But with Kuhn folk-lore was something sacred, and he would as little have thought of taking liberties with it as with the text of the Vedas.

Kuhn, as a pupil of Grimm, looked upon popular stories, on *Mahrchen* and *Legenden*, as representing the last stage of ancient mythology. As dialects were in the eyes of Grimm modifications and corruptions of an antecedent classical speech, folk-lore also was to him and his pupils the detritus only of more ancient mythology, and to be traced back, wherever possible, to that more ancient stratum. As we have learned to distinguish between primary and secondary dialects, and have had in many cases to recognise dialectic forms as more primitive than their corresponding classical forms, we can no longer doubt that certain popular stories also, though known to us

in a very modern form only, had an independent existence by the side of other popular stories, and that not every hero of popular tradition must be a corruption of a more ancient mythological hero or god If he can be shown to be so, if his character can be explained as a modification of a well-known mythological character, whether god or hero, nothing can be better, but here too, as in the growth of language, the *Nebeneinander* has as much right as the *Nacheinander*, and we need no longer be afraid of using traditions, known to us in their most recent form only, as throwing light on the very earliest growth of mythology, custom and religion All that is wanted is that there should be no tampering with the folk-lore of the present day, and that it should be written down conscientiously, not as we wish it to be, but as it actually is

Some of Kuhn's identifications of the names of mythological personalities in India, Greece, Italy, and Germany have been found fault with, because they seem to offend against the phonetic rules which regulate the changes of words in these Aryan languages But we must not expect what we have no right to expect in proper names The phonetic changes which regulate the phonetic structure of the Aryan languages are no doubt most astounding in their never-failing stringency, but if they apply with unbroken regularity to nouns and verbs, they certainly do not so with regard to proper names Mythological names fall under the same category as proper names They are therefore from the beginning local and exposed to the peculiarities of local dialects, and they are handed down with less restraint than the general

body of a language. Pott in his work on 'Personal Names' (1859), has strongly dwelt on this point. We have seen, he writes, p. 122, that proper names have sometimes their tail, sometimes even their head bitten off, which language would never have allowed itself to do, if personal names, like meaningless interjections, had not been liable to be treated with very extensive licence. To say therefore that the Sanskrit Sârameya could not be identified with Ἑρμείας and Ἑρμῆς, because it ought to be Ἑρεμείας, is certainly being righteous over much, or, in other words, unscientific. No phonetic rule will account for OHG *Rihhart* being changed into *Dick*, or of *Maria* into *Polly*. These are no doubt extreme cases, and we have no right to appeal to them, but as a general rule it ought to be known that proper names, and, in consequence, mythological names, cannot and must not be treated like ordinary appellatives, otherwise we should soon be told that Agni cannot be *ignis*, or Nis *nox*, or Vritra *Orthros*, or Varuna *Uranos*, and that there is no consanguinity between *Ushas* and *Aurora*, between *Ahanâ* and *Athene*.

Another argument that has been used against the explanation which Kuhn and I myself have given of the same mythological characters is that while I discover in many myths the background of the regular diurnal changes of the sky, Kuhn sees in the same a reflection of thunder, lightning and storm-clouds. But this difficulty also is becoming less and less startling, when we perceive how the same actors are concerned in the meteoric and in the diurnal changes of nature. The same god of the sky who seems to rescue the sun from the night, delivers also the light

from the clouds that were hiding it during a thunder-storm. The rain that is poured down from the cloud, is poured down from the sky also, and the dark demon of the thunder-cloud, who is struck down by the lightnings of the god of the sky, is spoken of in much the same language as the dark demon of the night who is defeated every day by the rays of the sun. This syncretism was almost inevitable in ancient mythology, because not only might different phenomena be ascribed to the same agency, but the same phenomenon might be traced back to different agencies. The light of the dawn, the noonday splendour, nay, even the lunar brightness of the night, might all be referred to the god of the sky, while the fertilising rain might be called the gift of the clouds, or of the sky, nay, very often of the moon also, and of the night. This is only the same process which under a more general name I defined as *Polyonymy* and *Homonymy*, terms which were adopted by Kuhn also in his later writings. It was in these later contributions that Kuhn pointed out how every stage in the social and political development of mankind has its own peculiar mythological character, and how, for instance, the change between day and night receives various expressions according to the prevailing occupation of the people, as hunters, breeders of cattle, or tillers of the soil who speak of it in their own mythological language. His 'Herabkunft des Feuers,' much as it has been criticised, forms still the most useful preparation for an independent study of Comparative Mythology, but no one would be more ready to admit its shortcomings than Kuhn himself. In all his writings he shows himself the very pattern of

a scholar—careful, conscientious, caring for truth and nothing else, always open to conviction, never unkind or offensive to those from whom he differs During the twenty-five years that he acted as editor of the 'Zeitschrift für Vergleichende Sprachforschung,' that journal was never tainted by partisanship It was open to all who could work as scholars and write as gentlemen, who could respect truth and yet make allowance for difference of opinion

It was due to him and to Curtius that Comparative Philology made its way into the schools and universities of Germany, and it will maintain its place in the scheme of liberal education so long as scholars do not lose sight of the high aims which such men as Bopp, Grimm, Humboldt, Curtius, Kuhn and others always had in view

VIII

JOHN MUIR

(Died 1882)

SANSKRIT scholarship has suffered a real loss through the death of John Muir, which was announced in the *Times* of Thursday He was one of the few Indian civil servants who took advantage of the splendid opportunities supplied by a long residence in India for cultivating a study of the ancient language and literature, the religion and antiquities of that country While employed on active service there, between 1828 and 1853, he did not find much time to publish and to distinguish himself as a Sanskrit scholar, but he devoted his leisure, such as it was, chiefly to the encouragement of missionary labours

In 1850 he published 'A Short Life of the Apostle Paul, with a Summary of Christian doctrine, in Sanskrit Verse,' after the model of Dr Mill's well-known 'History of Christ'—'The Christa-Sangîtâ.' This was followed, in 1852, by his 'Examination of Religions,' or 'Mata-parîkshâ,' again in Sanskrit verse, containing in the first part a consideration of the Hindoo *S*astras, and in the second part (published in 1854) an exposition of the evidences of Christianity for Hindus. In the preface he refers to a similar work published by him as early as 1840. While engaged in these more or less controversial labours he was one of the first to perceive and point out the necessity of a knowledge of the Vedas for a right understanding of the religious development of India, and while still in India he offered a prize for the first edition of the text of the Rig-Veda and its commentary by Sâya*n*âchârya. After his return to England, in 1853, finding himself in possession of ample leisure and of a larger income than he required for his modest wants, he became both a patron and an active contributor to Sanskrit scholarship. He began by offering some prizes for essays on Indian philosophy and religion, still chiefly with a view to help in the conversion of the Hindus to Christianity. After a time, however, his views on religion seemed to undergo a considerable change, and his name might often have been seen of late among the advocates of freedom of thought both in Scotland and elsewhere. He was one of the many writers to whom, not without some reason, the anonymous work 'Supernatural Religion' was at first ascribed. His own studies, however, became more and more concentrated on the Vedas, and in his five volumes, 'Original Sanskrit

Texts on the Origin and History of the People of India, their Religion and Institutions,' he showed what excellent and truly useful work might be done by simply collecting, classifying, and translating important passages from the published texts of the ancient literature of India Though his labours were not so original as those of Sir William Jones, Colebrooke, and Wilson, they were always honest and sound, and they will secure to his name an honoured place by the side of his more illustrious predecessors It is chiefly due to him that scholars, missionaries, and the public at large have gained a more correct view of ancient India than could be found in any other works published before the revival of Sanskrit studies produced by the publication of the literature of the Vedic period, and even if some of his works should in time be superseded, they never will be forgotten in the history of Sanskrit scholarship His liberality and real munificence were well known to all Sanskrit scholars The University of Edinburgh owes to him not only the foundation of a Chair of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology, but likewise the discriminating selection of its first distinguished occupants, Professor Aufrecht (now at Bonn) and Professor Eggeling Many students and professors of Sanskrit in Germany are deeply indebted to his bounty, and will often miss the generous hand that supplied their pressing wants or assisted in the publication of their works His absence at the late Congress of Orientalists in Berlin was much regretted, and the frequent and anxious inquiries after his health showed how truly loved and honoured he was by Oriental scholars in all countries of Europe

> 'Und wer den Besten seiner Zeit genug gethan,
> Der hat genug gethan für alle Zeiten

IX

PRINCESS ALICE

(Died 1878.)

THERE has just appeared an important addition to what may be called our Royal literature. It has been said that during the last generation Royal families have not been rich in great men, but they have certainly been rich in great women. Among the Princesses whose fame has passed beyond the walls of the palace, Princess Alice stands high, and, taken all in all, stands highest perhaps among the Royal women of this century. Her life and letters have lately been published in Germany under the title of 'Alice, Grossherzogin von Hessen, Princessin von Grossbritannien und Irland, Mittheilungen aus ihrem Leben und ihren Briefen.' What Princess Alice was to her father and to her mother, what she was as a mother, how devotedly she worked as a nurse during the war, how she suffered at the death of her child, and how she died from a parting kiss given to her dying child, is known more or less in England and in Germany. But what she was in herself, how she worked, how she read, how she struggled, battling with the problems with which we all have to battle, fighting the enemies who beset us all—that we may now learn, at least to a certain extent, from the book published in Germany, and, it is to be hoped, soon to be translated by a competent hand into English. The Queen, with her noble trust in the noble instincts of her people, has again thrown open the sacred treasure of her sorrows, and allowed large extracts from her own

and her daughter's letters to be inserted in the forthcoming biography. These letters are, in fact, the real jewels of the book; the biographical setting is extremely slight.

It has been said that the epitaph which Frederick the Great had engraved on the tomb of the great Landgravine of Hessia, 'Henrietta Carolina, died 1774, *sexu femina, ingenio vir*,' might be placed on the monument of Princess Alice. But that is hardly true. In her it seemed as if sex was transfigured in the pure light of perfect womanliness, while her intellect, though brave and manly, was dominated by a love of truth which had all the passion of a woman's love. Besides reading the more important books which touched on questions which she had at heart, she was extremely fond of the society of eminent men, whether scholars, philosophers, men of science, or artists. She respected them, and was proud to be taken into their workshops. That she preferred to listen to a professor rather than to a duke has often been mentioned as one of her grave delinquencies. The greatest offence she gave was by her kindness to Strauss, who was often invited to her palace, and who wrote some of his best lectures for her. It is no secret now—she herself never concealed it—that from a very early time the traditional religion in which she had been brought up became intolerable to her; and because she could no longer believe in a God, half Greek, half Jewish, she for some time, as her biographer writes, doubted the very existence of God. That was not vulgar atheism—far from it. It was true love of God, a seeking after a higher God, a belief in a true God with whom the true believer could be true, true to himself,

true to his best convictions, true to his highest aspirations. And what she sought for, honestly, patiently, faithfully, she found, though it was not philosophy alone that helped her to find her God, but sorrow also. A friend of hers writes:—'After the death of her son, I thought I perceived a difference in her sentiments. While formerly she almost openly avowed that she doubted the existence of a God, and that she would only allow herself to be guided by philosophical reasons, she did no longer speak in this way after her child's death. She was silent under the voiceless struggle which went on in her heart, and which I afterwards perceived. It seemed as if she would not confess that a change had taken place in her. Later on she confessed to me how that change took place, and I could not listen to it without tears. She ascribed it to the death of her child, and to the influence of a Scotchman who every morning gave her lessons in drawing. "To that man," she said, "who exercised so beneficial an influence on my religious views, of whom people said so many bad things and likewise of my relations to him, I owe everything." I recollect her saying to me, "The whole edifice of philosophical conclusions which I had erected for myself has dwindled down to nothing. Nothing is left of it, and what would become of us in this life if we had not the belief, the conviction that there is a God who rules the world, and rules over every one of us? I weary for prayer; I love to sing hymns with my children, every one of whom has his favourite hymn."'

It must not be supposed that this faithful seeker after truth ever fell back into mere formalism or ritualism. Like most honest thinkers, she was richer

by what she had lost, because what remained to her was the one pearl of great price, of which those only can know who have given up for it all they had It is well that people, both men and women, but women particularly, should know how the noblest natures pass valiantly through those struggles which to many seem so full of danger, if not of sin, that they try to hide them from the world, nay from themselves Here Princess Alice showed her truly Royal nature Where the danger seemed greatest there she marched forward, lion-hearted, trusting in her good cause, nay, trusting in God, while denying God Like Luther at Worms, she seemed to say, 'Here I stand, I cannot otherwise, God help me Amen!' And, like Luther's memory, her memory, too, will be blessed centuries hence, for having ventured to be a true and faithful servant when it was so easy to be false and faithless

One shrinks from translating her letters which were written in English, but which are published here in German We hope they will soon be made accessible in England, too, in their original form We shall attempt one passage only, taken from a letter addressed to the Queen on May 11, 1868 —

'I always had the conviction which makes me serious and thoughtful, that no one can know whether, with the end of this time, my life also will end That is one of the reasons why I yearn so much to see you this summer, my darling mamma, for I cling to you with a love and gratitude the depth of which I find no words to express After an absence of one year, I wish so deeply to have your good dear face once more before me, and to press my lips on your dear hands The older I grow the more I prize and value

that love of a mother which stands quite alone in the world, and as after dear papa's death I have you only, all my love for my parents and for the memory of my adored father now centres in you'

It may easily be understood that the selection from the letters of the Queen and her daughter had to be made with the greatest care, so as not to wound the feelings of those who are still alive But what has been given to the world ought to be received with real gratitude, if only for showing us what heroic struggles are going on under the smooth surface of our society

X

RICHARD LEPSIUS

(Died 1884)

As we watch a mighty oak, knowing that its time has nearly come, and that the next fierce gale may uproot it and leave it prostrate, we have for several years been anxiously watching Richard Lepsius, knowing that his course must soon be run, and that the next severe attack of illness might shatter his vigorous frame The blow has fallen at last, and our dear old friend now rests from his labours Could he have wished for a longer life? I doubt it Could he have wished for a fuller, a more complete and happier life? I doubt it too Lepsius was a true prince among scholars, and from his earliest youth to his latest manhood he has stood in the front of the battle, always pressing forward, always gaining new ground, inch by inch and foot

by foot, seldom defeated, never disheartened He belonged to the old chivalrous race of German scholars, to whom scholarship was a means, not an end, who lived for great ideas, and were conscious of their high calling to do good work, not for the lecture-room only, but for mankind at large He was a student of antiquity, but not a mere antiquarian To him everything old was new, everything new was old—a thousand years as yesterday, and what he strove to discover among the ruins of Egypt Greece, or Italy, in the secret passages of the pyramids, or in the hidden foundations of languages and hieroglyphic alphabets was not a heap of curiosities, but man, the work of man, the mind of man, and, in the end, the solution of the old riddle of man Such students grow scarcer and scarcer, and, with the ever-increasing subdivision of labour, they may become extinct altogether There was a time when Oriental scholars had first of all to prove themselves classical, then Oriental scholars How well I remember Professor Fleischer, the Nestor of Orientalists, who is still working and teaching in the University of Leipzig[1] as he was forty years ago when I was his unworthy pupil, impressing on us the duty of keeping up our classical studies, as he had done himself, so that he was able to hold his own against Hermann or Haupt, besides knowing, as he added smilingly, a little of Arabic, Persian, and Turkish Now, not only is Oriental scholarship divorced from classical learning, but the name of Oriental scholar has itself become a name of the past, and a man, in order to hold his own, must confine himself not only to one family of

[1] He died 1888

Oriental speech, the Semitic, Aryan, or Turanian (*sit venia verbo*), but to one of their branches, say Sanskrit or Hebrew, or to one of their dialects, say Pâli or Chaldee. Whether we call it historical growth or, in the euphemistic language of modern philosophy, differentiation and evolution, this tendency towards subdivision is inevitable and irresistible, and I am the last to ignore the advantages which it produces—minute accuracy and critical honesty. Yet we may regret the time when there were giants in the land, men of telescopic as well as microscopic sight, scholars like Hermann, Lachmann, Haupt, Bernays, and others, who could not only collate MSS. with unerring surety, count with never-wearying patience lines, words, and syllables, and weigh rhymes and metres with the precision of a chemical balance, but who were able at the same time to survey wide areas of literature, to grasp broad principles, to frame wide concepts, and to start theories which led them, like Columbus, to the discovery of new worlds. It was said of them that they knew something of everything, but they also knew everything of something.

Lepsius had inherited from the old classical Oriental school the true spirit of what used to be called *humanitas*, wide human sympathy, critical accuracy, and historical tact. Born in 1810 at Naumburg, he went to Pforta in 1823, and remained there till 1829. Pforta is one of the few public schools in Germany where boys live together as at Eton and Harrow. It is a school which has kept up most faithfully the traditions of mediaeval learning, Greek and Latin being the staple of education, Greek and Latin verse its highest aspiration. Whatever we may think of

this education, it certainly had its advantages to a man who, before all things, wished to become a scholar Well prepared by seven years of classical training, young Lepsius in 1829 went to Leipzig and Gottingen to study philology, and it was not till he migrated to Berlin that the horizon of his studies began to widen, chiefly owing to the influence of Bopp, whose lectures on comparative philology, derided as they were by mere narrow-minded classical scholars, had an irresistible charm for him and other young students When Lepsius took his degree, he showed at once by his Dissertation that he knew how best to utilise the principles of comparative philology by applying them to the solution of difficult problems of classical scholarship He took for his subject the Umbrian inscriptions, and thus laid the foundation of what has proved in the end one of the most successful achievements of the science of language—namely, the decipherment and grammatical analysis of the Eugubian Tables Those who remember Sir George Cornewall Lewis's squib, published at Oxford in 1862, *Inscriptio Antiqua in Agro Bruttio nuper reperta*, thirty years after Lepsius, thirteen after Kirchhoff and Aufrecht, may easily convince themselves how heavy and helpless classical philology is, in this and many other departments, without the wings of comparative philology

It was clear from this first specimen that Lepsius was not to be one of those scholars who are satisfied with ploughing once more the soil that has been ploughed a hundred times before In 1833 he went to Paris to attend lectures and study in libraries and museums In 1834 appeared his treatise 'Palaeo-

graphy as an Instrument in the Study of Language.' So original and promising were some of the ideas propounded by him that the French Institute awarded him the Prix Volney in 1834. No doubt these prizes of the French Institute are given every year, but when they are given to a young man of twenty-four they are a real distinction. In 1835 another essay of his, on 'The Arrangement and the Relationship of the Semitic, Indian, Old-Persian, Old-Egyptian, and Aethiopic Alphabets,' was read before the Berlin Academy; and in the same year, while still at Paris, he wrote his paper on 'The Origin and Relationship of the Numerals in the Indo-Germanic, Semitic, and Coptic Languages.' These papers are now in many respects antiquated, but they still repay a careful study, if only by warning other scholars against making discoveries that have been made long ago. Thus Lepsius wrote in 1837, 'that all Sanskrit letters can be traced back to Semitic originals admits of no doubt.' He propounds in the same paper a curious theory with regard to the Aethiopic alphabet. He shows, first of all, that it is not derived from Greek, but is purely Semitic. Its vowel system, however, as well as its direction from left to right, he ascribes to Indian influences; nay, at the suggestion of Dr. Schulz, he explains the Arabic name of the old Aethiopic writing—namely, *Musnad*—as a participial form of *Sind*, or India. What distinguishes Lepsius, even in his earliest writings, is his independent judgment, his ingenuity and originality. One often says, in reading his books, 'E ben trovato, se non è vero,' and one carries away hints and suggestions which often prove more useful even than well-established

facts. At the time of his residence at Paris, Champollion's star was just rising, but Egyptian studies were only in their infancy. In Germany it was then still the fashion to be incredulous about hieroglyphs. In England Sir Cornewall Lewis protracted the fashionable scepticism about hieroglyphic interpretation to the year 1862. Young Lepsius felt attracted towards these new studies, partly by their immense importance for the history of ancient Greek art and civilisation, partly by their very venturesomeness. Having acquired the first principles of the decipherment of hieroglyphics from Champollion's works, he proceeded from Paris to Italy, which was rich in Egyptian antiquities. He spent some time with Rosellini at Pisa, and then settled down to steady work at Rome. Here he was attracted by Bunsen, who did for Lepsius at Rome what he afterwards did for me in London—encouraging him, helping him, recommending him, and at last making him do the work which he himself had contemplated, but found himself unable to finish owing to his official duties. By his *Lettre à M. Rosellini sur l'Alphabet hiéroglyphique* (1837) Lepsius took his position as one of the leading Egyptologists of the day, and thus entered upon a career which he never left again. But, although Egypt formed the principal object of his studies, his classical tastes too found ample food in Italy, as was shown by his edition of the *Inscriptiones Umbricae et Oscae*, and by his papers on 'The Tyrrhenian Pelasgians in Etruria' and on 'The Spreading of the Italian Numismatic System from Etruria.'

From Italy he came to England, where he spent two happy years, from 1838 to 1840, part of them in

close intimacy with Bunsen, studying at the British Museum, and shaping plans for future work. At last, however, his years of preparation came to an end, and in 1842 we find him established as Professor at Berlin. In the meantime he had published some of his best-known works—his 'Selections of the Most Important Documents of Egyptian Antiquity,' twenty-three tables (1842), and 'The Book of the Dead,' seventy-nine tables (likewise in 1842). Then followed the great expedition to Egypt, projected by Bunsen, and carried out at the expense of the King of Prussia, Frederick William IV. Lepsius was the leader, and he acquitted himself of this most difficult task with perfect success. Every student of Egyptology knows the fruits of that expedition, as gathered partly in 'The Monuments of Egypt and Aethiopia,' 900 tables (1849–59), partly in the monuments themselves collected in the New Egyptian Museum at Berlin. The materials which Lepsius thus placed at the disposal of all students inaugurated a new period in the study of hieroglyphic literature, and still serve as a mine which it will take several generations to utilise and exhaust. What Lepsius himself valued most among the results of his expedition was the constitution of a new chronology of the old, middle, and modern empires of Egypt. This he published in his 'Chronology of the Egyptians,' one volume (1849). The second volume never appeared, but the subject itself continued to occupy his attention to the very last. In 1859 he published a paper on 'Some Points of Contact between Egyptian, Greek, and Roman Chronology,' and the recent discoveries at Dayr-el-Baharee, in their important bearing on chronological problems,

excited his deepest interest, though he was then hardly able to reconsider his former conclusions.

Besides his purely scientific work, Lepsius did during the whole of his life a great deal of practical work. He was, in fact, an excellent man of business, and possessed the gift of making others work with him and under him. It was no easy task to conduct to a successful end an expedition consisting of a large number of independent fellow-labourers, and it required great organising power to build and arrange a museum of Egyptian antiquities such as now excites the admiration of all Egyptologists who pay a visit to Berlin.

Few people know the trouble which is entailed on a scholar who has to superintend the drawing, cutting, and casting of new types; but, when those types are 1300 hieroglyphs, the undertaking which Lepsius brought to a successful issue was indeed most laborious.

Much time, again, was spent by Lepsius in devising, carrying out, and recommending his new system of transliteration, applicable to all languages. He had to travel from place to place, attending meetings, making converts, refuting objections, &c. He several times came to London and Paris trying to make proselytes; and he certainly succeeded more than could have been expected in gaining support for his Standard Alphabet both among scholars and missionaries. It might have been supposed that my own advocacy of another system of transliteration, the Missionary Alphabet, would have caused a collision between us; but it was not so. Our two systems were the same in all really essential points—namely,

in their physiological basis and in the analysis and classification of all sounds that require alphabetical symbols. I looked to the old Hindu *S*ikshâs as the highest authority on phonetics; Lepsius thought it was possible to improve on them. The question on which we really differed was one of expediency only. I objected to any system of transliteration which required new types, because at distant missionary stations it would be impossible to procure such types. I therefore recommended, if only as a *pis aller*, italics or larger types, instead of types with diacritical marks; but I should have preferred Lepsius' system to my own if the new types could always be obtained, and I have rejoiced as much as Lepsius himself at the success of his system.

In 1866 Lepsius went to Egypt once more, and this second expedition was crowned by the discovery of a new trilingual tablet, a worthy companion of the Rosetta Stone. In 1869 he paid his last visit to the land of his life-long love, was present at the opening of the Suez Canal, and afterwards travelled with the Crown Prince of Prussia to Upper Egypt and Nubia.

The last years of his life were devoted chiefly to the elaboration of his 'Nubian Grammar'—a work of enormous labour, full not only of new materials, but of new views on the relationship of the numerous languages of Africa.

In addition to all this, he was Principal Librarian of the Royal Library at Berlin, a place which is no sinecure, and which he filled successfully to the end of his life.

I am well aware that I have given a very imperfect idea of the fifty years of literary work done by Prof.

Lepsius, nor can I in any way pretend to assess at their right value his contributions to Egyptian scholarship. That will no doubt be done by other and more competent hands. I only hope it will be done by scholars of a certain age, who have learnt that the study of antiquity, and more particularly the deciphering of inscriptions, whether in Egypt, or in Assyria, or in India, is a progressive study. The discoveries of yesterday may be superseded by those of to-day, as those of to-day will be, we hope, by those of to-morrow. Many of Lepsius' views on Egyptian chronology, for instance, may have to be surrendered, because new inscriptions have brought to light new facts. But that does not detract from the real merit of his theories. In many cases theories which we now know to be erroneous reflect greater credit on their inventors than the corrections of later comers. Even the Ptolemaic system of astronomy is not such utter bungling as school-boys imagine. It is easy to laugh nowadays at Champollion or Grotefend, but discoveries are never made without the risk of mistakes, nor are those necessarily the bravest soldiers who return from war without a scratch. Lepsius was fond of new work. He was a pioneer, an explorer—if you like, an adventurer. It is impossible that all adventures should be successful, but in science even failure is sometimes a success. And let us not forget that, besides his theories, there is the substantial store of literary material which he was the first to render accessible in his voluminous publications. These will remain a monument of German industry, and on them his name will stand engraved as on the base of a pyramid.

Lepsius had many friends, but he had also his enviers and enemies He was in many respects a successful man Very early in life he received the highest distinctions to which a scholar can aspire, while others had to wait But Lepsius was never overbearing He was reserved when it was necessary to be so, and he was too proud to mix himself up in literary intrigues He hated all *camaraderie*, and always acted up to the German proverb

> 'Eigenlob stinkt
> Schulerlob hinkt

There was a true nobility in his bearing, and at times he was even too sensitive, when he suspected vulgarity and meanness So long as his opponents attacked him straightforwardly, he answered in the same chivalrous spirit But when he knew that they were dishonest, writing what they knew to be not true, he left them to their self-inflicted punishment, the loss of their own self respect

Taken all in all, Lepsius was the perfect type of a German Professor, devoted to his work, full of ideals, and convinced that there is no higher vocation in life than to preserve and add to the sacred stock of human knowledge, which, though it is seen by the few only, has to be carried, like the Ark of the Covenant, from battle to battle, and kept safe from the hands of the Philistines

XI

AUGUST FRIEDRICH POTT

(Died 1887.)

THE last of the triumvirs who founded the study of comparative philology—Bopp, Grimm, and Pott—has departed. Professor Pott, as the papers inform us, died at Halle on July 5, in his eighty-fifth year. I have at present no books of reference at hand, and cannot tell where he was born, how he was educated, when he became professor, and what were his titles and orders and other distinctions. Though I believe I have read or consulted every one of his books, I cannot undertake to give even their titles. And yet I feel anxious to pay my tribute of gratitude and respect to one to whom we all owe so much, who has fought his battle so bravely, and whose whole life was consecrated to what was to him a sacred cause—the conquest of new and accurate knowledge in the wide realm of human speech. I believe he never left the University of Halle, in which he first began his career. He knew no ambition but that of being in the first rank of hard and honest workers. His salary was small, but it was sufficient to make him independent, and that was all he cared for. Others were appointed over his head to more lucrative posts, but he never grumbled. Others received orders and titles; he knew that there was one order only that he ought to have had long ago—the *Ordre pour le Mérite*, which he received only last year, fortunately before it was too late. He never kept any private trumpeters, nor did he surround himself

with what is called a school, so often a misnomer for a clique. His works, he knew, would remain his best monuments, long after the cheap applause of his friends and pupils, or the angry abuse of his envious rivals, had died away. What he cared for was work, work, work. His industry was indefatigable to the end of his life; and to the very last he was pouring out of his note-books streams of curious information which he had gathered during his long life.

A man cannot live to the age of eighty-five, particularly if he be engaged in so new and progressive a science as comparative philology, without hearing some of his earlier works called antiquated. But we ought to distinguish between books that become antiquated, and books that become historical. Pott's *Etymologische Forschungen*, in its first edition, contains, no doubt, many statements which the merest beginner now knows to be erroneous. But what these beginners are apt to forget is that Pott's mistakes were often inevitable, nay, even creditable. We do not blame the early decipherers of the hieroglyphic inscriptions, because in some of their first interpretations they guessed wrongly. We admire them for what they guessed rightly, and we often find even their mistakes extremely ingenious and instructive. I should advise all those who have been taught to look upon Pott's early works as obsolete to read his *Etymologische Forschungen*, even the first edition, and I promise them they will gain a truer insight into the original purposes of comparative philology than they can gain from any of the more recent manuals, and that they will be surprised at

the numberless discoveries which are due to Pott, though they have been made again and again, quite innocently, by later comers. In Pott's time the most necessary work consisted in the collection of materials. Overwhelming proofs were wanted to establish what seems to us a simple fact, but what was then regarded as a most pestilent heresy, namely, that Greek, Latin, Teutonic, Celtic, Slavonic, and Sanskrit are cognate tongues. It was Pott who brought these overwhelming proofs together, and thus crushed once and for all the opposition of narrow-minded sceptics. It is quite true that his work was always rather massive, but massive work was wanted for laying the foundations of the new science. It is true, also, that his style was very imperfect, was, in fact, no style at all. He simply poured out his knowledge, without any attempt at order and perspicuity. I believe it was Ascoli who once compared his books to what the plain of Shinar might have looked like after the Tower of Babel had come to grief. But, after all, the foundation which he laid has lasted, and, after the rubbish has been cleared away by himself and others, enough remains that will last for ever. Nor should it be forgotten that Pott was really the first who taught respect for phonetic rules. We have almost forgotten the discussions which preceded the establishment of such simple rules as that Sanskrit *g* may be represented by Greek *β*, that Sanskrit *gaus* may be *βοῦς*, and Sanskrit *gam βαίνω*. We can hardly imagine now that scholars could ever have been incredulous as to Sanskrit *ksh* being represented by Greek *κτ*, as to an initial *s* being liable to elision, and certain initial consonants liable to prosthetic vowels. The rules, however,

according to which *d* might or might not be changed into *l* had to be established by exactly the same careful arguments as those according to which the vowel *a* is liable to palatal or labial colouring (*e* and *o*) And when we look at the second edition of Pott's *Etymologische Forschungen*, we find it a complete storehouse which will supply all our wants, though, no doubt, every student has himself to test the wares which are offered him The same remark applies to his works on the Gipsies, on Personal Names, and on Numerals, to his numerous essays on Mythology, on African Languages, and on General Grammar Everywhere there is the same *embarras de richesse*, but, nevertheless, there is *richesse*, and the collection of it implies an amount of devoted labour such as but few scholars have been capable of

In his earlier years, Professor Pott was very 'fond of fechting', and when we look at the language which he sometimes allowed himself to use in his controversies with Curtius and others, we cannot help feeling that it was not quite worthy of him But we must remember what the general tone of scientific wrangling was at that time Strong language was mistaken for strong argument, and coarseness of expression for honest conviction In the days of Lachmann and Haupt, no one was considered a real scholar who could not be *grob* Pott caught the infection, but, with all that, though he dealt hard blows, he never dealt foul blows He never became the slave of a clique, and never wrote what he did not at the time believe to be true He must often have felt, like Goethe, that he stumbled over the roots of the trees which he himself had planted, but he

remained on pleasant terms with most of the rising generation, and, to the end of his life, was ready to learn from all who had anything to teach He cared for the science of language with all the devotion of a lover, and he never forgot its highest aims, even when immersed in a perfect whirlpool of details He had, in his younger days, felt the influence of William von Humboldt, and no one who has ever felt that influence could easily bring himself to believe that language had nothing to teach us but phonetic rules Pott's name will remain for ever one of the most glorious in the heroic age of comparative philology Let those who care to know the almost forgotten achievements of that age of heroes study them in Benfey's classical work—*The History of Comparative Philology*

XII

AFRICAN SPIR[1]

Died 1890

'STRIKE the iron while it is hot' is a very important truth for the man of action For the man of thought, the warning conveyed by the Arabic proverb is even more useful, 'If you strike the iron before it is hot, you will only make a clatter' To the man of thought, whether poet or philosopher, the public is the iron, and the public is not always hot or malleable Hence so many poets, excellent in their own way, who are admired within their own small local sphere,

[1] Gesammelte Schriften 4 vols Leipzig, Findel

but produces no impression on a larger public Hence, likewise, so many philosophers, some behind, and some before their time, who, in spite of their learning, in spite of their original force, in spite of their persevering efforts, never command a hearing, except within a small circle of friends and pupils If England is very rich in unknown local poets, Germany is equally rich in unknown local philosophers Every German university counts at least two or three professors of philosophy, to say nothing of the *Privat Docenten*, every one of whom, besides being intimately acquainted with the whole history of philosophy, is able to convict Plato and Aristotle, Descartes and Kant, of ever so many false syllogisms, while he has himself elaborated a pet system of philosophy, which, if only accepted, would produce universal peace between all the contending schools of philosophical thought Nowhere is it more dangerous to be ahead of the time, or not in touch with the past and present, than in philosophy We hear much of a philosophy of the future, of *Zukunftsgedanken*, as we hear of an Art of the future, and of a Religion of the future But it is very rarely that these paulo-post-future philosophies assume a real life and influence after the death of their prophets Many philosophers have died with the conviction that the future will be more just to them than their contemporaries But that depends almost entirely on their finding one or two posthumous disciples, with sufficient honesty and self-denial to be satisfied with mere apostleship, without claiming any originality for themselves If these apostles have bided their time, if they have fought the battle and won the victory, they are not always inclined to take

the laurels from their own temple and place them on the tomb of their master There was a case in point not long ago Schopenhauer during his lifetime was almost smothered in silence (*todt geschwiegen*) No German professor would ever treat him as his equal, or as a foeman worthy of his steel—but his conviction, expressed again and again, with the most unhesitating assurance, that his time would come after his death, has come true indeed He has become a power, and while most of his professional despisers are forgotten, his name has become a household word among philosophers, not in Germany only, but all over the world The same is true with regard to Lotze and Noire Neither of these, during his lifetime, was known beyond the frontiers of Germany In France and Belgium their works began to be noticed, but in England it was not till after their death that their real merits were recognised and their opinions considered in the discussion of the great problems of philosophy In Germany, more than in any other country, the influence of the universities is very strong For a philosopher who does not belong to the professorial caste to gain a hearing is extremely difficult The best critical papers are in the hands of the professors and their young pupils or assistants They notice the books of their friends and their rivals either in a kindly or in an unkindly spirit, but the outsider is but seldom noticed Nowhere is the *do ut des* principle so openly acted upon as in the literary life of Germany This is what made Schopenhauer so furious and so ill-mannered in his onslaughts on the whole professorial crew But even apart from these more or less conscious attempts to silence a

writer to death, the difficulty is very great particularly for a metaphysical writer to find an audience One has only to go to any of the smaller German universities, and look at a bookseller's shop window, to see the never-failing crop of new systems of logic, psychology, metaphysics, &c, which spring up with every new generation, sell in a few hundred copies, and then vanish Some of these unknown books are very interesting, sometimes extremely valuable, rich in thought, whether coined or uncoined, and well worth the attention of the casual visitor of the smaller German universities It is touching to see, in reading them, how some of these unknown philosophers yearn, not so much for recognition and fame, as for a chance of influencing the world for good, and contributing towards the final victory of truth Who in England has ever, for instance, heard of the name of *African Spir?* He is dead now Some of his earlier works he has himself suppressed, but he has left behind him four volumes of philosophy, which well deserve a careful study In a preface to his collected works, which were meant to appear after his death, he writes —

'I hope that my death may break that curious charm which seems to affect everything that comes from me What was most evident, if it came from me, would never convince others, what was most certain seemed to them untrue or dubious, what was most important was considered insignificant'

This is very honest, and shows us the man as he is described to us by all who knew him more intimately He lived the life of a solitary thinker Born and educated in Russia, he entered the Russian naval

service, fought at Sebastopol, but afterwards retired from the navy, sold his landed estates, left Russia, and settled in Germany, devoting all his time and his considerable talents to a systematic study of philosophy He never became a professor, and never rallied a class of students and disciples around him He married at Stuttgart, and afterwards, chiefly for the sake of his failing health, migrated to Switzerland, settling first at Lausanne, then at Geneva, where he succumbed to an attack of influenza in 1890 at the age of fifty-three Some autobiographical notices of his begin with the following lines —

'Nothing is more remote from my thoughts than to wish to force myself on the notice of other people, those who have perceived the nothingness of individuality can assign no value to glory The only thing of value is to have done good work'

When he felt himself dying, with no one near but his wife and daughter, he said to them, 'I do not know why people are afraid of death If one has done one's duty in this world, it is joy to die' When tears were rolling down his cheeks as he looked at his wife and daughter he said, 'Do not mind it, it is only weakness, because I must part from the only two beings who have ever loved me' His last words were like Goethe's, 'Fiat lux,' and on his tombstone at Geneva we read only his name and one line in French 'La lumière luit dans les ténèbres, mais les ténèbres ne l'ont pas reçue'

African Spir was a thorough idealist, and in Germany the time for idealism is past The new generation feeds on materialism Even psychology has become physiological, and Rietschl's cynicism

counts probably more adherents than Kant's criticism, whether in metaphysics or in ethics No wonder that Spir's speculations elicited little response in his adopted country Spir's principal works were, like Kant's, partly critical, *Denken und Wirklichkeit*, and partly ethical, *Schriften zur Moralphilosophie* Spir, however, was not only an idealist, but has at the same time been called a Dualist, and this in the days of Monism was another unpardonable offence Still, his so-called Dualism differed but little from honest Monism, that is to say, it simply confessed that the manifoldness of the phenomenal world cannot be accounted for, but must be accepted as a fact, though as an abnormal fact Still, in these days, everything goes by names, and to be labelled a Dualist is as much as to be labelled antiquated Spir starts, like the Monists, with the admission of an absolute Being, a uniform substance which is, of course, by its very nature one, but he does not attempt to explain how this Monon became manifold in its phenomenal manifestations Others think they have solved this oldest of all problems by asserting that becoming is an essential determination of being, or by maintaining the necessity of development in all things Spir prefers to confess that there exists a normal (noumenal) and an abnormal world, and that the abnormal can only be accepted, but cannot be explained The absolute and perfect Being which is postulated by human reason would, by necessity, be identical with itself, perfect, and therefore without variance As it is not so, Spir is satisfied with calling the actual or phenomenal state of things abnormal, and, however consistent Monism strives to be, it cannot deny that

there is a difference between the phenomenal and the noumenal worlds, and that if the latter is normal, the former is abnormal It has never been explained what forced the Absolute into its conditioned state Philosophers may give different names to the solution of this world-old problem In the end the most honest answer will always be the confession of the *Docta Ignorantia* of mediaeval philosophers, or the Agnosticism of the present age Spir admits, however, that the abnormal is to be subdued by the normal, and he applies this principle with great effect to human nature in its twofold character He recognizes in man the existence of a normal, and of an abnormal element, and all morality starts with him from this recognition 'All future progress of humanity,' he writes, 'in perfecting the character of human individuals and their mutual relations, depends on their becoming conscious of the normal being of things and the opposition between it and the empirical state of all natural objects What men are depends on what they believe themselves to be' If we have once recognized our normal being, our duties towards ourselves become coincident with our duties towards the whole, for we ourselves represent what is normal or divine in this world, and we alone can make it prevail This Normal or Divine is to prevail more and more in religion and morality, in science and art Every man is to help in this, as Zoroaster helped Ormuzd in his eternal fight against the evil spirit, and he is to do this, not for any external reason, but for the sake of his normal and divine being Work done in this spirit produces its effect and carries it onward, if not for this life, for all eternity, and lifts us from an

abnormal into a normal life A system of morals founded on these principles is perhaps the most valuable contribution made by Spir to the common stock of philosophical thought, and will, particularly in England, interest probably a larger number of readers than his purely metaphysical speculations

APPENDIX.

Comparative View of Sanskrit and other Languages, by T H Colebrooke

Oxford, September, 1874

I mentioned in my Address before the Aryan section of the Oriental Congress that I possessed some MS notes of Colebrooke's on Comparative Philology They were sent to me some time ago by his son, Sir E Colebrooke, who gave me leave to publish them, if I thought them of sufficient importance They were written down, as far as we know, about the years 1801 or 1802, and contain long lists of words expressive of some of the most important elements of early civilisation, in Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Teutonic, Celtic, and Slavonic Like everything that Colebrooke wrote, these lists are prepared with great care They exist in rough notes, in a first, and in a second copy I give them from the second copy, in which many words from less important languages are omitted, and several doubtful comparisons suppressed I have purposely altered nothing, for the interest of these lists is chiefly historical, showing how, long before the days of Bopp and Grimm,

Colebrooke had clearly perceived the relationship of all the principal branches of the Aryan family, and, what is more important, how he had anticipated the historical conclusions which a comparison of the principal words of the great dialects of the Aryan family enables us to draw with regard to the state of civilisation anterior to the first separation of the Aryan race No one acquainted with the progress which Comparative Philology has made during the last seventy years would think of quoting some of the comparisons here suggested by Colebrooke as authoritative The restraints which phonetic laws have since imposed on the comparison of words were unknown in his days But with all that, it is most surprising to see how careful Colebrooke was, even when he had to guess, and how well he succeeded in collecting those words which form the earliest common dictionary of our ancestors, and supply the only trustworthy materials for a history of the very beginnings of the Aryan race

Father

Sans Pitri (-tá) *Beng Hind* Pitá *Pers* Pider
Sans Janayitri (-tá) *Gr* Geneter, Gennetor *Lat* Genitor
Sans Táta *Beng* Tát *Arm* Tat *Wal Corn* Tad *Ang* Dad
Sans Vaptri (-tá) *Beng* Bápa *Hind* Baba, Bap *Germ* Vater *Belg* Vader *Isl* Bader *Gr Lat* Pater

Mother

Sans Janayitri, Jananí *Gr* Gennêteira *Lat* Genitrix
Sans Mátri (-tá) *Beng* Matá *Lat* Mater *Gr* Meter

Sclav Mati *Ir* Mat'hair *Germ* Mutter *Sax* Moder *Belg* *Isl* Mooder

N B The roots *jan* and *jani* (the past tense of which last is *jajnyé*, pronounced *jagyé* in Bengal, Tirhut, &c) are evidently analogous to the Latin *gigno*, and Greek *gennao*

Son

Sans Putra *Hind* Putr, Pút *Támil* Putien *Ori* Púa
Sans Súnu *Hind* Sún, Suan *Goth* Sunus *Sax* Suna *Belg* Soen, Sone *Sue* Son *Dalm* Szun *Pol* *Boh* Syn *Scl* Sin, Syn

Grandson

Sans Naptri (-tá) *Lat* Nepos *Hind* Náti *Mahr* Nátú

Granddaughter

Sans Naptri *Lat* Neptis *Hind* Natní *Beng* Natni *Ori* Natuni

Daughter's Son

Sans Dauhitra *Beng* Dauhitro *Hind* Dóhtá *Gr* Thugatridous

Son's Son

Sans Pautra *Hind* Pótá *Beng* Pautro

Daughter

Sans Duhitri (-tá) *Beng* Duhitá *Hind* Dóhitá *Goth* Dauhter *Sax* Dohter *Pers* Dokhter *Belg* Dochtere *Germ* Tochter *Gr* Thygater *Sue* Dotter *Isl* Dooter *Dan* Daater
Sans Toca *Russ* Doke *Hind* Dhíya, Dhi *Or* Jhía *Scl* Hzhi *Dalm* Hchii *Boh* Dey, Deera *Ir* Dear

Brother

Sans Bhratrĭ (-ta) *Hind* Bhráta, Bhai, Bhaya, Bir, Biran *Pers* Birádai *Corn* Bredar *Wal* Braud *Ir* Brathair *Arm* Breur *Mona* Breyr *Scl* Brat *Russ* Brate *Dalm* Brath *Boh* Bradr *Germ* Bruder *Ang Sax* Brother *Sax* Brother *Lat* Frater *Gall* Frère

Sister

Sans Bhagini *Hind* Bhagni, Bahin, Bhaini *Beng* Bhogini, Boin *Mahr* Bahin *Or* Bhauni
Sans Swasri (-sa) *Ir* Shiur *Gall* Soeur *Mona* Sywr *Sicil* Suora *Lat* Soror *Germ* Schwester *Sax* Sweoster *Goth* Swister *Holl* Zuster *Wal* C'huaer

Father-in-law

Sans S'wasura *Beng* Sósur *Mahr* Sasara *Hind* Susra, Súsrá, Sasúr *Lat* Sócer, Socerus *Gr* Hecyros

Mother-in-law

Sans S'waśrú *Beng* Sosru, Sasuri *Hind* Sas *Mahr* Sasú *Lat* Socrus *Gr* Hecyra

Wife's Brother

Sans Syála *Beng* Syaloc *Hind* Sala *Or* Sala

Husband's Brother

Sans Devrĭ (-va), Devara *Hind* Dewar *Guj* Diyar *Mahr* Dir *Gr* Daer *Lat* Levir (*olim* Devir)

Son in-law

Sans Jamátrĭ (-tá) *Hind* Jamái, Jawai *Pers* Damad

Widow

Sans Vidhava *Lat* Vidua *Sax* Widwa *Holl* Weduwe

Daughter-in-law

Sans Badhú *Hind* Bahú *Beng* Baú *Gall* Bru
Sans Snusha *Cashm* Nus *Peng* Nuh *Gr* Nyos *Lat* Nurus

Sun

Sans Heli (-lis) *Gr* Helios *Arm* Heol *Wal* Hayl, Heyluen
Sans Mitra *Pehl* Mithra
Sans Mihara, Mahira *Pers* Mihr
Sans Súra, Súrya *Hind* Súrej *Mahr* Súrj, Súrya *Ori* Suruy

Moon

Sans Chandra *Hind* Chánd, Chandr, Chandramá
Sans Mas (máh) *Pers* Máh *Boh* Mesyc *Pol* Miesyac *Dalm* Miszecz

Star

Sans Tára *Hind* Tárá *Pers* Sitareh *Gr* Aster *Belg* Steire *Sax* Steorra *Germ* Stein *Corn Arm* Steren

Month

Sans Masa (-sas) *Hind* Mahiná, Más *Pers* Máh *Scl* Messcz *Dalm* Miszecz *Wal* Misguaith *Gr* Mene *Lat* Mensis *Gall* Mois

Day

Sans Diva *Mahr* Diwas *Lat* Dies *Sax* Dæg
Sans Dina *Hind* Din *Boh* Den *Scl* Dan *Dalm*, Daan *Pol* Dzien *Ang* (*Ant*) Den

Night

Sans Rátri *Hind* Rát *Peng* Rattei
Sans Nis, Nisa *Wal Arm* Nos
Sans Nactá *Lat* Nox *Gr* Nyx *Goth* Nahts, Nauts *Sax* Niht *Isl* Natt *Boh* Noc *Gall* Nuit

By Night

Sans (adv) Nactam *Lat* Noctu *Gr* Nyctoi

Sky, Heaven

Sans Div, Diva *Beng* Dibi *Liv* Debbes
Sans Swar, Swarga *Hind* Swarag *Guz* Sarag *Cant* Cerua
Sans Nabhas *Beng* Nebho *Russ* Nebo *Scl* Nebu *Boh* Nebe *Pol* Niebo

God

Sans Deva (-vas), Dévata *Hind* Dewatá *Peng* Deú *Tamil*, Taivam *Lat* Deus *Gr* Theos *Wal* Diju *Ir* Diu
Sans Bhagavan *Dalm* Bogh *Croat* Bog

Fire

Sans Agni *Casm* Agin *Beng* Agun *Hind* Ag *Scl* Ogein *Croat* Ogayn *Pol* Ogien *Dalm* Ogany *Lat* Ignis
Sans Vahni *Boh* Ohen
Sans Anala *Beng* Onol *Mona* Aul
Sans S'ushman (-má) *Cant* Sua
Sans Tanúnapát *Wal* Tân *Ir* Teene
Sans Varhis *Sax* Vur *Belg* Vier

Water

Sans Ap *Pers* Ab
Sans Pániya *Hind* Páni

Sans Udaca *Russ* Ouode *Scl* Voda *Boh* Woda
Sans Nira, Nára *Beng* Nir *Carn* Nira *Tel* Nillu
Vulg Gr Neio
Sans Jala *Hind* Jal *Ir* Gil
Sans Aina *Ir* An
Sans Vár, Vári *Beng* Bár *Ir* Bir *Cant* Vra

Cloud

Sans Abhra *Penj* Abhrai *Casm* Abai *Pers* Abr
Gr Ombros *Lat* Imber

Man

Sans Nara *Pers* Nar *Gr* Aner
Sans Mánava, Mánusha *Guz* Manas *Beng* Manus *Dan*
Mand *Sax* Man, Men

Mind

Sans Manas *Gr* Menos *Lat* Mens

Bone

Sans Hadda *Hind* Hadi
Sans Asthi *Lat* Os *Gr* Osteon

Hand

Sans Hasta *Hind* Hát'h *Penj* Hatt h *Beng* Hat
Pers Dest
Sans Cara *Gr* Cheir *Vulg Gr* Chere
Sans Páni *Wal* Pawen *Ang* Paw

Knee

Sans Jánu *Penj* Jáhnu *Pers* Zánu *Hind* Gutaná
Gr Gonu *Lat* Genu *Gall* Genou *Sax* Cneow

Foot

Sans Pada, Pad *Or* Pád *Beng* Pod, Pa *Hind* Paú, Pajai *Lat* Pes (pedis) *Gr* Pous (podos) *Vulg Gr* Podaie *Gall* Pied *Goth* Fotus *Sax* Fot, Vot *Sue* Foot

Sans Anghri *Beng* Onghri *Scl* Noga *Pol* Nogi

Breast

Sans Stana *Beng* Stan (*Ang* Pap) *Gr* Sternon *Lat* Sternum (*Ang* Chest)

Navel

Sans Nabhi *Hind* Nabh *Beng* Nai *Or* Náhi *Pers* Naf *Gr* Omphalos *Sax* Nafela, Navela

Ear

Sans Carna *Hind* Can *Arm* Skuarn *Corn* Skevam

Nose

Sans Nasicá, Nasa, Nasya *Hind* Nác *Penj* Nacca *Casm* Nast *Lat* Nasus *Germ* Nase *Belg* Nuese *Sax* Noese, Nosa *Sue* Nasa *Boh* Nos *Scl* Nus *Dalm* Nooss

Tooth

Sans Danta *Hind* Dánt *Penj* Dand *Pers* Dendan *Wal* Dant *Lat* Dens *Gall* Dent *Gr* Odous (-ontos) *Belg* Tant, Tand *Sax* Toth

Mouth

Sans Muc'ha *Hind* Muc'h, Muh, Munh, Múnh *Penj* Múh *Guz* Moh *Sax* Muth

Elbow

Sans Anka, flank, Anga, membrum *Gr* Agkōn

Voice

Sans Vách (vac) *Lat* Vox *Gr* Ossa

Name

Sans Naman (ma) *Hind* Nám, Naoñ *Pers* Nam *Gr* Onoma *Lat* Nomen *Gall* Nom *Sax* Nama

King

Sans Raj (-t, -d), Rajan (-ja) *Hind* Raja *Lat* Rex *Gall* Roy *Wal* Rhuy, Rhiydh *Ir* Righ, Rak

Kingdom

Sans Rajnya (am) *Lat* Regnum

Town

Sans C'heta *Hind* C'herá *Wal* Kaer *Arm* Koei

House

Sans Ocas *Gr* Oicos
Sans Griha *Hind* Ghar *Casm* Gar

Ship *or* Boat

Sans Nau (naus) *Gr* Naus *Lat* Navis *Pers* Nau *Hind* Nau, Náú *Or* Ná *Carn* Naviya

A Small Boat

Sans Plava *Mah* Plav *Gr* Ploion

Thing, Wealth

Sans Rai (ras) *Lat* Res

Mountain

Sans Parvati *Hind* Parbat, Pahar *Penj* Parabat *Carn* Parbatavu
Sans Adri *Penj* Adari *Ir* Ard
Sans Naga, Aga *Ir* Aigh
Sans Grávan (-va), Giri *Lus* Grib *Scl* Hrib

Rock *or* Stone

Sans Prastara *Hind* Patt'har *Guz* Pat'har *Beng* Pat'har *Gr* Petra *Lat* Petra
Sans Grávan (-va) *Penj* Garav

Tree

Sans Dru (drus), Druma (-mas) *Gr* Drys (Drymos, a wood) *Epir* Druu *Russ* Dreous *Scl* Drevu
Sans Taru *Goth* Triu, Trie *Sax* Treo, Treow *Dan* Tree

Pomegranate

Sans Rohita *Gr* Rhoa, Rhoia

Horse

Sans Ghótaca *Hind* Ghórá *Guz* Ghoro *Casm* Guru *Wal* Goruydh, Govar
Sans Haya (-yas) *Ant Sans* Arusha *Isl* Hors, Hestur *Dan* Hest *Sue* Hast *Sax* Hors
Sans Aśva *Penj* Aswa *Pers* Asp

Ass

Sans C'hara *Penj* C'har *Pers* Khar
Sans Gardabha *Hind* Gadhá *Tirh* Gadahá

Mule

Sans Aswatara *Pers* Astar

Camel

Sans Usht'ra *Hind* Unt *Guz* Ut *Penj* Ustai *Pers* Ushtur, Shutur

Ox, Cow, Bull

Sans Gó (gaus) *Hind* Gau, Gái *Benj* Goru *Pers* Gau *Sax* Cu *Sue* Koo *Belg* Koe *Germ* Kue
Sans Ucshan (-shá) *Sax* Oxa *Dan* Oxe *Isl* Uxe *Boh* Ochse *Germ* Ochs *Wal* Ychs
Sans Vrĭsha, Vrishan (-shá) *Tuih* Brikh *Boh* Byk *Pol* Beik *Dalm* Bak *Luz* Bik *Hung* Bika *Wal* Byuch *Arm* Biych *Corn* Byuh

Goat

Sans Bucca, Barcara *Hind* Bacrá *Mahr* Bócar *Guz* Bócaró *Beng* Bócá *Arm* Buch *Corn* Byk *Sax* Bucca *Gall* Bouc *Sue* Bock *Belg* Bocke *Ital* Becco

Ewe

Sans Avi (-vis) *Gr* Ois *Lat* Ovis *Sax* Eowe

Wool

Sans Urná *Hind* Un *Scl* Volna *Pol* Welna *Boh* Wlna *Dalm* Vuna *Sue* Ull *Isl* Ull *Belg* Wul *Germ* Wolle *A-Sax* Wulle *Wal* Gulan *Corn* Gluan *Arm* Gloan *Ir* Olann

Hair of the Body

Sans Lava *Ir* Lo
Sans Lóman (-ma), Róman (-ma) *Hind* Róán *Beng* Lom, Rom *Casm* Rúm *Mah* Róme

Hair of the Head

Sans Césa *Hind* Ces *Casm* Cis *Lat* Crinis
Sans Bála *Hind* Bál

Hog

Sans Súcaia (fem -ii) *Penj* Súr *Hind* Súar, Súwai, Sú, Suen *Beng* Shúcar, Shúói *Mahr* Dúcar *Tirh* Súgar *Nepal* Suiun *Dan* Suin *Sue* Swiin *Lus* Swina *Carn* Swynia, Swine *Ang* Swine *Sax* Sugn *Holl* Soeg, Sauwe *Germ* Sauw *Ang* Sow *Belg* Soch *Lat* Sus *Gr* Hys, Sys *Lacon* Sika *Pers* Khuc *Wal* Húkh *Corn* Hoch, Hoh

Boar

Sans Varáha *Hind* Baráh *Oris* Baráha *Beng* Boráho, Borá *Corn* Bora, Baedh *Belg* Beer *Sax* Bai *Ang* Boar *Span* Berraco *Gall* Verrat *Ital* Veiro

Mouse

Sans Múshaca, Múshá *Hind* Mus, Musa, Musi, Músri Músna *Penj* Múshá *Tirh* Mús *Lat* Mus *Gr* Mus *Sax* Mus

Bear

Sans Ricsha *Hind* Rích'h *Penj* Richh *Guz* Renchh *Tirh* Rikh
Sans Bhalla, Bhallaca, Bhállúca *Hind* Bhal, Bhálú
Sans Ach'ha, Acsha *Gr* Arctos *Wal* Aith

Wolf

Sans Viica *Dalm* Vuuk *Scl* Vulk *Pol* Wulk

Insect

Sans Crimi *Pers* Cirm *Beng* Crimi *Tamil*, Crimi

Serpent

Sans Ahi (ahis) *Gr* Ophis
Sans Sarpa *Pers* Serp *Lat* Serpens *Hind* Sárp

Cuckoo

Sans Cocila *Hind* Coil *Lat* Cuculus *Gr* Kokkyx
Sans Pica *Lat* Picus

Crab

Sans Carcata *Beng* Cáncŕá, Céncŕá *Hind* Cencrá, Cecrá *Gr* Carcinos *Lat* Cancer *Wal* Krank *Corn Arm* Kankr *Gall* Cancre *Ir* Kruban *Sax* Crabbe *Ang* Crab

Cucumber

Sans Carcati *Beng* Cáncur *Hind* Cácri *Lat* Cucumer, Cucumis *Gall* Concombre *Ang* Cucumber

Sound

Sans Swana, Swána *Lat* Sonus *Wal* Sûn, Sôn, Sain *Sax* Sund

Sleep

Sans Swápna, S'aya, Swápa *Beng* Shóon *Hind* (Supna) Sona [to sleep] *Gr* Hypnos *Wal* Heppian [to sleep] *Sax* Sleepan *Ang* Sleep

New

Sans Nava (m Navas, f Navá, n Navam), Navina *Lat* Novus *Gr* Neos, Nearos *Pers* No *Hind* Nayá, Nawén *Beng* Niara *Wal Corn* Neuvdh *Ir* Núadh *Arm* Nevedh, Noadh *Gall* Neuf *Ang* New *Sax* Neow

Young

Sans Yuvan (Yuva) *Lat* Juvenis

Thin

Sans Tanus *Lat* Tenuis

Great

Sans Maha *Gr* Megas *Lat* Magnus

Broad

Sans Urus *Gr* Eurus

Old

Sans Jirnas *Gr* Geron

Other

Sans Itaras *Gr* Heteros
Sans Anyas *Lat* Alius

Fool

Sans Múdhas, Múrchas *Gr* Moros

Dry

Sans Csharas *Gr* Xeros

Sin

Sans Agha *Gr* Hagos (veneratio, scelus)

One

Sans Eca *Hind Beng* &c Ec *Pers* Yec

Two

Sans Dwi (nom du Dwau) *Hind* Do *Pers* Do *Gr* Dyo *Lat* Duo *Gall* Deux *Corn* Deau *Arm* Dou *Ir* Do *Goth* Twai *Sax* Twu *Ang* Two

Three

Sans Tri (nom pl, Trayas) *Lat* Tres *Gr* Treis *Gall* Trois *Germ* Drei *Holl* Dry *Sax* Threo *Ang* Three *Wal Arm Ir* Tri *Corn* Tre

Four

Sans Chatur (nom pl Chatwáras, fem Chatasras) *Lat* Quatuor *Gall* Quatre *Gr* Tessares *Pers* Chehar *Hind* Chehar

And

Sans Cha *Lat* Que

Five

Sans Pancha *Hind* Panch *Pers* Penj *Gr* Pente *Arm Corn* Pemp *Wal* Pymp

Six

Sans Shash *Pers* Shesh *Lat* Sex *Gr* Hex *Gall Ang* Six *Wal* Khuckh *Corn* Huih *Arm* Huekn *Ir* She, Seishear

Seven

Sans Sapta *Lat* Septem *Gall* Sept *Germ* Sieben *Ang* Seven *Sax* Seofon *Gr* Hepta *Pers* Heft *Hind* Sát *Wal* Saith *Arm Corn* Seith *Ir* Sheakhd

Eight

Sans Ashta *Pers* Hasht *Hind* Áth *Gall* Huit *Sax* Eahta *Ang* Eight *Ir* Okht *Lat* Octo

Nine

Sans Nava *Hind* Nó *Lat* Novem *Wal Corn* Nau *Arm* Nao *Ir* Nyi *Pers* Noh *Gall* Neuf *Sax* Nigon *Ang* Nine

Ten

Sans Dasa *Hind* Das *Pers* Dah *Lat* Decem *Ir* Deikh *Arm* Dek *Corn* Dêg

PRONOUNS

I

Sans Aham (acc Ma, poss and dat Me, du Nau, pl Nas) *Lat Gr* Ego, &c *Pers* Men *Hind* Mai *Ir* Me *Wal Corn* Mi *Arm* Ma

Thou

Sans Twam (acc Twa, poss and dat Te, du Vam, pl Vas) *Lat* Tu, &c *Gr* Su, &c *Hind* Tu, Tam *Beng* Tumi, Tui *Ir* Tu *Pers* To *Arm* Te *Corn* Ta *Wal* Ti

PREPOSITIONS, ETC

Sans Antar *Lat* Inter *Sans* Upari *Gr* Hyper *Lat* Super *Sans* Upa *Gr* Hypo *Lat* Sub *Sans* Apa *Gr* Apo *Sans* Pari *Gr* Peri *Sans* Pra *Gr Lat* Pro *Sans* Pará *Gr* Pera *Sans* Abhi *Gr* Amphi *Sans* Ati *Gr* Anti *Sans* Ama *Gr* Ama *Sans* Anu *Gr* Ana

TERMINATIONS

Sans (terminations of comparatives and superlatives) Taras, Tamas *Gr* Teros, Tatos *Lat* Terus, Timus *Sans* Ishthas *Gr* Istos

Sans (termin of nouns of agency) Tri *Gr* Tor, Ter *Lat* Tor

Sans (termin of participle) Tas *Gr* Tos *Lat* Tus

Sans (termin of supine) Tum *Lat* Tum

VERBS

To Be, Root AS

Sans Asti, Asi, Asmi, Santi, Stha, Smas
Gr Esti, Eis (Essi), Eimi (D Emmi), Eisi (D Enti), Este, Esmen (D Eimes)
Lat Est, Es, Sum, Sunt, Estis, Sumus

To Go, Root I

Sans Eti, Esi, Emi, Yanti, Itha, Imas
Lat It, Is, Eo, Eunt, Itis, Imus
Gr Eisi, Eis, Eimi, Eisi, Ite, Imen (D Imes)

To Eat, Root AD

Sans Atti, Atsi, Admi, Adanti, Attha, Admas *Lat* Edit, Edis, Edo, Edunt, Editis, Edimus *Gr* Esthiei *Sax* Etan

To Give, Root DA

Sans Dadati, Dadási, Dadami *Lat* Dat, Das, Do *Gr* Didōsi, Didōs, Didōmi
Hence, *Sans* Dánam *Lat* Donum

To Join, Root YUJ

Sans Yunacti, Yunjanti *Lat* Jungit, Jungunt *Sans* Yunajmi *Gr* Zeugnumi
Hence, *Sans* Yugam *Lat* Jugum *Gr* Zugos, Zugon *Hind* Jua *Sax* Geoc *Ang* Yoke *Dutch,* Joek

To Sit, Root SAD

Sans Sidati, Sidanti *Lat* Sedet, Sedent
Hence, *Sans* Sadas *Lat* Sedes

To Subdue, Root DAM

Sans Dámayati *Gr* Damaei *Lat* Domat
Hence, *Sans* Damanam *Lat* Damnum

To Drink, Root PA or PI

Sans Pibati, Pibanti, Piyaté *Lat* Bibit, Bibunt *Gr* Pinei, Pinousi

To Die, Root MRĬ

Sans Mriyate, Mriyante *Lat* Moritur, Moriuntur
Hence, *Sans* Mritis, Mritas *Lat* Mors, Mortuus

To Know, Root JNYA

Sans Jánáti, Jánanti *Gr* Ginosco *or* Gignosco *Lat* Nosco
Hence, *Sans* Jnyatas *Lat* Notus *Gr* Gnostos

To Beget, Root JAN

Sans Jayate Pret Jajnye (pronounced Jagye) *Gr* Ginomai *vel* Gignomai *Lat* Gigno

To Go, Root SRĬP

Sans Sarpati *Lat* Serpit *Gr* Herpei

To See, Root DRĬS'

Gr Derco *Sans* Dris *Hind* Dek'h, to see

To Procreate, Root SU

Sans Súyaté (rad Sú)
Hence, *Sans* Súta, son *Hind* Suaň *Gr* Huios, Huieus

To Know, Root VID

Sans Vid, to know *Lat* Video, to see

To Delight, Root TRĬP

Sans Trip *Gr* Terpo

To Strew, Root STRĬ

Sans Strĭ *Lat* Sterno *Ang* To strew *Gr* Stornumi, Stronnumi

ADVERBS, ETC

Sans A *Gr* A *priv* (before vowels An)
Sans Su *Gr* Eû
Sans Dus *Gr* Dys
Sans Cha *Gr* Te *Lat* Que
Sans Na, No *Lat* Ne, Non *Ang* No
Sans Chit (in comp) *Lat* Quid *Gr* Ti
Sans Nanu *Lat* Nonne
Sans Prabháte *Gr* Proi
Sans Pura, Puratas *Gr* Pro, Proteros, &c
Sans Punar *Gr* Palin
Sans Pura *Gr* Palai
Sans Alam *Gr* Halis
Sans Hyas *Gr* Chthes
Sans Adya *Hind* Aj *Lat* Hodie

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